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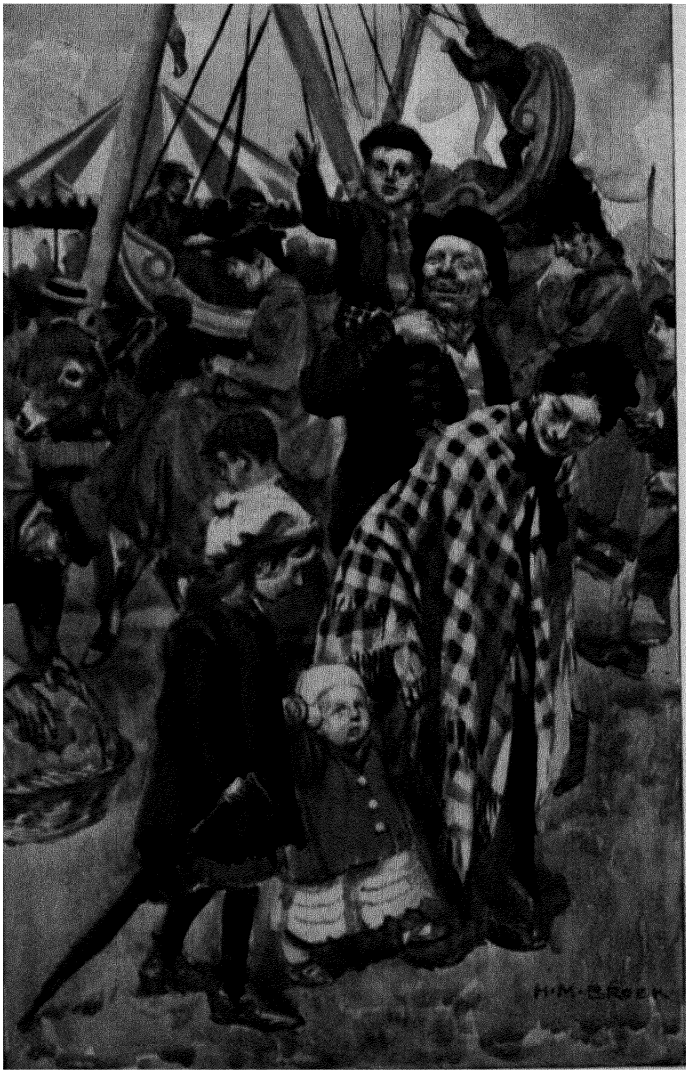
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WHIT-MONDAY ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH (page 10)

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Contents

(*The titles in italics indicate lessons in verse.*)

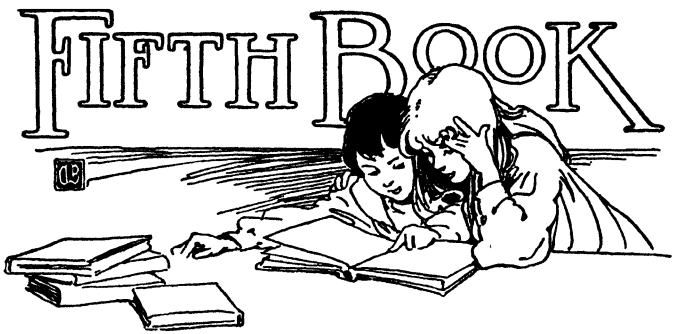
		Page
A Whit-Monday Holiday -	*Lady Verney*	7
Robins - - - - -	*Robert Bridges*	14
A Roman Carnival - - -	*Goethe*	16
Capture of an Indian Chief -	*Mayne Reid*	21
An Orphaned Blackbird -	*W. H. Hudson*	29
The Regiment's Return -	*A. H. Beesly*	34
A Forest Fire in Surrey	*"A Son of the Marshes"*	39
A Night Adventure - -	*Lord Wolseley*	46
The Going of the Battery -	*Thomas Hardy*	50
The Streets of Cairo - -	*R. S. Hichens*	52
Animals that Play Games -	*C. J. Cornish*	54
Scenes in Japan—		
1. The Girls' Month	*Mrs. Hugh Fraser*	62
2. The Boys' Birthday		66
The Child Mother -	*George Mac Donald*	72
Trout-fishing Extraordinary	*Alexandre Dumas*	77
A Passenger's Story - -	*W. Clark Russell*	85
The Last of the Eurydice -	*Sir Noel Paton*	96
How Ohlsen Won his Commission	*A. E. W. Mason*	98





		Page
THE BEDS AND SLEEP OF ANIMALS	*C. J. Cornish*	107
A Ballad from Froissart	*Walter Thornbury*	115
A BAZAAR IN MOROCCO	*Pierre Loti*	123
CROSSING THE WELSH MOUNTAINS IN WINTER	*R. Stead*	126
Sir Galahad	*Tennyson*	136
SCENES IN JAPAN—		
3. A GENERAL HOLIDAY	*Mrs. Hugh Fraser*	141
A RIDE IN TURKEY	*Sir Henry Layard*	144
The Guides at Cabul	*Henry Newbolt*	150
HOW LEVIN CUT THE HAY	*Tolstoi*	152
Gifford's Grave	*Stephen Gwynn*	167
A RECEPTION IN CONSTANTINOPLE	*Pierre Loti*	170
THE BORDERS OF THE POND		175
The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire	*Jean Ingelow*	181
BY THE YALU RIVER	*Herbert Strang*	187
The Deer and the Prophet	*A. Mary F. Robinson*	207
OLD POZ	*Maria Edgeworth*	212
SONGS :—		
The Minstrel Boy		229
The Island		230
The Bay of Biscay		232
Sir Eglamore		234
EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION		236
COMPOSITION AND GRAMMAR		241
NOTES		269

FIFTH BOOK



A Whit-Monday Holiday—Part I

MARK HIGDEN, his wife, and three children were going to Hampstead Heath. Mark was not an engaging specimen of human nature; he was short and fat, with red hair; his features looked as if they had been hammered out of clay with some very blunt instrument; his jacket was dirty, his trousers were dirty, his hands and face were dirty. But no one who saw how affectionately little Billy clung with his thin arms round his father's throat, and stroked his cheeks, could have thought there was any harm in him.

Billy did not often get his father's company, though Mark loved the child dearly. They had been saving up for the excursion a long time, and Billy was heard to say reverently in the night: "Please, God, don't let it rain to-morrow."

His large dark eyes and little red mouth shone

pathetically out of his pale, thin face, when it was clean and could be seen as to-day, for little Billy was very delicate. He was got up in a pair of red-and-black stockings, three sizes too large, and an enormous comforter. Mrs. Mark had not spent a penny on her own garments, but had clad her children in all the colours of the rainbow.

The slums cover a large space, and when the party reached the foot of a mile-and-a-half hill leading to Hampstead, Mrs. Mark began to flag.

"You oughtn't to go so fast, Mark; baby must walk now she's a mind to it, for I shall have to carry her all the way back. I meant to do things well, and I put by threepence for the journey—that's a penny ride for you, and one for me, and one for Lizzie; the other two will ride on our knees."

Lizzie was a premature, care-worn, wizened "little mother", who looked after the younger ones, and had all the anxieties concerning them on her little shoulders. Lizzie was eight, but she had had charge of the baby ever since she sat on the floor, and it was laid on her lap while her mother was washing. She was now dragging the child, who hung on to its mother's hand.

"There's a beautiful green and gold bus," said Billy excitedly. "Let's go by that." But this was easier said than done. The buses were not merely crowded, they were literally alive with people; but there was a cruel placard that to-day there were "no penny fares".

"I'm sure I don't know how we shall last out," said poor Mrs. Mark dolefully.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," said Mark

recklessly, and they mounted on the first which had room.

It was a moment of almost solemn glory to the children; to be so high up, to see so much; indeed, to ride at all. It was as much as their little nerves could bear, and they were quite silent in their delight.

All along the way the tiny shops were prepared for the great occasion. "Tit-bits" was in one window, "The only true Winkles sold here" was in another, "Coffee as it is made in Paris" in a third.

"There! that'll suit our turn to go into as we come home," said Mrs. Mark, pointing to a less pretentious establishment, which only promised the use of chairs and tables, "and perhaps they'd let us make tea."

"Why, you never think we shall eat through this heavy basket we are carrying!" cried Mark.

"Sha'n't we, though!" said the provider of the feast. The father earns, but the mother calculates and arranges all the small items that must come out of the wage.

They were in one of a long string of vehicles of every sort and kind. There was the open fly, in which two men were driving their wives, each with a baby in her arms, in great state; there was also the costermonger's cart, crammed with three heavy men and drawn by one donkey.

Hampstead Heath has been so maligned and vulgarized that we have forgotten what a beautiful place it is. The high ground, the deep dells, the peeps at distant hills and great trees, the fine air and the space, all combine to make it a beautiful

playground for a nation. It was black to-day with people.

The Higdens wandered about everywhere, they saw everything — the roundabouts, where the little boys got on with their heads to the tails of the horses; the swing-boats, where the girls lost their heads and entreated to be taken down; the donkeys and booths; the delightful barrows with oranges and nuts;—and by eleven o'clock everybody was tired, and said it was time for dinner. They had their feast by a great furze bush, still with a flower or two on it, and then the children lay down on their mother's skirts, and Mark went off "to have a little bit of fun". "The bit of fun" lasted so long that poor Mrs. Mark began to be alarmed; but Mark had a conscience, and little Billy's entreating looks that he would not be long, brought him back at last, "as soon as could be expected", said the experienced Mrs. Mark.

A Whit-Monday Holiday—Part II

Suddenly, through the crowd, there was a rush of those awkward ponies that cannot be ridden or driven except according to their own fancy. Mark was watching a little boy who fell off and got up again, nothing daunted; got up and fell down again; and again the third time. "Hurrah!" said Mark, when at the fourth attempt the young hero stuck on; but when the excitement was over, and the parted crowd filled up again, little Billy was nowhere to be seen.

"I thought he was with you," said Mark angrily.

"Why, you had hold of the child not five minutes back," cried the anxious mother; and then they both fell foul of poor little Lizzie, and declared they thought Billy had been with her. They wandered up and down disconsolately in different directions through the great crowd, leaving Lizzie and the baby on a little hill until they came back.

"You had better ask the police," said some compassionate person at last. Now a policeman in the slums is not a welcome guest; there, he stands for the law which has too often been transgressed. So it was only when half heart-broken that the Higdens went up sadly to the station.

Meantime, little Billy had seen a small green beetle with gauzy wings, among the flowers of the gorse. His whole soul rose with delight; the beautiful being "was so kind" as to come and walk on his finger. But at length it spread its wings and flew into a thorn bush, out of reach of busy little fingers, and Billy became aware for the first time that he was alone. He had never been alone in all his little life before—he slept in a crowd, he ate in a crowd, he played in a crowd, he dressed in a crowd, and solitude was very awful. He sat down for a moment of terror and began to howl; and then he staggered on a few steps and howled a great deal more. Several kind people spoke to him, but he refused to be comforted.

Policeman X 79 came through the crowd when he heard the child's cry. He was much more than six feet high, and broad in proportion, and had rather a stolid look.

"Lost your mother?" he said to the child.

Billy nodded.

"Father here?"

Billy nodded again.

"Don't pipe your eye, little man; you come with me and we'll soon find them," and he took Billy's little hand in his great fist.

Children and dogs have a curious instinct as to character. Billy looked up into the big man's face, very far above him, and was quite contented to go with him.

"We've a lot of them here this afternoon," said X 79, as they reached the station.

There was a nicely-dressed little girl, sitting on a stool, and three little boys were on a folded rug with a blanket, making a bed under the table. There was a loaf of bread on the table, and a kind-hearted old lady had sent a pot of jam. A fifth slice was administered to Billy, and there was peace, for all their mouths were full.

Then came a little wailing and whimpering, and cries for mother; but X 79 was equal to the occasion; he had seven children of his own.

"Now nobody's going to cry, everybody is going to be good; just you lie down there and I'll cover you over, and your pa's and ma's will all be here before you wake."

One pair at least was there. Mrs. Mark's voice could be heard: "Oh Mr. Policeman! we've lost him, the beautifullest boy that ever was, and he'd got on plaid knickerbockers, and a comforter all red and yellow."

X 79 was a little sated by the appeals of distracted parents; he had had about fifty of them.

"You just come in here and see whether your boy is amongst them or not," said he.

Little Billy heard his father's voice, and crawled out from under the table and seized him by the leg. Mark uplifted him high in the air in a sort of speechless joy, and Lizzie came running up, "Billy, I didn't lose you, did I?"

"No," said Billy, with much dignity, "I losted myself."

Then, as they were going away, he turned round and went back to X 79, and took his hand and stroked it. The big man stooped down and gave him a kiss —a relaxation of dignity which had never happened before.

They walked back to the little "Tit-bit" shop and had some tea; and then went happily home together, glad that their holiday had not had a sad ending.

—*From "Essays and Tales", by* LADY VERNEY.



Robins

I

Gay Robin is seen no more;
He is gone with the snow,
For winter is o'er,
And Robin will go.

In need he was fed, and now he is fled
Away to his secret nest.
No more will he stand
Begging for crumbs;
No longer he comes
Beseeching our hand
And showing his breast
At window and door:—
Gay Robin is seen no more.

Blithe Robin is heard no more;
He gave us his song
When summer was o'er
And winter was long.

He sang for his bread, and now he is fled
Away to his secret nest.
And there in the green,
Early and late,
Alone to his mate
He pipeth unseen
And swelleth his breast;
For us it is o'er:—
Blithe Robin is heard no more.

II

Flame-throated robin on the topmost bough
Of the leafless oak, what singest thou?
Hark! he telleth how—
"Spring is coming now: spring is coming now.

Now ruddy are the elm-tops against the blue sky,
The pale larch donneth her jewelry;
Red fir and black fir sigh,
And I am lamenting the year gone by.

The bushes where I nested are all cut down,
They are felling the tall trees one by one,
And my mate is dead and gone,
In the winter she died and left me lone.

She lay in the thicket where I fear to go;
For when the March winds after the snow
The leaves away did blow,
She was not there, and my heart is woe.

And sad is my song, when I begin to sing,
As I sit in the sunshine this merry spring;
Like a withered leaf I cling
To the white oak-bough, while the wood doth ring.

Spring is coming now, the sun again is gay;
Each day like a last spring's happy day."
Thus sang he; then from his spray
He saw me listening and flew away.

—Robert Bridges. *By permission.*

Scenes in Foreign Lands

1. A Roman Carnival



THE Roman Carnival is not a festival given to the people, but one which the people give to themselves. The state makes no preparation for it, and bears none of the expense. The merry-go-round sets itself in motion, and the police regulate it with a kindly and gentle hand.

The Carnival is held in the Corso, a street that takes its name from the horse-races which bring every evening of the festival week to a close. It is a long narrow thoroughfare; the houses are for the most part high and magnificent, but the width of the street is not at all in proportion to its length.

For many days before the Carnival begins, preparations are made in the Corso for the gay revels in which the people delight. Scaffolding is erected in various parts, with tiers of seats rising one above another. Barriers are placed all along on both sides of the street; the pavement is carefully repaired, and the roadway strewn with powdered lava to give the horses a firmer footing.

At length the eventful day arrives. Soon after mid-day a bell from the Capitol announces that permission is given to everyone to be foolish in the open air. Immediately the serious Roman, who all the year has been staid and circumspect, throws his careful gravity to the winds. The pavior, who up to the last moment has been clattering his tools, packs them

all into his basket, and winds up his task with a jest. One after another, all the balconies and the windows are hung with drapery and carpets. Chairs are placed here and there on both sides, along the whole length of the Corso. All the people of the lower orders, with their children, turn out into the street, which now ceases to be a street, and rather resembles a great ball-room or an enormous decorated gallery; for the scaffolding is ornamented with embroidered tapestry; the draped windows and the numerous chairs enhance the likeness to a room; while the weather is so settled that the people are seldom reminded that they have no roof over their heads.

While the Corso is becoming more and more animated, a troop of soldiers in new uniforms makes its appearance, marching in good order to the stirring music of a band, and led by a general on horseback. Two or three are left at intervals as guards; the rest station themselves at the various entrances and exits and assume control of all the arrangements.

Now the maskers begin to arrive. Young men dressed in the holiday clothes of women of humble rank are the first to appear. Going up and down the street they play all manner of tricks, according as their wit, fancy, or rudeness prompts them. I remember seeing a young man play the part of a passionate, quarrelsome woman whom nothing could pacify. He scolded the whole length of the Corso, finding fault with everybody for one reason or another, and resisting all persuasions to be calm.

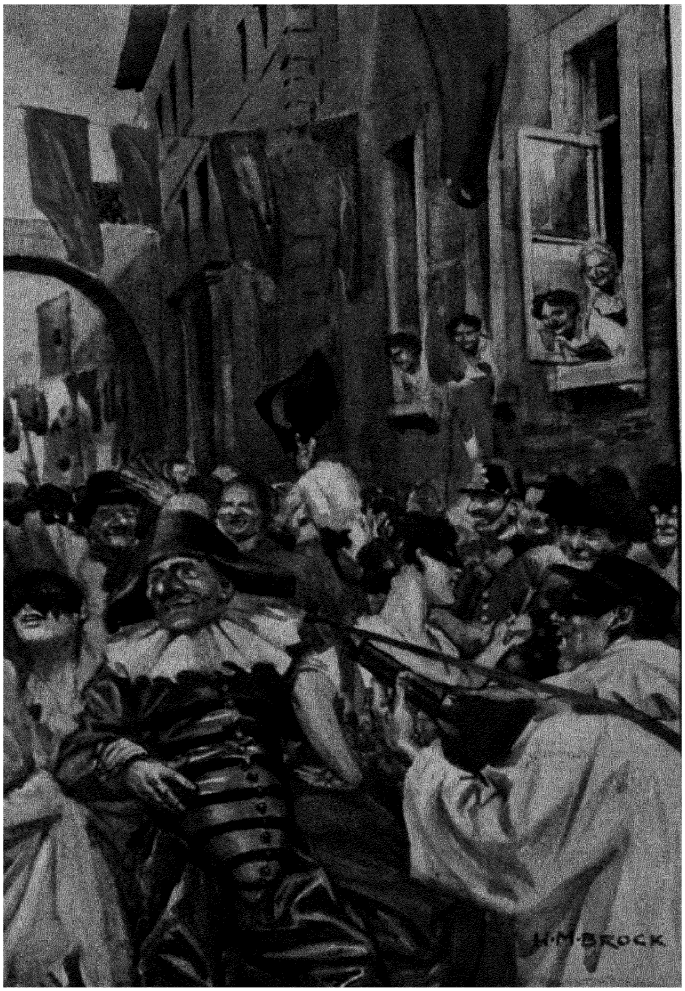
Men dressed as Advocates hurry through the crowd, declaiming as before a judge and jury. They shout up at the windows, seize masked and unmasked

persons alike, and threaten everybody with a lawsuit. One man is accused of a long list of ridiculous crimes; another receives a detailed statement of his debts. Books and documents are produced in evidence, and the mock lawyers jabber incessantly with amazing fluency and in strident tones.

Another band of maskers, called Quakers, make less noise than the Advocates, but attract just as much attention. They are very numerous, for their costume is easily obtained. It consists of old-fashioned suits of silk and satin, with richly-embroidered jackets. Masks with puffed-out cheeks and little eyes completely cover their faces, and their small hats are fantastically embroidered.

As the evening advances the number of maskers increases. In addition to Advocates and Quakers, hundreds of Punches appear, together with Beggars, both men and women. All are masked, and the last-named carry a stick in one hand and a hat in the other, and have an earthen pot slung round their neck by a coloured ribbon. They stand before the windows with humble countenances, and for alms receive cakes, nuts, sugar-plums, and other dainties.

Girls dressed in furs and wearing masks arm themselves with little brooms made of rushes, and with these they tickle the faces of unmasked passers-by. It would be dangerous to resent these liberties, as every soldier is ordered to protect and help the maskers. The ordinary dresses of all conditions serve as disguises. Men clad as grooms use their brushes upon people's backs, and cabmen offer their services with their usual energy. Others represent Greeks, country-girls, fishermen, sailors, and bailiffs.



CARNIVAL IN ROME



"He reined in with a jerk" (page 25)

A conjurer mixes with the throng, and, showing a book with figures to the people, reminds them of their passion for gambling. Or a man appears with two faces, and so dressed that no one can tell which is the front of him and which the back. Games of all sorts are indulged in, until the increasing throng of carriages obliges the foot-passengers to confine themselves to a smaller space, and renders further sport of this kind impossible.

—GOETHE.

Capture of an Indian Chief—Part I



UR eyes rolled over the prairie eastward. An object was just visible low down on the horizon, like a moving blazing star. It was not that. At a glance we all knew what it was. It was a helmet, flashing under the sunbeam, as it rose and fell to the measured gallop of a horse.

"To the willows, men! to the willows!" shouted Seguin. "Drop the bow! Leave it where it was. To your horses! Lead them! Crouch! crouch!"

We all ran to our horses, and seizing the bridles, half-led, half-dragged them within the willow thicket. We leaped into our saddles, so as to be ready for any emergency, and sat peering through the leaves that screened us.

"Shall we fire as he comes up, captain?" asked one of the men.

"No."

"We can take him nicely, just as he stoops for the bow."

"No; not for your lives!"

"What then, captain?"

"Let him take it and go," was Seguin's reply.

"Why, captain; what's that for?"

"Fools! do you not see that the whole tribe would be back upon our trail before midnight. Are you mad? Let him go. He may not notice our tracks, as our horses are not shod. If so, let him go as he came, I tell you."

"But how, captain, if he squints yonder-away?"

Garey, as he said this, pointed to the rocks at the foot of the mountain.

"Ah! the Digger!" exclaimed Seguin, his countenance changing expression.

The body lay on a conspicuous point, on its face, the crimson skull turned upward and outward, so that it could hardly fail to attract the eye of anyone coming in from the plain. Several coyotes had already climbed up on the slab where it lay, and were smelling around it, seemingly not caring to touch the hideous morsel.

"He's bound to see it, captain," added the hunter.

"If so, we must take him with the lance, the lasso, or alive. No gun must be fired. They might still hear it, and would be on us before we could get round the mountain. No! sling your guns! Let those who have lances and lassoes get them in readiness."

"When would you have us make the dash, captain?"

"Leave that to me. Perhaps he may dismount for the bow; or, if not, he may ride into the spring to

water his horse, then we can surround him. If he should see the Digger's body he may pass up to examine it more closely. In that case we can intercept him without difficulty. Be patient! I shall give you the signal."

During all this time the Navajo was coming up at a regular gallop. As the dialogue ended he had got within about three hundred yards of the spring, and still pressed forward without slackening his pace. We kept our gaze fixed upon him, eyeing in breathless silence both man and horse.

It was a splendid sight. The horse was a large coal-black mustang, with fiery eyes and red open nostrils. He was foaming at the mouth, and the white flakes had clotted his throat, counter, and shoulders. He was wet all over, and glittered as he moved with the play of his proud flanks. The rider was naked from the waist up, excepting his helmet and plumes, and some ornaments that glistened on his neck, bosom, and wrists. A tunic-like skirt, bright and embroidered, covered his hips and thighs. Below the knee his legs were naked but for a buckskin moccasin that fitted tightly round the ankle.

Unlike the Apaches he had no paint upon his body, and his bronze complexion shone with the hue of health. His features were noble and warlike, his eye was bold and piercing, and his long black hair swept away behind him, mingling with the tail of his horse. He rode upon a Spanish saddle with his lance poised on the stirrup, and resting lightly against his right arm. His left was thrust through the strap of a white shield, and a quiver with its feathered shafts peeped over his shoulder. His bow was before him.

It was a splendid sight, the horse and its rider, as they rose together over the green swells of the prairie; a picture more like that of some Homeric hero than of a savage of the "wild west".

"Wagh!" exclaimed one of the hunters in an undertone; "how they glitter! Look at that head-piece! it's fairly a-blazing!"

"Ay," rejoined Garey, "we may thank the piece of brass. We'd have been in as ugly a fix as he's in now if we hadn't sighted it in time. What!" exclaimed the trapper, his voice rising into earnestness; "Dacoma! The second chief of the Navajoes!"

I turned towards Seguin to witness the effect of this announcement. The Maricopa was leaning over to him, muttering some words in an unknown tongue and gesticulating with energy. I recognized the name "Dacoma", and there was an expression of fierce hatred in the chief's countenance as he pointed to the advancing horseman.

"Well, then," answered Seguin, apparently assenting to the wishes of the other, "he shall not escape, whether he sees it or no. But do not use your gun; they are not ten miles off; yonder behind the swell. We can easily surround him. If not, I can overtake him on this horse, and here's another."

As Seguin uttered the last speech he pointed to Moro. "Silence!" he continued, lowering his voice. "Hish-sh!" The silence became death-like. Each man sat pressing his horse with his knees, as if thus to hold him at rest.

Capture of an Indian Chief—Part II



HE Navajo had now reached the border of the deserted camp, and, inclining to the left, he galloped down the line, scattering the wolves as he went. He sat leaning to one side, his gaze searching the ground. When nearly opposite to our ambush he descried the object of his search, and, sliding his feet out of the stirrup, guided his horse so as to shave closely past it. Then, without reining in, or even slackening his pace, he bent over until his plume swept the earth, and, picking up the bow, swung himself back into the saddle.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the bull-fighter.

"It's a pity to kill him," muttered a hunter; and a low murmur of admiration was heard among the men.

After a few more springs the Indian suddenly wheeled, and was about to gallop back when his eye caught the ensanguined object upon the rock. He reined in with a jerk until the hips of his horse almost rested upon the prairie, and sat gazing upon the body with a look of surprise.

"Beautiful!" again exclaimed Sanchez; "*caramba!* beautiful!"

It was, in effect, as fine a picture as ever the eye looked upon. The horse with his tail scattered upon the ground, with crest erect and breathing nostril, quivering under the impulse of his masterly rider; the rider himself, with his glancing helmet and

waving plumes, his bronze complexion, his firm and graceful seat, and his eye fixed in the gaze of wonder.

It was, as Sanchez had said, a beautiful picture—a living statue; and all of us were filled with admiration as we looked upon it. Not one of the party would have liked to fire the shot that would tumble it from its pedestal.

Horse and man remained in this attitude for some moments. Then the expression of the rider's countenance suddenly changed. His eye wandered with an enquiring and somewhat terrified look. It rested upon the water, still muddy with the trampling of our horses.

One glance was sufficient; and, with a quick strong jerk upon the bridle, the savage horseman wheeled and struck out for the prairie.

Our charging signal had been given at the same instant; and, springing forward, we shot out of the copse-wood in a body.

We had to cross the rivulet. Seguin was some paces in advance as we rode forward to it. I saw his horse suddenly baulk, stumble over the bank, and roll headlong into the water!

The rest of us went plashing through. I did not stop to look back. I knew that now the taking of the Indian was life or death to all of us, and I struck my spur deeply and strained forward in the pursuit.

For some time we all rode together in a dense clump. When fairly out on the plain we saw the Indian ahead of us about a dozen lengths of his horse, and one and all felt with dismay that he was keeping his distance, if not actually increasing it.

We had forgotten the condition of our animals. They were faint with hunger, and stiff from standing so long in the ravine. Moreover, they had just drunk to a surfeit.

I soon found that I was forging ahead of my companions. The superior swiftness of Moro gave me the advantage. El Sol was still before me. I saw him circling his lasso; I saw him launch it and suddenly jerk up; I saw the loop sliding over the hips of the flying mustang. He had missed his aim. He was re-coiling the rope as I shot past him, and I noticed his look of chagrin and disappointment.

My arab had now warmed to the chase, and I was soon far ahead of my comrades. I perceived, too, that I was closing upon the Navajo. Every spring brought me nearer, until not a dozen lengths lay between us.

I knew not how to act. I held my rifle in my hands, and could have shot the Indian in the back; but I remembered the injunction of Seguin, and we were now closer to the enemy than ever. I did not know but that we might be in sight of them. I dared not fire.

I was still undecided whether to use my knife or endeavour to unhorse the Indian with my clubbed rifle, when he glanced over his shoulder and saw that I was alone.

Suddenly he wheeled, and throwing his lance to a charge, came galloping back. His horse seemed to work without the rein, obedient to his voice and the touch of his knees.

I had just time to throw up my rifle and parry the charge, which was a right point. I did not parry it

successfully. The blade grazed my arm, tearing my flesh. The barrel of my rifle caught in the sling of the lance, and the piece was whipped out of my hands. The wound, the shock, and the loss of my weapon had discomposed me in the *manège* of my horse, so that it was some time before I could gain the bridle to turn him. My antagonist had wheeled sooner, as I knew by the "hist" of an arrow that scattered the curls over my right ear. As I faced him again, another was on the string, and the next moment it was sticking through my left arm.

I was now angry; and, drawing a pistol from the holster, I cocked it and galloped forward. I knew it was the only chance for my life.

The Indian, at the same time, dropped his bow, and, bringing his lance to the charge, spurred on to meet me. I was determined not to fire until near and sure of hitting.

We closed at full gallop. Our horses almost touched. I levelled and pulled the trigger. The cap snapped upon my pistol!

The lance-blade glittered in my eyes; its point was at my breast. Something struck me sharply in the face. It was the ring-loop of a lasso. I saw it settle over the shoulders of the Indian, falling to his elbows. It tightened as it fell. There was a wild yell, a quick jerk of my antagonist's body, the lance flew from his hands, and the next moment he was plucked out of his saddle and lay helpless upon the prairie.

His horse met mine with a concussion that sent both of them to the earth. We rolled and scrambled about and rose again.

When I came to my feet El Sol was standing over

the Navajo with his knife drawn, and his lasso looped around the arms of his captive.

"The horse! the horse! secure the horse!" shouted Seguin as he galloped up; and the crowd dashed past me in pursuit of the mustang, which, with trailing bridle, was scouring over the prairie. In a few minutes the animal was lassoed and led back to the spot so near being made sacred with my grave.

—*From "The Scalp Hunters", by* Captain MAYNE REID.

An Orphaned Blackbird



HE bad weather brought to our little plot of ground a young blackbird, who had evidently been thrown upon the world too early in life. A good number of blackbird broods had been brought up in the bushes about us, and in the rough and tumble of those tempestuous days some of the young had no doubt got scattered and lost. This at all events was one that had called and called in vain to be fed and warmed and comforted—we had heard him calling for days—and who had now grown prematurely silent, and had soberly set himself to find his own living as best he could.

Between the lawn and the small sweet-briar hedge there was a strip of loose mould where roses had been planted, and here the bird had discovered that by turning over the dead leaves and loose earth a few small morsels were to be found. During those

cold, windy, wet days we observed him there diligently searching in his poor, slow little way. He would strike his beak into the loose ground, making a little hop forward at the same time to give force to the stroke, and throw up about as much earth as would cover a shilling-piece; then he would gaze attentively at the spot, and after a couple of seconds hop and strike again; and finally, if he could see nothing to eat, he would move on a few inches and begin again in another place. This was all his art —his one poor little way of getting a living; and it was plain to see, from his bedraggled appearance and feeble motions, that he was going the way of most young orphaned birds.

Anxious to give the poor bird a chance, by putting him in a sheltered place and feeding him up, I set about catching him, but could not lay hands on him, for he was still able to fly a little, and always managed to escape pursuit among the brambles, or else in the sedges by the waterside. Half an hour after being hunted, he would be back on the edge of the lawn, prodding the ground in the old feeble, futile way. The scraps of food I cunningly placed for him he disregarded, not knowing in his ignorance what was good for him.

Then I got a supply of small earth-worms, and, stalking him, tossed them so as to cause them to fall near him, and he saw and knew what they were, and swallowed them hungrily. He saw, too, that they were thrown to him by a hand, and that the hand was part of that same huge gray-clad monster that had a little while back so furiously hunted him; at once he seemed to understand the

meaning of it all, and instead of flying from me, he ran to meet me, and, recovering his voice, called to be fed.

The experience of one day made him a tame bird. On the second day he knew that bread and milk,



stewed plums, pie-crust, and, in fact, anything we had to give was good for him; and in the course of the next two or three days he acquired a useful knowledge of our habits. Thus, at half-past three in the morning, he would begin calling to be fed at the bedroom window. If no notice was taken of him, he would go away to try to find something for himself, and return at five o'clock when breakfast

was in preparation, and place himself before the kitchen door. Usually he got a small snack then; and at the breakfast hour (six o'clock) he would turn up at the dining-room window and get a substantial meal.

Dinner and tea-time — twelve and half-past three o'clock—found him at the same spot; but he was often hungry between meals, and he would then sit before one door or window and call, then move to the next door, and so on until he had been all round the cottage. It was most amusing to see him when, on our return from a long walk or a day out, he would come to meet us, screaming excitedly, bounding over the lawn with long hops, looking like a miniature, dark-coloured kangaroo.

One day I came back alone to the cottage, and sat down on the lawn in a canvas chair to wait for my companion, who had the key. The blackbird had seen me, and came flying to me; pitching close to my feet, he began crying to be fed, shaking his wings and dancing about in a most excited state, for he had been left a good many hours without food, and was very hungry. As I moved not in my chair, he presently ran round and began screaming and fluttering on the other side of it, thinking, I suppose, that he had gone to the wrong place, and that by addressing himself to the back of my head he would quickly get an answer.

The action of this bird, in coming to be fed, naturally attracted a good deal of attention among the feathered people about us. They would look on at a distance, evidently astonished and much puzzled at our bird's boldness in coming to our feet. But as nothing dread-

ful happened to him, little by little they began to lose their suspicion; and first a robin—the robin is always first—then other blackbirds, to the number of seven, then chaffinches and dunnocks, all began to grow tame and to attend regularly at meal-time to have a share in anything that was going.

The most lively, active, and quarrelsome member of this company was our now glossy foundling; and it troubled us to think that, in feeding him, we were but staving off the evil day when he would once more have to find for himself. Certainly we were teaching him nothing. But our fears were idle. The seven wild blackbirds that had formed a habit of coming to share his food were all young birds, and as time went on, and the hedge fruit began to ripen, we noticed that they kept more and more together. Whenever one was observed to fly straight away to some distance, in a few moments another would follow, then another; and presently it would be seen that they were all making their way to some spot in the valley, or to the woods on the other side.

After several hours' absence they would all reappear on the lawn, or near it, at the same time, showing that they had been together throughout the day and had returned in company. After observing them in their comings and goings for several weeks, I felt convinced that this species has in it the remains of a gregarious instinct which affects the young birds.

Our bird, as a member of this little company, must have quickly picked up from the others all that it was necessary for him to know, and at the last it was plain to us from his behaviour at the cottage that he was doing very well for himself. He was often absent

most of the day with the others, and on his return late in the afternoon, he would pick over in a leisurely way the good things placed for him, selecting a morsel here and there, and eating more out of compliment to us, as it seemed, than because he was hungry.

But up to the very last, when he had grown as hardy and strong on the wing as any of his wild companions, he kept up his acquaintance with and confidence in us; and even at night, when I would go out to where most of our wild birds roosted, in the trees and bushes growing in a vast old chalk-pit close to the cottage, and call "Blacky", instantly there would be a response—a softly chuckled note, like a sleepy "good-night", thrown back to me out of the darkness.

—*From "Hampshire Days", by* W. H. HUDSON. *By permission of Messrs. Longmans & Co.*

The Regiment's Return

What sets the steeples reeling,
With all the mad bells pealing?
What stirs the exulting cheering that is rising to a roar?
Why is every man forsaking
His forgotten task, and making
From the counter and the market to the shore?
'T is the bugling and the drumming
That tells the lads are coming,
Are coming, are coming
From the war.

Oh, the weary months of waiting!
Oh, the weeping, and the hating
Those that ruled the cruel game,
And the strong who did the wrong!
Theirs the crime, be theirs the shame!
But to those that only knew
What a soldier's sword should do,
Our thanksgiving and honour we outpour,
As we welcome them coming,
The gallant lads coming,
Our own lads coming
From the war.

Quick, take your stand,
To shake them by the hand
As they step fast by,
'Mid the glory of July,
In the old, bold manner,
—Tossing feather, blowing banner,
Rent and reddened as we knew it not of yore,—
From a score of battles coming,
With their tattered colours coming,
The gallant lads coming
From the war!

With a swinging tramp they go,
Row by row,
And a hundred march as one,
All the scabbards and the epaulettes a-glitter in the sun,
All the handkerchiefs a-flutter from each window and door:
Little Jack upon your shoulder
Will remember, when he 's older,

How he saw the lads coming,
The gallant lads coming,
The glad lads coming
From the war.

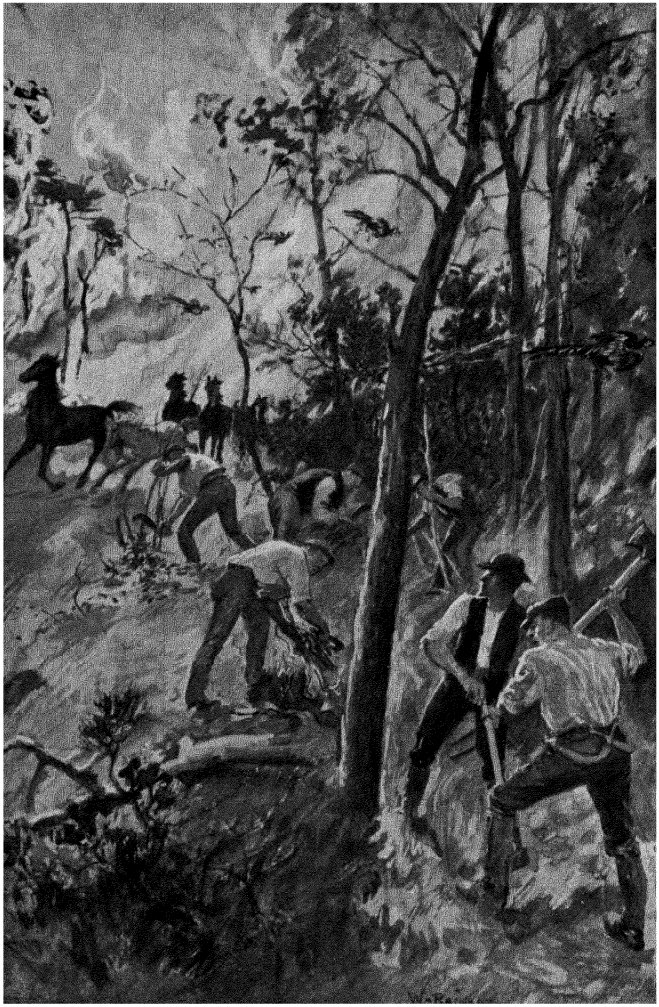
Who is she that falls a-weeping
For a lover not returning?
Oh, shame, and still your yearning,
Be proud of him who 's sleeping!
You have heard his glorious story,
Would you rob him of his glory,
Of the glory he has won for evermore?
But for him they 'd not be coming,
To-day not be coming,
The happy lads coming
From the war.

They pass, and all the cheering
Is dying from our hearing
With the martial music's sound
And the tramp that shook the ground,
And the crying crowds which press them,
With a last "God bless them",
Scatter, each man to his calling as before,
But with hearts beating higher,
And eyes still afire,
That saw the lads coming,
The gallant lads coming,
The dear lads coming
From the war.

—A. H. BEESLY. *By permission.*



THE REGIMENT'S RETURN



"The animals, mad with fright, break into the glade" (page 41)

A Forest Fire in Surrey—Part I



"THE weather keeps very hot," I remarked to a woodman, as I passed down a glade one evening after a ramble over the moor.

"Yes, it is hot. There's been a good spell of it now, nigh on to a couple of months. All under foot is dry as tinder. The top of it, I mean; it doesn't meddle with the root part of things; for all these hills are chock-full of water, up to their very tops. But there! you know all about that. I see you roaming about many a time, and wonder what you find."

All at once, as I stand talking to him, a red light shoots up over the tops of the firs, and sinks down again. Then the distant note of a horn comes through the forest; the light flashes up stronger than before, and sinks again. The sounding of the horn and the light in the sky mean that the forest is on fire. Entering his cottage quickly, the woodman takes from the wall a cow's horn and blows a blast loud enough to waken the Seven Sleepers. Before its echoes have died away it is answered; and again the answer is repeated farther on.

"Wait a moment till I put on my gaiters and get my axe, and we'll go together. It would take a mortal power to keep you away from a sight like that, I reckon."

Over the camp-ground we go, and as we pass up the glade, again the light from the fire, as it rises and falls, though as yet far off, flashes bright-red on the trunks of the firs.

"The wind is this way," my companion remarks, "and it is rising. Hark to the hum in the firs. Things will happen, no one knows how, at times," he continues, as we move on quickly. "But if this has been fired for the purpose, curse the hand that did it! for there's a lot of stock of one sort and another out in the forest at feed; and the fir-needles under the trees, and the heath-tops, will catch like gunpowder."

Reaching the camp-ground, we see the woodmen, axe on shoulder and bill-hook at side, passing on in Indian file; while now and again a blast on the horn is sounded to let the others know that help is at hand. A stranger would wonder where they all spring from; for no houses are to be seen. There are cottages hid in the glades and hollows, and down paths known only to themselves they come, to aid those who are in danger from the fire.

"Are you coming on with us?" they cry as they recognize me. "All right—keep up with us."

"Where is the fire?" I ask.

"In the long valley. If they can keep it there it will only clear the firs; but if it breaks through, there will be wild work to-night."

And now we near the fire which is raging in the valley below. The firs are all ablaze for two miles in length,—a sight to be remembered.

"Let me have your bill-hook; I can use one," I cry.

"Here you are. I've got my felling axe. Give them a rattler to let them know we are close handy."

With whoop and halloo we dash down the valley—horns sounding. What a sight it is! Men and boys,

some of the latter mere children, cutting, hacking, and beating with fir boughs to thrash out the fire.

"Here they come, lads, to help us. Well done! for we are near beat." No time for many words; the situation is taken in at a glance. The men take their places in knots of twos and threes. The boys are on the edge of the fire with their boughs for beating.

"Where are the stock?" is the enquiry shouted.

"Ahead of the fire; but in the cover we can hear their bells. They are not far off; they will break cover directly; look out for them!"

Now we can see the fire. At racing speed it gathers, in one sheet of flame, running up and over-topping the firs, with one fierce lick clearing all before it. With bellow, snort, and bleat, the animals, mad with fright, break into the glade which parts the two hills. The ponies, some with colts, rush past with shrill neigh and whinny, nostrils distended, their shaggy manes tossing from side to side. On the crest of the hill they halt for one moment, looking like demon horses against the sky-line.

With loud bellowing, a cow, having at her feet a three-days-old calf, comes in sight. The weak toddler is not able to move very quickly, and the mother, trying the while to assist and guide her calf with her nose, roars in agony as she sees the fire drawing closer to her. "Go for her, lads!" is the cry. With a rush three of them break through the burning cover, and lifting the calf in their hands, bear it to a place of safety, the mother following close behind.

The sheep, in one drove, irrespective of owners,

rush up and over the crest of the hill, down in the direction of the trout-stream. Combined with the sound of axe and bill-hook, and the beating of branches, come the cries of wild creatures just ahead of the line of fire. "Don't let them suffer—kill all that can't clear the fire!"—an act of mercy, for the rabbits shriek with fear, while the hares, bewildered with the smoke and flames, limp about hither and thither.

"Thrash them out, lads!" "Give them a chance for their lives!" "Rouse them up!" are the cries. "Black game ahead. Thrash them off!" "There they go!"

Two of these, dazed by the fire, fly right at it. Caught in that sheet of flame they drop like singed moths, to be at once despatched by the boys who are fighting the flames. The cries of wood-pigeons, partridges, black game, and pheasants—to say nothing of jays and magpies, and the scream of sparrow-hawk, with screech of missel-thrush and ring-ouzel—mingled with the roar and crackle of the flames, make a most unearthly din; while fern-fowls fly and dart in all directions. Many, drawn by that strange fascination which fire seems to have for wild creatures, dart right into it to be killed at once; their light, loose plumage shares the fate of moths' wings. Insect-collectors can keep away from this locality for many a day to come. The peaty surface, for a long distance, has become a mass of fire.

A Forest Fire in Surrey—Part II

NOW loud shouts and sounds of horns tell of some fresh misfortune. There is not the least hope of confining the fire to the valley. Within half a mile of the firs, which are now one mass of fire, there is a vast cover composed of furze and ragged blackthorns. Between this and the blazing trees is a long belt of heath. The woodmen do their best to keep this from getting alight. All their force is gathered here. Grimed all over, they look like giant goblins as they ply axe and bill to fell the remaining trees not yet caught.

No use! "Stand back for your lives, lads! it is on us! Stand back!" With a roar like thunder, and in one red sheet of flame, it bursts out and laps the heather. A few hurried words, and half the band rush down the hill into the valley beyond. There is a small farm there. The rest skirt the side of the hill, driving all stock that may be in their line before them. I, with my companion, go to the farm. Like men gone wild, they cut and slash and carry all furze and heath away from the farm enclosure.

"Well done, lads! well done! Saved by the skin of the teeth! Look! Mercy alive!"

The furze cover is on fire. Not many live things are left to roast there; they had good warning, and here they come, a mixed flock of birds, full bat, overhead, showing, in that fierce light, as distinctly as

if you had them in your hand, for their flight is low down — just overhead, no more. One or two are caught with outstretched hand, tired out by their first flight from the firs in the valley, which has proved to many of their kin to-night a valley of death.

Next comes a sight seldom seen: rabbits, a few hares, and, right in front of them, a fox. As misery makes man acquainted with strange bed-fellows, calamity causes him to rub shoulders with those he would otherwise most avoid. So it is, too, with the forest animals and birds to-night. On the poor things come, dotting along in what might appear to a casual observer a most unconcerned manner. Those who are familiar with them know better. They are almost stupefied with terror.

Blackened with smoke, and parched with heat and thirst, we rush on; for the fire has taken a direct course for the hamlet. There it will be met by a reserve force ready for action. The horns have long before given warning in which direction it is coming. One homestead is in the direct line of fire; only the paling fence surrounding the garden separates it from the moorland. Here come the lads —fifty or more of them; they are met by the force from the hamlet.

"Sharp's the word, lads!" Over a hundred men and boys cut and tear and carry the heath and furze away from about the house to the line of fire, which is now close at hand. More than one youngster is caught up, bough and all, and brought out of its reach. "Here it comes! Look out! Stand back!" Shouts, horns, and shrieking whistles give notice

to anyone who may be below; and, to make quite sure, a party of men dash down the hill, across the moor, and on to the road which divides a portion of the moor from the other bog-land.

In a red-hot sheet of flame it advances with a roar high up; driven of the wind, it clears and passes on over the crest of the hill, and, with a rush down the other side, passes over the wet moorland; then it dies out, stopped by the wide high-road. With clothes scorched and torn, black as sweeps, we called the roll over.

"Anyone hurt? Speak up!"

"No, no."

"Any stock hurt?"

"No."

"Anybody thirsty?"

"Every man Jack of us!"

"Yes," on all sides.

"And if there isn't milk enough in the dairy, somebody will have to milk the cows again before morning, for there's no doubt but what that fire would have done a lot of damage—not but what it's done enough as it is—if you lads hadn't cut away as you did. So you just come and rinse the smoke and ashes out of your throats."

—*From "On Surrey Hills", by* A SON OF THE MARSHES.
By permission of Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons.

A Night Adventure



N camp upon the evening of June 16, 1855, Major Campbell, of the Cornwall Light Infantry, then the 46th Regiment, Captain De Moleyns, R.E., and myself were discussing the prospects of the assault which we knew to be imminent. The width, and especially the depth, of the Redan ditch was a prominent point of our conversation, and we dwelt upon the fact that we knew little about the ground immediately in front of that work. We freely condemned our want of enterprise in such matters and the little encouragement that was given all ranks to undertake any examination of it.

I don't remember by which of us the suggestion was made, but we three there and then decided to try our luck, and by crawling out on hands and knees to the abattis, and if possible through it to the edge of the ditch, to ascertain its dimensions. We provided ourselves each with a long string to plumb the depth of the ditch should any of us succeed in reaching it. We told no one in camp of our intentions, but about midnight were at our places in the most advanced parallel. I was in the centre, with my companions one on each side at some fifty or more yards to my right and left.

We took off our swords, but each carried his revolver in hand, having agreed not to fire except in self-defence. We crawled quietly over the trench parapet, exposing ourselves as little as possible, having told the officers commanding companies in

the vicinity of our intention, so that we might not be fired upon by our own men. I soon lost sight of my fellow-adventurers as I crawled along very slowly, and with the least possible noise.



The Redan Abattis

The night was by no means dark, though no moon was visible, but at times I held my breath as I peered around into the gloom and listened for any sound, such even as the disturbance of a loose stone would give; but there was none. No voices were to be heard in front, and no Russian sentry to be seen upon the sky-line. "Where are their sentries?" I kept

thinking. "Lying down," I assumed; but had they seen us? Were they watching, and perhaps inwardly chuckling at our folly, and waiting like the spider in his corner to pounce suddenly upon us when well within their net?

Forward I crept very slowly, bit by bit, over the rocky ground well scored all over by their guns, and deeply pitted with shell holes, but covered here and there with reedy grass. The abattis was at last close in front, and I could see its weird branches at places against the sky-line. My pulse went quicker than usual: I imagined I could hear my heart beat, and at such moments lay prone to steady myself. I wanted three eyes, one to peer into the dark unknown in my immediate front, the others to watch to right and left where I knew my fellow-travellers were engaged as I was.

At last, as I crawled slowly forward, scanning the ground as I went with the utmost intentness, I heard a noise at my side. Peeping round, I saw upon the sky-line a man suddenly stand up and run at full speed for our trenches. There was no sound of any voice, no noise but what he made in running, no other indication of any enemy being near, and no shot was fired. I knew it was one of my friends, and being quite sure that neither would bolt thus, except to escape capture, I felt certain he had come upon some Russian group of outlying sentries.

After a little halt, and seeing no other figure in any direction round me, I resumed my forward and very slow progress. As I recall the events of this unimportant, and, as it proved, unsuccessful adventure, which could only have covered a small section

of an hour, every minute it took from start to finish comes before me as if it had been an operation of some consequence, and had extended over some hours. To hurry the pace would have been to discover ourselves to the enemy; so I resumed my crawling, wriggling, and very slow advance.

Before long I saw my remaining comrade run back also. I cannot say that after that I retained much hope of ever reaching the Redan counterscarp, but I thought it possible I might get near it and so learn something of what the ground immediately in its front was like. "Nothing venture, nothing win", I thought; so after a sufficient pause I pushed forward again at a slow and still more cautious pace.

I began to think I was doing well, there being nothing to indicate the presence of anyone in my immediate neighbourhood, when, in the twinkling of an eye, up there popped upon the sky-line some two or three heads in front of me, and, as far as I could judge, not more than about ten paces off. My reader, what would you have done in such a position? I ran for my life in the most undignified fashion, and was soon safe, though breathless, in our advanced parallel.

The only useful result of our unsuccessful venture was the assurance we gained that the Russians kept good watch and ward over the ground in their immediate front. All three rode back to camp in bad humour, disappointed in our hearts, and told no one what we had been about that midnight.

—*From* LORD WOLSELEY'S "*Story of a Soldier's Life*", *by permission of his lordship and Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co.*



Oh it was sad enough, weak enough, mad enough—
 Light in their loving as soldiers can be—
First to risk choosing them, leave alone losing them,
 Now, in far battle, beyond the South Sea! . . .

—Rain came down drenchingly; but we unblenchingly
 Trudged on beside them through mirk and through mire,
They stepping steadily—only too readily!—
 Scarce as if stepping brought parting-time nigher.

Great guns were gleaming there—living things seeming there—
 Cloaked in their tar-cloths, upmouthed to the night:
Wheels wet and yellow from axle to felloe,
 Throats blank of sound, but prophetic to sight.

Gas-glimmers drearily, blearily, eerily
Lit our pale faces outstretched for one kiss,
While we stood prest to them, with a last quest to them
Not to court perils that honour could miss.

Sharp were those sighs of ours, blinded these eyes of ours,
When at last moved away under the arch
All we loved. Aid for them each woman prayed for them,
Treading back slowly the track of their march.

Someone said, "Nevermore will they come! Evermore
Are they now lost to us!" Oh, it was wrong!
Though may be hard their ways, some Hand will guard their ways—
Bear them through safely, in brief time or long.

—Yet, voices haunting us, daunting us, taunting us,
Hint, in the night-time when life beats are low,
Other and graver things. . . . Hold we to braver things,
Wait we, in trust, what Time's fulness shall show.

—THOMAS HARDY. *By permission.*

Scenes in Foreign Lands

2. The Streets of Cairo



THE streets of Cairo, by day or night, are perpetually amazing. At first they merely bewilder and distract. One does not know what to look at first, being drawn in a hundred directions by a hundred curious or beautiful or grotesque sights.

The petulant face of a camel gazing at you with fretful eyes causes you to bound backwards, brushing the stiff white skirts of a big Montenegrin, and treading upon the bare twisted toes of a deformed beggar, who whines in your ear, "Me blind—finish father, finish mother!" as you turn hastily round for a way of escape.

Now, at a corner, you are suddenly immersed in an ocean of donkey-boys, which threatens to drown you, which flows around and almost over you, deafening you with a pigeon-English music, stifling you with brown hands and mouthing, shrieking faces. The asses, too, jostle you, tread upon your feet, bray in your ear, breathe upon you until your breath almost fails. In despair you at last resign yourself to a pair of lean, strong arms, that close tightly round you, hoist you in mid-air a moment, and then bump you heavily into a bright-red saddle.

Your feet are thrust into stirrups so short that your knees mount towards your starting eyes. A whip is plied behind you. Your donkey bounds forward, cannoning against people and animals right and left.

What has happened? You have merely engaged a donkey and started for a morning's ride through this gentle city of Cairo.

You come into the bazaars. The merchants gaze at you with beseeching eyes, and, as they see you approaching, catch up their treasures and hasten to meet you in the gate. An Indian holds out to you his dusky hand full of uncut sapphires and turquoises. A polite Persian, with the manners of an emperor, flings exquisite carpets on the ground before you. As you pass on, the old rhyme flits through your mind:

> "Here we are on Tom Tiddler's ground,
> Picking up gold and silver".

Now you suddenly turn into a square court that seems forgotten by the world, it is so quiet, so empty, so serene. The pigeons flutter and perch on the edge of a tiny stone fountain. In a corner two handsome Greeks are sitting over a game of backgammon. An old man with a flowing beard squats like a statue, smoking a gigantic hubble-bubble, and dreaming in the drowsy warmth.

A tattered beggar, clad apparently in the remains of a patch-work quilt, leans against an archway, and, with his eyes fixed on the closed lattices above, hums a strange tuneless song. Suddenly one of the lattices opens. A veiled head appears, then a thin hand. There is the ring of a coin upon the ground. The veiled head disappears, and the beggar slouches off, chuckling to himself.

Through the street flows an incessant stream of carriages and people on horseback,—officers in mufti,

Turks driving magnificent Russian horses, British officers, English ladies in veils as big as the flag in the Round Tower at Windsor Castle. Hark! there is the lusty sound of a horn, and a coach dashes by. There goes Riaz Pasha, his thin elderly face lighting up into a rare smile as he sees an unfortunate American tourist deposited abruptly on the ground from the back of a bucking donkey. The sun is setting, and the air grows a trifle chilly as the strains of the National Anthem remind you that night is coming on; and as the crowds begin to disperse you catch a glimpse of a certain famous white hat vanishing down the street, and you murmur to yourself, "Lord Cromer!"

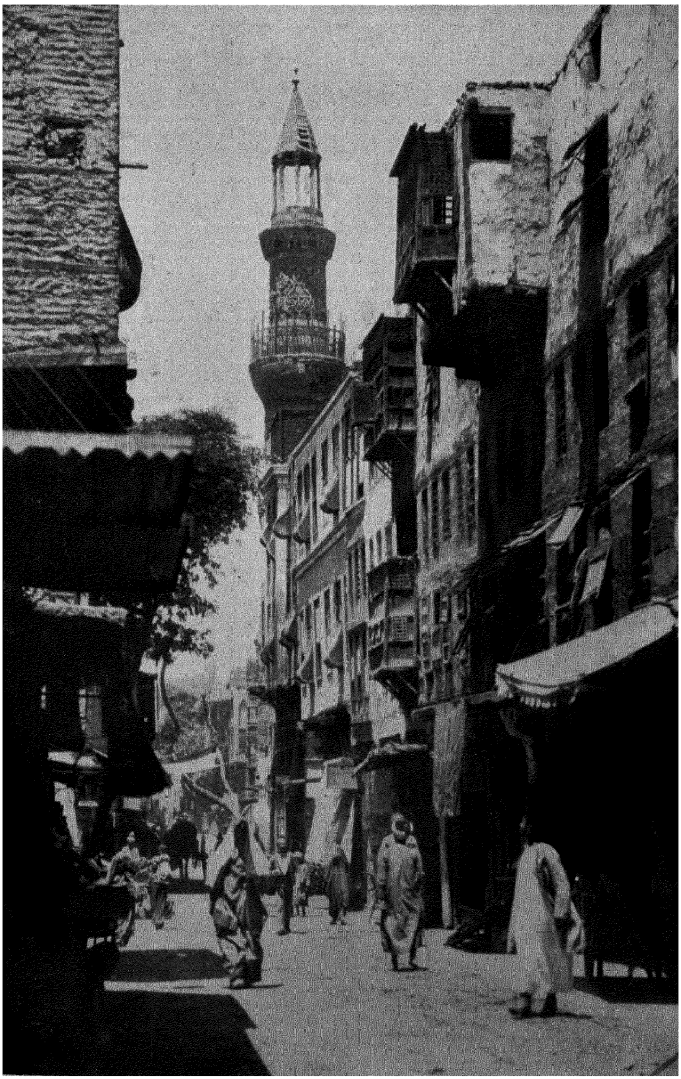
—R. S. HICHENS. *By permission.*

Animals that Play Games—Part I

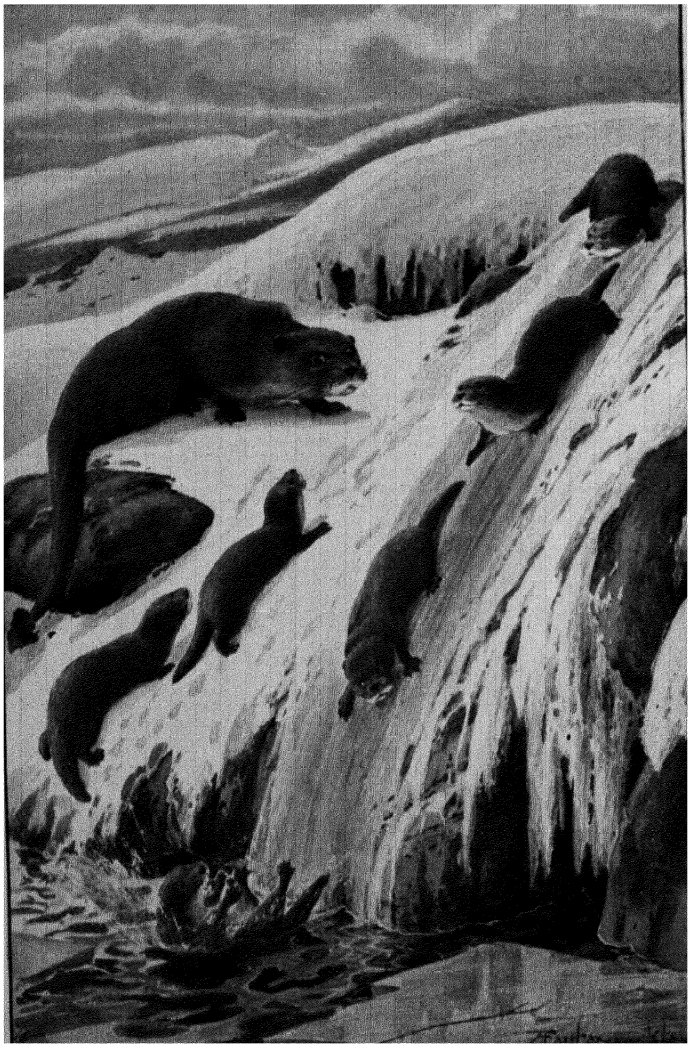


ANY kinds of animals are particularly fond of play, and are extremely clever at it. The animals of the weasel family, so called, are mostly very active and vivacious; and in some cases have developed set forms of play. The Cape ratel, a badger-like, honey-eating member of the same family, but with much of the activity of the polecats, has an amusing habit when kept in menageries of running round in circles. Sometimes it varies this performance by turning somersaults, like a street arab keeping pace with a coach.

Stoats are exceedingly playful. Often a solitary stoat will come into an open wood and there dance,



Street Scene, Cairo (from a photograph)



YOUNG OTTERS AT PLAY (page 57)

run after its tail, and twirl round in a solitary spell of extraordinary exuberance. Both stoats and weasels are also said to gyrate in this manner in order to fascinate small birds. But otters are, perhaps, the most playful of all the tribe. Intensely active and full of high spirits, they play both in the water and on land. In North America their favourite winter amusement is tobogganing. They find a place where a frozen waterfall makes a smooth ice slope, or a hard snow-bank which gives a chance of a glissade, and slide down this, running back again by a side-track to enjoy the delightful sensation over and over again. Sometimes they combine the pleasure of a "chute" by finding an ice-slope with open water at the bottom. Apparently the pleasures of this game, which a Canadian Chinaman described as "Whiz, whiz, walkee back a mile", appeal to them quite as strongly as to mankind.

The degrees in which the sport of animals takes the form of games vary. Some animals will play with objects, just as a child amuses itself with a cup and ball or with a spinning-top. Others play in company, and use the element of competition and mock contests. But perhaps the commonest games of all are those in which they make use of their unique powers of speed, flight, climbing, or diving; in displays of this kind they seem to combine a satisfaction in successful physical achievement with the consciousness and exhilaration of doing it in company.

Birds show a marked capacity for these displays. On a fine afternoon in winter, in the complete repose which often follows a day or two of stormy weather, gulls may be seen engaged in a form of aërial play,

floating in a long series of wide circles of very nearly the same diameter, though the number of birds in each circle is varied. As the game goes on, more birds fly up in detachments and fall into place, adding to the number of circles. Then, when tired of the game, they drift slowly away, maintaining in their flight the same orderly and united movements.

The "floating game" is enjoyed by several species of British birds other than gulls, especially those which frequent the surface and shores of water; but not in such a combined form. Certain states of the air, when the winds are hushed and the sunbeams are bright, invite them to sport. Rooks will ascend at such times to great altitudes, soaring in spirals and descending only to rise again; but this is the play of individual birds in company, not a concerted movement. Wood-pigeons do the same, and occasionally the ravens by the cliffs. The latter birds have a form of aërial play peculiar to themselves and "tumbler" pigeons. In the middle of a high flight they suddenly cease to move their wings, and fall headlong through the air, croaking loudly the while, as if to call attention to the joke.



Animals that Play Games—Part II



HE water tournaments of ducks, both wild and tame, and of domestic geese, are a regular part of their activities. The call to play seems to come to them from the sky, just as in the case of the birds that combine for aërial games. When the sun is at its brightest and hottest, they are suddenly seized with an impulse to begin sport. Beating the water with their wings, they rush hither and thither on the surface, and then dive one after another, keeping the fun going until they are all out of breath. It is very seldom that geese are seen to dive; but when playing this game they do so as instantaneously as does a dabchick or a water-hen, although the complete immersion and swift descent of so overgrown a bird as a fat domestic goose must entail considerable effort and inconvenience.

These combined displays are not common among mammals. But there are "waltzing mice" that run in circles incessantly; and when a number of them are together, they appear to be acting by a common understanding. It is said, however, that these mice are suffering from an hereditary form of brain disease, which makes it impossible for them not to run in circles; yet in extensive woods the roe-deer, while in apparently the best of health, amuse themselves similarly, in rings which they have regularly marked out with the imprint of their hoofs.

By far the most playful of the young of hoofed animals are kids. They seem to possess imagination

as well as extraordinary activity; and, being able to climb or leap on to almost any place which takes their fancy, their success in such well-known games as "Follow my leader" and "Holding the fort" (also played by lambs and puppies) is great. Their exploits in this way cause serious anxiety to their mothers, which may be heard bleating in an agitated manner when they see one of their adventurous young standing on the top of a wall, or running over a beam lying across a saw-pit.

Horses, although not ingenious at devising amusements, play at almost any age. They pretend to fight, pursue one another, and generally indulge in the rough antics which are appropriately named "horse-play", frequently tiring themselves thus, when turned out to a meadow to rest, far more than if they were at work on a farm or between the shafts of a brougham. Cattle, on the other hand, whether old or young, never seem to play at all.

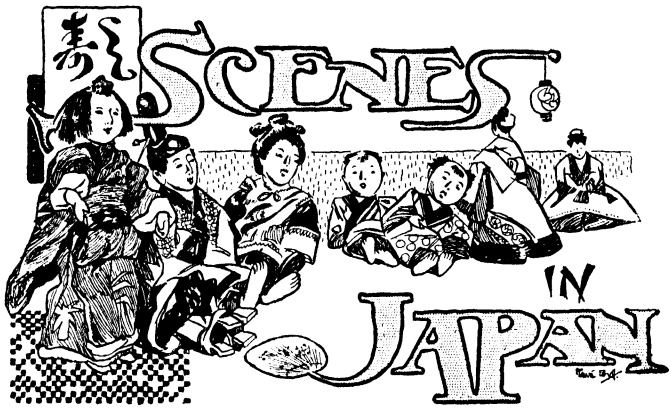
The most imaginative of all animal games are probably those played by members of the cat tribe—in some respects, also, the most completely equipped of the mammals for their special line of life. No doubt the thought and strategy involved in catching other animals, render them more thoughtful and much more imaginative than herbivorous creatures, whose sphere of activities is far more limited. They must constantly take account of the fears, appetites, and wishes of the creatures on which they prey. A fox watching hares feeding in a field, and calculating by which way they are most likely to leave it, or a cat on the look-out for birds or mice, uses its speculative faculties in a high degree.

Cats, as well as kittens, have elaborate games, in which make-believe plays a great part. They pretend that inanimate objects are birds or mice, move them about to increase the similarity, and go through the whole process of stalking, capturing, and killing a ball of wool or a cotton-reel. But when another animal, such as a friendly dog, is admitted and made a partner in the game, they not only run races and pretend to fight, but also add the very complex features of making ambuscades and surprises. The ambush is nearly always laid by the cat, the one to run the gauntlet being the dog, whose imagination in games is not so subtle as that of his feline playmate.

When beasts and birds share the pleasures which a frolic gives, it is not to be wondered at that fish are equally frivolous; and most interesting it is to watch trout at play. The spot they select for the starting-place of their sports is a wide pool in a river, with gravelly shallows beneath its banks, over which the clear water flows without a ripple. On sweet summer evenings, when the pool is at its stillest, the little trout swim out on to these shallows to play. They are no larger than sprats, but as gay as it is possible for fish to be; and they show their gaiety by the game they play.

Their object, so far as can be judged, is to stand upon their tails upon the surface, each little fish shooting out upright from the water just so far and no farther; and remaining in that position for a moment before dropping back again vertically into the river.

—*From "Animals at Work and Play", by* C. J. CORNISH. *By permission.*



1. The Girls' Month

THE month of March, in which falls the Dolls' Festival, must make up in a great degree to the little Japanese maiden for the secondary place she occupies in the family councils during the rest of the year — secondary, at least, as compared with the one filled by that all-important personage, her brother. His especial festival comes later, when the year is nearer its summer glories, and the sun, now low, will be riding high and hot in the heavens. But March, with its camellias and cherry-blossoms and toys, belongs to the girls; and they queen it right royally in the midst of their double family— their adoring relations and their submissive doll subjects.

Long before March has come, the elaborate prepar-

ations for the Doll Festival have been begun. In great houses the store-rooms have been opened, and hundreds of wonderful doll families brought to light, to be displayed in all their glory in a room specially prepared for their reception. From generation to generation the dolls are handed down and preserved with that unquestioning reverence which the Japanese bestow on everything they love. Little children are called the treasure-flowers of life; and that which ministers to their happiness is never considered trivial, but is regarded as a necessary part of the family occupations.

European children would be surprised to hear that they were expected to see their favourite toys for only one month in the year, and for the remaining eleven to consign them to the family treasure-stores; but this is what the little Japs have to do with their dolls. On account of the inflammable materials of which Japanese houses chiefly consist, fires are very frequent and terrible; rich people do not keep their valuables in these perishable dwellings, but away somewhere in the grounds, packed in fire-proof safes which usually remain untouched even when the rest of the house is reduced to ashes.

But the children do not consider themselves aggrieved; they do not look upon their delicate toys as things to be knocked about in rough play. The grown people handle them with care, and the children follow their example; for the dolls which are brought to light on March 3rd are mostly heirlooms.

At one of these doll exhibitions may be seen several hundreds of dolls arranged in glass cases standing out from the wall, or on sloping shelves covered with

crimson damask, and surrounded with all the furniture and belongings of which the most ambitious doll-lover could dream. An emperor and empress in most instances are there, sitting on their thrones in the midst of their entire court. There are generals, prime ministers, maids of honour, musicians, dancers, —all in the costume of a long-past day. The chairs and stools, painted screens, gold lacquer cups and utensils, musical instruments, and weapons of war are all perfectly reproduced with a reckless disregard of expense.

There are also tall Daimyos or nobles, with impassive expression and stiff white robes. Their fine bluish fingers seem to be pointing at the beholder in lordly scorn; their black eyes gleam in the subdued light; their black hair seems to bristle under the strange conical caps they wear—caps that are blacker even than the hair, and tied under their chins with ugly black bands.

Beside them are lovely lady dolls, in poses light and dreamy as the swaying of lotus stems moved by water. Their faces are pale and sweet, their slender hands are held out in submissive supplication towards their haughty lords; and in the attitude of the bent heads there is a kind of touching tragic grace. One or two are kneeling, others are lying down; and all are clad in robes which are stiff with gold and brilliant with colour.

Many of these weird creatures are life-size, looking as if they were real persons asleep. Among them are crowds of smaller figures, some gorgeously dressed, and some just simple old dolls such as any child would love. A few old-fashioned European dolls may be

found in the collection—mechanical gimcrack things in tawdry tarnished finery, looking strangely out of place among the princesses and aristocrats, who seem too sad to resent the elbowing of the strangers from over the water. In another room may be arranged a show of modern dolls, with their country house, its gardens filled with real flowers growing in fresh earth, its farms, lakes, mountains and pine-trees all complete!

The origin of this celebration lay in the devotion of the people to an always invisible sovereign. For many centuries the Emperor and Empress were never beheld by any except a few favoured courtiers, who shared the seclusion in which they were kept by the all-powerful Regents. So their loyal subjects made images of them dressed in state garments, and surrounded by all the pomp and luxury due to their exalted rank; and in the flowery spring-time these images were displayed and worshipped throughout the land with the most eager homage.

The Japanese girl is a creature of many attractive qualities, with her warm heart, her quick brain, her submissiveness to others, and her habit of self-effacement which has become second nature. The simple free life led by the little children in Japan gives the girls a happy foundation, so to speak, on which to build their after-life. In Japan children are always welcome; they are loved abundantly; and the girl, unconsciously imitating the heads of the house, grows imperceptibly in the right way.

Very gently but persistently, ever since language meant anything in her ears, she has been taught the lessons of love, unselfishness, self-sacrifice, and

humility. In the still atmosphere of the home, with its daily round of necessary duties, the young heart waxes strong and pure; and by and by, should the call to heroic service sound, a noble woman springs forward to answer it. Should such a clarion never ring in her ears the world is none the poorer, for a true sweet woman is passing through it, smiling at every duty that meets her on her unnoticed way, and, when the journey ends, leaving a train of gentle, wholesome memories behind her.

2. The Boys' Birthday

There is a Boys' Festival as well as a Girls' in Japan, a festival which is said to have been instituted after the unsuccessful Mongolian invasion in A.D. 1281, as a lasting memorial of thanksgiving for the wonderful victory gained by the "land of the gods" over the barbarians. At this festival, which begins on the 5th of May, the birthday of every boy is celebrated, no matter at what time of the year he may have been born, or whether his parents are rich or poor. The whole of May is given up to rejoicing; and when it comes in, the streets of every town and village are filled with quaint banners in the likeness of fish attached to gilt poles—fish of all sizes and colours, but all of one shape, the shape of the carp.

In Japan many things are symbolic. The stork represents long life; the white stag, happiness; the pine-tree, strength; the tortoise, riches; a hawk, courage; a bear, endurance; while of perseverance the emblem is a carp laboriously endeavouring to



Japanese Houses with Bamboo Poles (with toy fish attached)

swim up a waterfall—a feat which, surely, only Japanese carps attempt! The perseverance of the carp has passed into a proverb, and the valiant fish is pointed out to the boy to impress upon him that the prizes of life are not for the sluggard or the coward; its presence at his birthday feast is meant as an incentive to manly action and unflagging courage.

Fish in Japan takes the same place in the national diet that beef does in England, and next to rice it is the staple food of the country. On the birth of a son the relations and friends send, or bring with their congratulations, live carp swimming about in tubs of water; and at the birthday festival the parents are entitled to display a paper fish for each son, the younger the child the larger the fish.

The toy fish is attached to a long bamboo pole, which is hoisted in front of the house among other ornamental flags and signs. Several fish may often be seen flapping round one pole; and proud is that house, for it means that the master is blessed with many sons. In all the houses, rich or poor, that are blessed with a son or sons, the same symbols are to be seen.

For all their festal aspect, no crowds of holiday-makers are to be seen in the streets at this time; no drums are beating; all is quiet. The shops are open; customers are coming and going; brown bare-legged little children play with their bean-bags in the roads; the school-girl walks slowly to and fro in her clattering clogs; the business man in native costume and bowler hat wheels by in his jinriksha to his day's work.

Busy life seems going on everywhere, undisturbed,

beneath the rustling wave of bright colour which floats from every building. Bright indeed! for the fishes are painted blue or red, yellow or grey; and very realistic are their gaping mouths, huge eyes and fins, the sheen of their gilded scales glinting in the sunshine. They are a part of the spring in Japan, these flying-fish and their dangling golden rice-balls; and it seems as if its best days were past when they no longer hover over the low brown roofs.

Other things are set out in the best room of the house at this gala season. There are warlike figures, and toy weapons, such as would appeal to any boy's heart in East or West. These figures are not toys, however; they are portraits; and each one tells its tale of glory in the ears of the young Jap. These models of mail-clad men, standing in attitudes of action or menace, with their richly-caparisoned horses beside them pawing the ground as if impatient for battle—they are the images of the warriors and heroes of this strange land, accompanied by their chargers, whose names also have been handed down for veneration.

Standing among the bows and arrows, the swords and spears, may be seen the model of a strange-looking battle-standard. The head of this banner is composed of a number of small gold-coloured gourds, clustered round a larger one. No one could imagine the romantic origin of this curious toy, or the wonderful part it has played in the history of Japan. It represents the standard of Hideyoshi, the greatest adventurer, and perhaps the greatest general, in Japanese history.

Hideyoshi was born of poor parents in 1536, and

early became distinguished among his companions for his courage and dexterity in fencing, and his constant readiness for a fight. After trying many occupations, and the patience of many masters, he boldly determined to enter the service of a brave baron named Nobunga. Without waiting for his friends to petition for an audience for him, or for the introductions necessary in those days before a commoner could approach a noble, Hideyoshi resolutely forced his way into the presence of Nobunga, and fearlessly told the baron that, having selected him as a master worthy of his services, he had come to enlist under him.

Nobunga, impressed by the young man's spirit and bearing, appointed him to a humble place in his retinue; and soon afterwards he was called upon to show his strength and courage in single combat with one of the other retainers. Every warrior of renown in those days possessed his own battle sign, and by this he was known. Hideyoshi, a young and poor adventurer, low in rank withal, had none, so he found one for himself. A gourd was growing by the wayside; he tore it up by the roots, and flourishing it aloft rushed to the contest. His opponent, although an experienced warrior, was overcome. Hideyoshi won the day, and with it great renown and the hearty praise of his lord.

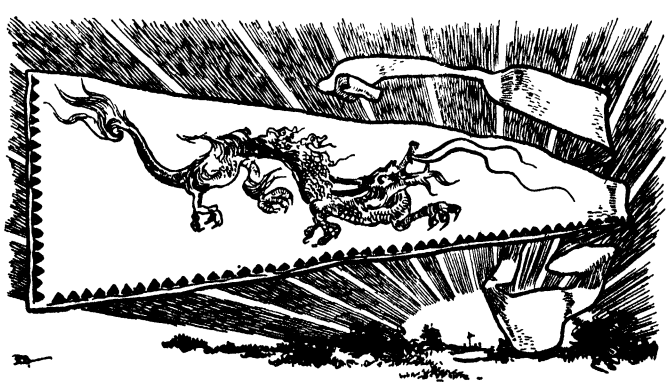
By dint of hard work, indomitable will, and brave fighting, Hideyoshi soon became the most capable and trusted retainer in Nobunga's court, and, on the assassination of the latter, subdued the whole country and forced the nobles to own him as their lord. The Mikado installed him as Regent; and he gave the

land peace and harmony in place of revolt, strife, and bloodshed. So, by his own efforts, Hideyoshi rose from the lowest rank of the people to be the ruler of his country; and his banner is still known as "the banner of the thousand gourds".

By recalling stories such as this to their sons, the Japanese believe that they sow the seeds of reverence and admiration for the best and noblest of their ancestors—the seeds of self-reliance, and belief in the invincible power of their country.

For the boys of Japan the brightly-coloured banner and the gay toy warriors have a real and moral significance. Their hearts are cheered, and their ambition is roused to become worthy of the brave men gone before them. And these object lessons will undoubtedly be of use to them hereafter,—whether on the battle-field face to face with a common foe, or in the fiercer war with evil in their own souls, who can say?

—*From "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan", by* Mrs. Hugh Fraser. *By permission.*





Heavily slumbered noonday-light
Upon the lone field—shining bright,
A burnished grassy sea:
The child, in cloudless golden hours,
Through nebulæ of sunny flowers,
Went walking on the lea.

Velvety bees make busy hum;
Green-flies and striped wasps go and come;
The butterflies are white;
Blue-burning, vaporous, to and fro,
The dragon-flies like arrows go,
Or hang in moveless flight.

Nothing she followed; like a rill,
She wandered on with quiet will;
Received, but did not miss;

Her step was neither quick nor long;
And sometimes a half-murmured song
Breathed her half-conscious bliss.

The little spirit-stately child
Was never frolicsome and wild
As such a girl might be—
But now, though nine and nothing more,
Another little child she bore,
Almost as big as she.

No silken cloud from solar harms
Had she to spread—with straining arms
She turned him from the sun;
Mother and sister both in heart,
She did a gracious woman's part,
Her lovely task begun.

And now they gain a stagnant ditch,
The slippery sloping banks of which
More varied blossoms line;
Some ragged-robins baby spies,
And spreads his arms, and crows and cries—
Which means "They must be mine".

What baby wants, that baby has—
A law unalterable as—
The poor shall serve the rich:
Had baby only been a post!
But, overreaching, too engrossed,
She topples in the ditch.

Adown the slope she slanting rolled;
But her two arms convulsive hold
The precious baby tight;

She lets herself sublimely go,
Till in the ditch's muddy flow
She stands—in evil plight.

Her stockings soiled she might forget,
But her new shoes!—they 're soaking wet!
And still she does not cry;
For though her frock and tippet blue
And petticoat are all wet through,
The baby is quite dry!

And baby laughs, and baby crows;
And baby being right, she knows
That nothing can be wrong;
So with a troubled heart, yet stout,
She plans how ever to get out,
With meditation long.

The high bank's edge is far away,
The slope is steep, and crossing clay;
And what to do with baby?
For even a monkey, up to run,
Would need his four hands, every one:—
She is perplexed as may be.

But all her puzzling was no good;
Blank staring up the side she stood,
Which, as she sunk, grew higher;
Till a fresh inroad of dismay,
Lest baby's patience should give way,
Plucked her feet from the mire.

And up and down the ditch, not glad,
But patient, she did promenade—
Splash went her little feet!

And baby thought it rare good fun,
With added help of one half-bun,
And endless meadow-sweet.

But, oh, the world that she had left!
The meads from her so lately reft—
An infant Proserpine!
A fabled land they lay above,
A paradise of sunny love
In breezy room divine!

And often from the village green,
Came sounds of laughter, faintly keen,
And bark of well-known dogs;
While she, the hot sun overhead,
Her lonely watery way must tread,
In mud and weeds and frogs.

Sudden, the ditch about her shakes;
Her little heart, responsive, quakes
With fear of uncouth woes;
She lifts her boding eyes perforce,
And sees the huge head of a horse
Go past upon its nose.

Then hark! what sounds of tearing grass
And puffing breath!—With knobs of brass
On horns of frightful size,
A cow's head through the broken hedge
Looks awful from the other edge,
Though mild her pondering eyes.

The horse, the cow are passed and gone;
The sun keeps going on and on;
And still no help comes near.

At misery's last—oh joy! the sound
Of human footsteps on the ground!
She almost shrieked "I'm here!"

It was a man—oh, heavenly joy!
He looked amazed at girl and boy,
And reached his hand so strong:
"Give me the child," he said; but no!
Love could not let the burden go
Which it had borne so long.

With well-pleased laugh at her alarms,
He kneeled, and brought her—babe in arms—
Back to the world again.
Her low thanks feebly murmured, she
Dragged her legs homeward painfully—
Poor, wet, one-chickened hen!

At home at length—lo, scarce a speck
Was on the child from heel to neck,
Though she was sorely mired!
No tear confessed the long-drawn rack,
Till, having given the baby back,
She cried, "Oh me! I'm tired."

Then, intermixed with sobbing wail,
She told her mother all the tale—
On her wet cheeks a glow:
"But, mother, even when I fell,
I kept the baby pretty well—
I never let him go."

—GEORGE MAC DONALD. *By permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.*



Trout-Fishing Extraordinary—Part I



T nightfall we arrived at Bex. Our carriage stopped at the door of one of those charming inns only met with in Switzerland. Dinner awaited us. The fish was so nice that we asked to have some for breakfast next day. I mention this trifling fact because my request led to my sharing in a fishing expedition of a novel kind.

We had barely expressed our wishes when the hostess called up a big fellow of eighteen or twenty years of age, who appeared to combine the different functions of errand-boy, waiter, and "boots". He came up half-asleep, and received the order to go and catch some trout for the gentleman's breakfast, the woman pointing to me as she spoke. Maurice, as the lad was called, looked at me with a glance so reluctant and reproachful that I took pity on him.

"If it is any trouble," I said—and Maurice's face lit up with gratitude:—"if it is any trouble——"

The hostess interrupted me.

"Indeed, no. It will be an hour's work, no more; the river is just at hand. Come, lazy-bones, take your lamp and bill-hook," she added to Maurice, "and make haste."

A lamp and bill-hook to go fishing! Ah! from that moment Maurice was lost; for I was seized with an irresistible longing to see fish caught with implements of husbandry.

Maurice uttered a sigh. Then, with a look which

said "What must be, must be," he took down a hook that hung among the cooking utensils, and a lantern of so strange a form that it deserves a detailed description.

It was a globe of horn, like a hanging lamp, and was fitted with a tin tube three feet long, in shape and size like a broomstick. As the globe was hermetically sealed, the oiled wick which burned inside received no air except through the tube, and ran no risk of being put out by wind or rain.

"You are coming, sir?" said Maurice, when his preparations were made, seeing that I was getting ready to follow him.

"Certainly," I replied. "This seems to me an original way of fishing."

"Yes, yes," he muttered. "'Tis very original to see a poor wretch wading in the water up to his chest, when he ought to be in bed and asleep. Do you want a hook and lantern? You had better fish too, and that will be still more original."

"Not gone yet, dawdler!" came from the next room; and at the same instant we heard the approaching footsteps of the hostess, muttering words that boded no good to the loiterer. He knew what to expect; hurriedly opened the door; went out; and shut it behind him without waiting for me, so eager was he to put two inches of deal between him and his angry mistress.

I opened the door, and started in pursuit of the lantern, which was now disappearing in the distance. As my eyes were fixed on it straight ahead, I had scarcely taken ten steps, when my feet caught in something, and I fell headlong with a crash in the

middle of the road. Far from causing him to stop, this fall, the noise of which must have reached Maurice, only made him go the faster; for he felt that now he had two angry people behind him instead of one. The wretched lantern seemed like a will-o'-the-wisp, so rapidly did it move away from me, and so oddly it danced up and down as it went. I had lost nearly a minute, what with falling, and picking myself up, and feeling to see that no bones were broken.

Meanwhile Maurice had gone so far ahead that I began to lose hope of catching him. I was vexed at my fall, and suffered some pain, my knees and left cheek having come into violent contact with the road. I felt the necessity, therefore, of going more gently if I was to avoid a second accident. But I did not wish to miss the fishing, so I halted in the middle of the road and shouted:

"Hi, Maurice! Wait for me!"

He stopped short; the lantern ceased to waggle about, and remained so still that it looked like a fixed star.

"Goodness!" I said, as I went towards him, stepping cautiously and holding out my hands to ward off obstacles, "you're a queer fellow. You hear me fall—hard enough to split your pavement—because I can't see my way; and you run away all the faster with your lantern. Look here!" (I showed him my torn breeches.) "Look here!" (I pointed to my grazed cheek.) "I tumbled and hurt myself outside your inn in the darkness; why in the world don't you put up a lamp? A pretty figure I cut, I warrant."

Maurice looked at my wounds; listened to my

complaint; and, when I had finished shaking the dust from my clothes, and rubbing off a dozen little stones stuck in the palms of my hands, he said:

"That's what comes of going fishing at half-past nine at night!"

And he stolidly resumed his walk.

Trout-Fishing Extraordinary—Part II

We walked on for nearly ten minutes without a word, stepping in the quivering circle of light thrown on the ground by the lantern. At length Maurice stopped.

"Here we are," he said.

And then, indeed, I heard the water of a stream dashing down the rocky slope. It crossed the road under a little bridge that I could now just make out, and ran into the river not two hundred feet away.

While I looked about me, Maurice was preparing for his task. He took off his shoes and gaiters, tucked up his breeches and blouse, and came to my side.

"You had better do the same," he said.

"You are going into the water, then?"

"How do you think you'll have trout for breakfast if I don't go and get them?"

"But I don't want to fish myself."

"You came to see me fish, eh?"

"Certainly."

"Then tuck up your trousers—unless you'd rather come as you are. Just as you like; please yourself."

He went down into the steep and rocky ravine, at



Maurice put one foot into the water

the bottom of which the torrent dashed along. It was there this strange fishing was to be done. I followed; and, slipping on the pebbles that rolled away under my feet, I clung to Maurice, who was as upright and steady as a rod of iron. We had nearly thirty feet to descend on this steep sliding path; and Maurice saw how difficult I found it without his help.

"Here," he said, "carry the lantern."

I took it at once. Then with his free hand he seized my arm, and led me down the dangerous descent till we reached the stream. I put my hand into the water; it was cold as ice.

"You are going into that, Maurice?" I said.

"Certainly," he replied, taking the lantern from my hand and putting one foot into the water.

"But it is ice-cold!" I said, holding him back.

"Yes, it comes from the snow on the hills," he answered, not understanding what my exclamation really meant.

"But I can't let you go into such cold water."

"Didn't you say you wanted some trout for breakfast to-morrow?"

"I did; but I had no idea that anyone—that you, Maurice, would have to go into this icy torrent up to the middle; why, you will take a chill and be dead in a week. Come, let us go back."

"And what would the mistress say?"

"I'll make it all right with her. Come along, Maurice."

"I can't."

He put his other leg into the water.

"Can't! What do you mean?"

"It isn't only you that like trout. I don't know why, but all you travellers like them—a wretched fish full of little bones!"

"Well, what then?"

"Why, if you can do without them, others cannot; and so, as I am here, I'll waste no more time about it."

He was now waist-deep in the water. As I watched him, I understood at last the use of the things he had brought instead of rod and line. The lantern was intended to light up the bottom of the stream, the necessary air being supplied through the long tube, the end of which stood up out of the water. The fish within the circle of light were attracted to the lantern just as moths are drawn to a candle-flame; and they came swimming round and round it, sometimes bumping their heads against the horn. Then Maurice gently raised his left hand, which held the light; the fish, as if fascinated, followed it as it rose; and, the moment a trout appeared near the surface, with his right hand, armed with the hook, he struck the fish on the head so cleverly, that, stunned by the blow, it fell to the bottom. It soon floated to the surface, and was in a trice thrown into the bag hung round Maurice's neck.

I was amazed. My admiration increased as I saw him add fish after fish to his bag, choosing always those that seemed the finest, and letting the others circle unhurt around the lantern.

At last I could hold back no longer. Off came boots and stockings, and I jumped into the water, without heeding the cold, or the stones at the bottom that cut my feet. I asked Maurice to let me try to

catch a fish, and he gave me the lantern and hook. I waited till a fine trout came near; then led it to the surface as carefully as I had seen Maurice do. When I thought it was well within reach, I struck it in the middle of the back, hitting so hard, in my fear of missing, that the blow would have split a log.

The fish came to the surface in two pieces!

Maurice took it, examined it for a moment, then threw it back into the water.

"That's a trout spoilt," he said scornfully.

Spoilt or not, I meant to eat it; so I fished out the two portions, and returned to the bank. It was time. I was shivering in every limb, and my teeth were chattering terribly.

Maurice followed me. He had as many fish as he wanted; in three-quarters of an hour he had caught no fewer than eight fine trout. We made our way back to the inn as quickly as possible. As I went, I remembered having noticed, near the kitchen fire, a stool on which, when I left the inn, a big cat was basking in the heat. I said to myself: "As soon as I get back, I'll go straight to the chimney-corner, and turn out that cat, and warm myself on the stool."

Eager to secure that cosy place, I hurried along, lighting my way and at the same time warming my fingers with the lantern. I arrived without accident at the door; only a step or two, and I should find the stool which for the time was the sole object of my desire. I rang the bell like a man who has not a moment to lose. The hostess opened the door herself; I slipped past her like a ghost, crossed the dining-room as if fleeing for my life, and rushed into the kitchen.

The fire was out!

At the same moment I heard the hostess, who had followed me as quickly as she could, say to Maurice—

"What is the matter with the gentleman?"

"I rather think he is cold," replied Maurice.

Ten minutes afterwards I was in bed, with a steaming basin of gruel; in spite of which, I got up next day with an abominable cold. But I had my consolation: I had discovered, at any rate, a new way of catching trout—with a hook and a lantern.

—ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

A Passenger's Story—Part I



THE last time I crossed the Atlantic to America I was on a schooner-rigged steamer of 1600 tons, belonging to Liverpool. The vessel was indeed a cargo boat. My wife knew the wife of the owner. They had been talking about collisions, break-downs, and the like; and the other had advised my wife to make the journey in her husband's steamer; "Because," said she, "the risks are fewer in such vessels. The captains are not always in a hurry; they'll not drive their boats at full speed through a fog; and every encouragement is given them to exercise caution."

So it ended in our sailing in that vessel. It took me two days to get over my sea-sickness; and then, when I came on deck and looked over the side, I was sorry I had listened to my wife. We were in a very

safe boat, no doubt—plenty of beam, considering she was built of iron, powerful engines, and the most nautical-looking man for captain my eye ever dwelt upon. He was a man who might have walked out of the pages of an old sea-novel, with a fiery nose, set in the midst of a rough surface of face that looked as if blown up into ridges, like the sand of the sea-shore by the violent wind, and a hoarse voice that was apparently built up of stiff "nor'-westers".

But these and other advantages did not atone in my eyes for our rate of steaming. We made a great splutter, heaped up a fine display of foam around us, and engines of 5000 horse-power could not have hummed with a more deep-noted and sonorous voice than ours; yet eight knots an hour were all we could accomplish, even when there was nothing to stop us.

A big steamer—the skipper said she was a Cunard liner—overhauled and passed us on the third day. I sighted her smoke astern, when I went on deck before breakfast. She grew out of the water just as though we were at anchor. In three and a half hours' time she was abreast of us, about half a mile distant. What a fine sight to be sure! her long shape flying through the steady Atlantic swell, a column of white water at her bow, and a height of sparkling sea at her quarter going along with her and never shifting its place; and astern of her a long, long wake, like a length of gleaming white satin, broadening out, fan-shaped, until the end of it seemed to be rising and falling upon the dark-blue swell of the horizon.

"Ah!" thought I, as I watched her, "safety is a very fine thing, but speed is uncommonly nice, too:"

and, as I glanced over our stern and along our broad deck terminating forward in a shell-back shaped contrivance, that made the forecastle resemble the mouth of a tunnel, I exclaimed to the skipper, "We shall be meeting that steamer homeward bound presently."

"And a good job too," answered that very nautical-looking man.

But the old proverbs, which tell you that what one man doesn't like another man might die for the want of, are all wonderfully true. If it had not been that we were a slow ship, the sea would have been richer by thirteen dead bodies of seamen, and there would have been never a soul in all this wide world to know what had become of them.

We had been five days out from Liverpool, and had traversed about a thousand miles of ocean, when the fine weather that had accompanied us so far broke up. Throughout the night all hands had noticed an extraordinarily heavy swell rolling up from the eastward. I heard the captain talking to the first mate about it; and he said that it was either the precursor of a gale of wind, or the effects of a hurricane recently passed. Whatever it was, it made the steamer mightily uncomfortable, swinging her now to port, now to starboard, and heaving her stern up as if she must pitch heels over head.

Such creaking and groaning, such clattering of crockery, such a dashing-to of doors, such a fetching away of everything that was not securely lashed, I never before saw nor heard the like of. All the time there was very little wind; and even when the sun rose the wind was still light and in the south-

west; but sky and sea were shrouded in a grayish vapour. Our steamer was heavily labouring upon the monstrous yellowish, olive-coloured folds, which came pouring out of the thickness in the eastward like mountains in chase of one another, each leaping into shape as it rolled out of the gray void beyond, and, sweeping ahead, disappearing as if by magic the instant it came in contact with the fog-bank that way.

Bit by bit the wind increased in force; but it seemed to deepen instead of dispelling the thickness; and, when in the afternoon the steamer was hove-to, head to sea, the mist hugged us about so closely that the water was out of sight two fathoms' distance away, and, standing right aft, I could barely distinguish the outline of the funnel.

I have crossed the Atlantic several times, but never before met, nor can I now imagine, wilder treatment than we got on this occasion. Had our vessel been a regular passenger ship, no doubt we should have been battened down; but our captain let those who chose stay on deck, and pretty nearly all day long I was holding on to the railing that protected a short kind of poop, watching the steamer diving and smothering herself in foam. Now she trembled, like a house when a great van goes by, as a mountainous sea, breaking into a whole acre of dazzling white as it struck her, hit her right on the nose, and threw her up until she seemed to stand end on; now she threatened to roll clean over, as a sudden yaw let a headlong surge catch her laterally, and heel her until her funnel sloped like a buoy in a four-knot tide.

A Passenger's Story—Part II



ELL, sir, the gale lasted four-and-twenty hours; and then, abating somewhat, the steamer was got to her course, and went reeling and staggering along to the westward, under-run by a heavy sea, which shoved her along two knots an hour faster than her propeller could drive her.

It was a little before noon. The captain and his mates, in the hope of seeing some ghost of a sun to help them to make twelve o'clock with, were anxiously casting their eyes upon the motionless surface of leaden cloud that covered the heavens. The sea was of a hard-green colour—as it mostly is after a gale—shooting up in ridges, whose pinnacles and summits were as transparent as bottle-glass, and strewn with long thin stretches of broken froth. I was watching and admiring the wild and stormy scene of warring waters, for the mist and thickness were gone, and the horizon stood up all around like a circle of dancing hills, when my eye caught sight of a dark object almost directly ahead of us.

I shouted to the captain, who was on the bridge, to call his attention to it. He pointed a glass and had a long look, and then sung out at the top of his voice, so that everybody about might hear, that it was a steam-ship hove-to with signals of distress flying. In a short time her rig and appearance were visible to the naked eye; and, though I am not a sailor, I did not need to view her long with-

out perceiving that she was in a sinking condition, and her people in dire extremity.

She appeared to be water-logged, unable to meet the seas which broke over her in clouds of spray, like bursts of vapour from exploding boilers. She was seemingly of our tonnage, and had been brig-rigged, but the fore-topmast was over the side, and her mainyard gone in the slings. She was in the trough of the sea, quite unmanageable. Half a dozen figures were in the weather main-rigging, holding on there, and resembling rags of black cloth on account of the cruel soaking of the seas, which arched over, and blew away in white sheets, sometimes as high as the top of her funnel. Our engines were slowed as we approached; and we drove as close alongside her as we durst go.

When we were within ear-shot, one of the poor fellows in the rigging gave us their story. It was brief enough: their engines were broken down; their sails split and blown away; their boats gone; their pumps choked; and the steamer sinking. They all raised their voices together in a wild cry for help. Their mournful shriek — for so it sounded — swept down with the howling gale as we drove past; and in a few moments their imploring entreaties were only appreciable to us by their dumb-show.

I saw our skipper speak a few words to the mate; the helm was then put down; and our vessel shoved with her nose into the gale and at the mad seas again. Once more we drew within hailing distance. Our captain looked desperately puzzled and bothered, as he first eyed the wreck and then the sea. He shouted out: "We have no boat that will live in this sea.



"We drove as close alongside her as we durst go"

Have you no distress rocket and line aboard?" The answer was "No". Neither had we, it seemed. More questions were asked; but nothing came of them.

Our captain and mate talked together; and, whilst they conversed, I looked at the wreck. I could now count thirteen men aboard of her, six or seven in the rigging, and the others in a body, with lashings around them, right aft out of the way of the bursting seas. How were they to be saved?

The lifeless, sodden labouring of the deep hull, made her look as though she must sink, even as we watched. It was maddening to see her, to view those miserable men appealing to us with a thousand motions and gestures, and to feel our powerlessness. Yet it was impossible to look at the dark gulfs of water which yawned between us and the wreck, to note the height and fury of the surges as they rushed along the deep, making a roaring noise as they came, and not perceive the utter impossibility of lowering such small boats as our vessel carried. What was to be done?

A Passenger's Story—Part III

"Steamer, ahoy!" roared our skipper with a voice that rang nobly on the gale. "There is only one chance for you. You must make shift to knock up a small raft, and let it drift down to us at the end of a line, and we'll pick it up."

On this the poor fellows in the rigging, defying

the sheets of gleaming water which swept through the air, came hurrying down. The others joined them; and, as the wreck leaned over so as to expose her decks to us, I could see the men groping about collecting materials for the raft, flinging their hands against their faces as the water lashed them, wading up to their arm-pits, some of them casting themselves down to let a sea pass over them, frequently pausing to hold on, yet ever starting afresh at their labours with an eager, mad hurry shocking to behold.

At last—but how they managed it I know not—they came in a body to the lee-side, bearing the raft—no bigger than a dinner-table—among them, and dropped it overboard, with a length of stout rope made fast to it. No sooner was it over, rising and falling, to the height and depth of a tall house, in the swollen folds and capacious hollows alongside, than a man clambered on to the bulwark rail, swung himself by the rope, and descended hand over hand.

It was a mad, despairing trick, not contemplated by our captain, who had suggested the raft. But it was too late to stop the fellow—we could only hold our breath and watch him. Half a dozen times he was plunged into the water and vanished there; then he reappeared, always holding on to the rope with a death-grip, and in every interval dropping himself lower and lower still, until, throwing out his legs, he felt the raft with his feet. Then he let go the rope and flung himself down on the narrow miserable platform, lying motionless on his chest, with his arms extended in the posture of a crucified figure, and his fingers gripping the small

stuff and seizings which banded the raft together.

So he approached us on the send of the seas, steadily drawing nearer and nearer; though, when I beheld the water breaking over him, saw the raft at one moment vanishing in the smother of the crest of a breaking sea, then disappearing in the black hollows between the waves, I reckoned that we should have but a dead body to hook up off that raft when at last it should come alongside.

All our ship's company stood by to give a hand. Such was the passionate excitement and sympathy of that moment, that had that sailor been hurled from the raft by a sea, I believe half of our men would have been overboard after him without thinking of what they were about. When, at last, he was alongside, a dozen bowlines were dangling over his head. He looked up, thrust his arms through the nearest, and in a moment was dragged on deck.

Well, sir, I will not weary you with a close account of the saving of the other men. They were saved, and by that raft. On our side a line was made fast to it, and, on the signal being given, the shipwrecked crew hauled it through the seas back to their vessel, and got upon it in twos and threes, holding on as only sailors can.

But the part of this tremendous experience that clings most closely to my memory, and that comes to me again and again in my sleep, is this. Whilst we were towing the raft with the last of the men upon it—three men—aboard our ship, a heavy sea broke over the wreck; the doomed hull broke the neck of its fury, otherwise those men must have

inevitably perished. No human limbs could have resisted the terrific sweep of that towering surge. I took note that though the stern of the wreck rolled up out of the wild play of foam, she remained down by the head, and, whilst I stood wondering at this, somebody near me loudly cried out, "She's sinking!"

True enough; slowly she settled down, her stern declining until her bulwarks made a straight line along the water; another sea rolled over her, and then she was gone. Her funnel, her maimed spars flashed out of sight as you might strike the sea with a harpoon; and, between us and the far tumultuous horizon, the only visible object on the face of the frowning ocean was the little raft, soaring and vanishing upon the surges, with the three motionless bodies clinging to it, like dead men lashed. But we saved them all, sir; and, ten minutes after the last of the crew had been got aboard, our steamer was once more heading on her way to the American coast.

—*From "My Watch Below", by* W. CLARK RUSSELL.
By permission of Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co.



The Last of the Eurydicé

Sunday, March 24, 1878

The training-ship *Eurydicé*—
As tight a craft, I ween,
As ever bore brave men who loved
Their country and their queen—
Built when a ship, sir, *was* a ship,
And not a steam-machine.

Six months or more she had been out
Cruising the Indian sea;
And now, with all her canvas bent—
A fresh breeze blowing free—
Up Channel in her pride she came,
The brave *Eurydicé.*

On Saturday it was we saw
The English cliffs appear;
And fore and aft from man and boy
Uprang one mighty cheer,
While many a rough-and-ready hand
Dashed off the gathering tear.

We saw the heads of Dorset rise
Fair in the Sabbath sun.
We marked each hamlet gleaming white—
The church spires one by one.
We thought we heard the church bells ring
To hail our voyage done!

"Only an hour from Spithead, lads:
Only an hour from home!"

So sang the captain's cheery voice
As we spurned the ebbing foam;
And each young sea-dog's heart sang back,
"Only an hour from home!"

No warning ripple crisped the wave,
To tell of danger nigh,
Nor looming rack, nor driving scud;
From out a smiling sky,
With sound as of the trump of doom,
The squall broke suddenly,

A hurricane of wind and snow
From off the Shanklin shore.
It caught us in its blinding whirl
One instant, and no more;—
For, ere we dreamt of trouble near,
All earthly hope was o'er.

No time to shorten sail—no time
To change the vessel's course;
The storm had caught her crowded masts
With swift, resistless force.
Only one shrill, despairing cry
Rose o'er the tumult hoarse,

And broadside, the great ship went down
Amid the swirling foam;
And with her nigh four hundred men
Went down, in sight of home.
(Fletcher and I alone were saved)—
Only an hour from home!

—Sir Noel Paton. *By permission.*

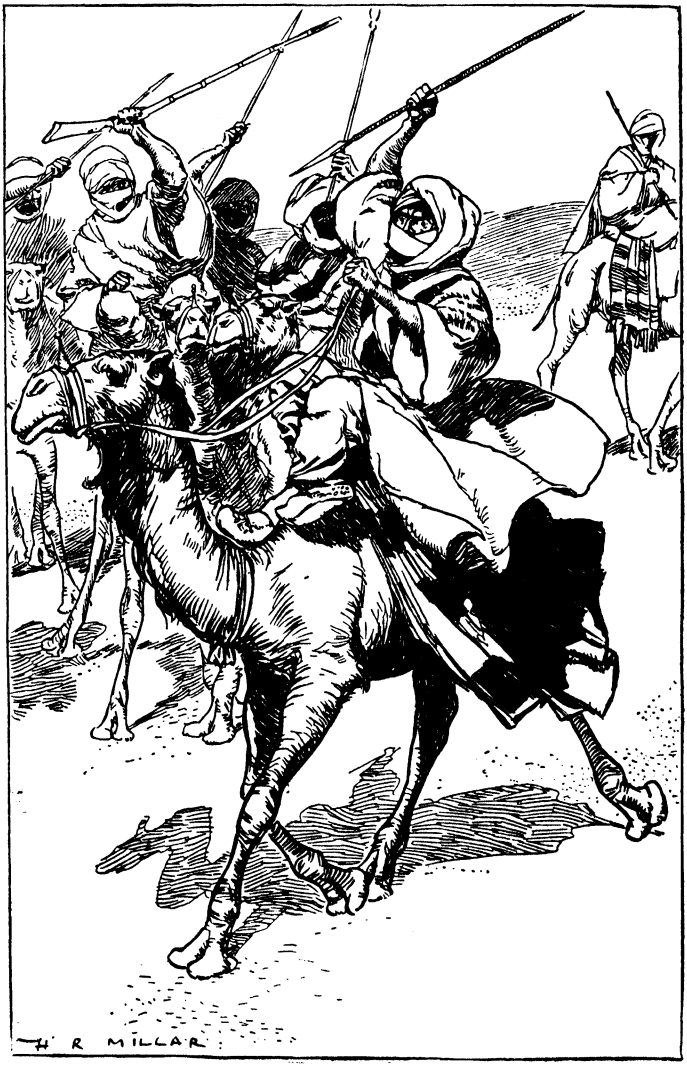
How Ohlsen won his Commission—Part I

[The Touaregs are a race of fierce warriors who inhabit a portion of the Sahara. They at times give great trouble to the French in Algeria. The following describes a French expedition against them in which the Foreign Legion was engaged—a regiment of foreigners enlisted in the French army for service out of France. Ohlsen was really an Englishman, who had left home in trouble, and after spending some time with the North Sea fishers, had enlisted in the Foreign Legion under a Swedish name.]



HE Touareg chieftain rode out that day towards the hills; and, unmolested, Captain Tavernay's expedition went down to the dunes. Great waves of yellow sand, sometimes three hundred feet from crest to base, intersected the face of the desert; the winds had given to their summits the overhang of a breaking sea; they ran this way and that, as though the currents of an ocean had directed their course; they had the very look of motion; so that Ohlsen could not but remember the roaring combers of the cold North Sea, as he gazed upon these silent and arrested copies. They made of that country a maze of intricate valleys.

Led by a local guide commandeered from the last oasis, the companies of the Legion marched into the maze, and on the second day saw, as they came over a hill, just below them in a narrow hollow, a mud parapet built about the mouth of a well. This was Bir-el-Ghiramo, and here they camped. Sentries were posted on the neighbouring crests; suddenly the darkness came, and overhead the stars rushed down towards the earth.



Touaregs Demonstrating

There was no moon that night, nor was there any sound of danger heard. Three times Tavernay went the round of the sentries, at eight and at ten and at twelve. But at three o'clock, just as the dawn was breaking, a shot was heard. Tavernay sprang up from the ground, the alarm rang out clear from the bugle over the infinite waste, the companies of the Legion seized their piled rifles and fell into battle order with an incredible neatness and expedition. There was no confusion, no noise. The square was formed about the well—the camels were knee-haltered in the middle, the guns placed at the corners. But it was still dark. A few shots were fired on the dunes, and the sentries came running back.

"Steady," cried Captain Tavernay. "They are coming. Fire low!"

The first volley rang out, and immediately afterwards on every side of that doomed square the impact of the Touaregs' charge fell like the blow of some monstrous hammer. All night they had been gathering noiselessly in the surrounding valleys. Now they had charged with lance and sword from the surrounding crests. Three sides of the square held their ground. The fourth wavered, crumpled in like a piece of broken cardboard, and the Arabs were within the square, stabbing at the backs of the soldiers, loosing and stampeding the camels. And at once, where deep silence had reigned a minute ago, the air was torn with shrill cries and the clamour of weapons.

The square was broken; but, here a group of men stood back to back, and with cartridge and bayonet held its ground; there another formed; and about

each gun the men fought desperately. Meanwhile, the morning came, a grey, clear light spread over the desert. Tavernay himself was with one of the machine-guns. It was dragged clear of the *mêlée* and up a slope of sand. The soldiers parted in front of it, and its charge began to sweep the Touaregs down like swathes, and to pit the sand-hills like a fall of rain. About the other gun the fight still raged.

"Come, my children," said Tavernay, "fight well; the Touaregs give no quarter."

Followed by Ohlsen, he led the charge. The Touaregs gave way before their furious onslaught. The soldiers reached the gun, faced about, and firing steadily kept off the enemy while the gun was run back. As soon as that was saved, the battle was over. All over the hollow, wherever the Touaregs were massed, the two guns rattled out their canister. No Arab could approach them. The sun rose over the earth; and, while it was rising, the Touaregs broke and fled. When it shone out in its full round, there was no one left of them in that hollow except the wounded and the dead.

But the victory had been dearly bought. All about the well, lying pell-mell among the Arabs and the dead camels, were the French Legionaries, some quite still, and others writhing in pain and crying for water. Ohlsen drew his hand across his forehead. He was stunned and dazed. It seemed to him that years had passed, that he had grown very old. Yet there was the sun new-risen. There was a dull pain in his head. He raised his hand and drew it away wet with blood. How or when he had received the blow he was quite unaware. He stood staring stupidly about

him. So very little while ago men were lying here sleeping in their cloaks, quite strong, living people; now they were lying dead or in pain; it was all incomprehensible.

"Why?" he asked aloud of no one. "Now, why?"

How Ohlsen won his Commission—Part II

Gradually, however, custom resumed its power. There was a man hanging limp over the parapet of the well. He looked as though he had knelt down and stooped over to drink, and in that attitude had fallen asleep. But he might so easily be pushed into the well, and custom had made the preservation of wells from impurity an instinct. Ohlsen removed the body and went in search of Tavernay. Tavernay was sitting propped up against a camel's saddle; the doctor was by his side, and a blood-stained bandage was about his thigh. He spoke in a weak voice.

"Lieutenant Laurent?"

Ohlsen went in search. He came across an old gray-headed soldier rolling methodically a cigarette.

"He is dead—over there," said the soldier. "Have you a light?"

Laurent had died game. He was lying clasped in the arms of a gigantic Touareg, and while thus held he had been stabbed by another through the back. He lay with his face to the sky. He had earned Tavernay's praise, at all events, that day. For he had fought well. Of the second-lieutenants, one was

killed, the other dangerously wounded. A sergeant-major lay with a broken shoulder beside one of the guns. Ohlsen went back to Tavernay.

"You must take command, then," said Tavernay. "I think you have learnt something about it on your fishing-boats." And in spite of his pain he smiled.

Ohlsen mustered the men and called over the names. Almost the first name which he called was the name of "Barbier", and Barbier, with a blood-stained rag about his head, answered. Of the two hundred and thirty men who had made up the two companies of the Legion, only forty-seven could stand in the ranks and answer to their names. For those forty-seven there was herculean work to do. Officers were appointed, the dead bodies were roughly buried, the camels collected, litters improvised for the wounded, the goat-skins filled with water. Late in the afternoon Ohlsen came again to Tavernay.

"We are ready, sir." Tavernay nodded and asked for a sheet of paper, an envelope, and ink. They were fetched from his portfolio, and very slowly and laboriously he wrote a letter and handed it to Ohlsen.

"Seal it," he said, "now, in front of me."

Ohlsen obeyed.

"Keep that letter. If you get back to Ouargla without me, give it to the Commandant there."

Tavernay was lifted in a litter on to the back of a camel, and the remnant of the expedition began its terrible homeward march. Eight hundred miles lay between Bir-el-Ghiramo and the safety of Ouargla. The Touaregs hung upon the rear of the force, but they did not attack again. They preferred another way. One evening a solitary Arab drove a laden

camel into the bivouac. He was conducted to Ohlsen, and said: "The Touaregs ask pardon and pray for peace. They will molest you no more. Indeed, they will help you, and as an earnest of their true desire for your welfare they send you a camel-load of dates."

Ohlsen accepted the present, and carried the message to Tavernay, who cried at once: "Let no one eat those dates." But two soldiers had already eaten of them, and died of poison before the morning. Short of food, short of sentinels, the broken force crept back across the stretches of soft sand, the grayish-green plains of halfa-grass, the ridges of red hill. One by one the injured succumbed; their wounds gangrened, they were tortured by the burning sun and the motion of the camels. A halt would be made, a camel made to kneel, and a rough grave dug.

"Pelissier," cried Ohlsen, and out from the ranks stepped a soldier who had once conducted service in the church of the Madeleine in Paris. Pelissier would recite such prayers as he remembered; and the force would move on again, leaving one more soldier's grave behind it in the desert to protest unnoticed against the economy of governments. Then came a morning when Ohlsen was summoned to Captain Tavernay's side.

For two days Tavernay had tossed in a delirium. He now lay beneath a rough shelter of cloaks, in his right senses, but so weak that he could not lift a hand, and with a face so pinched and drawn that his years seemed to have been doubled. His eyes shone out from big black circles. Ohlsen knelt down beside him.

"You have the letter?"

"Yes."

"Do not forget."

He lay for a while in a sort of contentment, then he said: "Do not think this expedition has been waste. A small force first and disaster . . . the big force afterwards to retrieve the disaster, and with it victory, and government and peace, and a new country won for France. This is the law of the Legion. . . . My Legion." He smiled, and Ohlsen muttered a few insincere words:

"You will recover, my captain. You will lead your companies again."

"No," said Tavernay, in a whisper. "I do not want to. I am very happy. Yes, I say that, who joined the Legion twenty years ago. And the Legion, my friend, is the nation of the unhappy. For twenty years I have been a citizen of that nation. . . . For us there is no need of pity."

And in a few moments he fell asleep, and, two hours later, sleeping, died. A pile of stones was built above his grave, and the force marched on. Gaunt, starved, and ragged, the men marched northwards, leaving the Touat country upon their left hand. It struck the caravan route from Tidikelt to Ouargla; it stumbled at last through the gates of the town. Silently it marched through the streets to the French fortress. On no survivor's face was there any sign of joy that at last their hardships were over, their safety assured. All were too tired, too dispirited. The very people who crowded to see them pass seemed part of an uninteresting show.

Ohlsen went at once to the Commandant and told the story of their disaster. Then he handed him the

letter from Captain Tavernay. The Commandant broke the seal and read it through. He looked up at Ohlsen, a thin spent figure of a man overwrought with sleeplessness and anxiety.

"Tell me how and when this was written," said the Commandant.

Ohlsen obeyed, and after he had heard, the Commandant sat with his hand shading his eyes. When he spoke, his voice showed that he was deeply moved.

"You know what the letter contains, Sergeant Ohlsen?"

"No, my Commandant."

"Read, then, for yourself;" and he passed the letter across his office table. Ohlsen took it and read. There were a few lines written—only a few; but those few lines recommended Sergeant Ohlsen for promotion to the rank of officer. The Commandant held out his hand.

"That is like our Tavernay," he said. "He thought always of his soldiers. He wrote it at once, you see, after the battle was over, lest he should die and justice not be done. Have no fear, my friend. It is you who have brought back to Ouargla the survivors of the Legion. But you must give your real name. There is a scrutiny before a soldier is promoted to the rank of officer. Sergeant Ohlsen. That is all very well. But Lieutenant——. Come, Lieutenant who?"

He took up his pen.

"Lieutenant Sir Anthony Stretton," replied Tony; and the Commandant wrote down the name.

—*From "The Truants", by* A. E. W. MASON. *By permission of the author and Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.*



Part I

BIRDS which build elaborate nests for their young, seldom seem to think of making beds in which to sleep on winter nights. This fact is the more surprising because many animals do make beds for themselves, or appropriate those made by other creatures. Some, like the prairie-dogs, make a fresh one every night; and almost all that possess a bed are vastly fussy, important, jealous, and particular about their only article of household furniture.

The sight of the prairie-dogs making up their beds is one of the funniest scenes in the Zoo. There are several sets of these genial little fellows in the Gardens, two or three in a cage, each of which is provided with a sleeping-box in one corner; while every second day they are supplied with a few handfuls of fresh straw. In the morning the prairie-dogs carry every bit of their last night's bed from the box, and throw it out into the cage.

They then eat their breakfast, and spend the day in playing about, staring visitors out of countenance, cramming long pieces of straw into their mouths and pouches, and nibbling carrots. About three o'clock, when the days are short, they suddenly recollect that they have not made their beds, and at once set to work in a hurry to get it done before dark. As the closing-bell rings at dusk, it almost seems, to anyone who watches them, as if they knew the time, and were waiting for the "curfew" before turning in.

But bed-making with them is a very serious matter. Common straw, dragged in just as it is, does not suit them at all. It has to be cut up to a certain length, then carried into the sleeping-box in bundles, and there "made". Each prairie-dog sits up on end, and crams straw into its mouth in the utmost haste. It holds the straws across and breaks them off on each side with its paws, exactly as little girls do who have acquired the objectionable habit of cutting threads of cotton with their teeth. As soon as the prairie-dog has filled its mouth until it cannot hold any more, it drops on all-fours and gallops off into the sleeping-box, arranges the cut straw, and rushes out again for a fresh supply.

As they sit up straw-cutting, each seems to watch the others severely, to see that they do not shirk their work; and from time to time they all jump into the air and bark, as if shot upwards suddenly by a spring in the boards of the floor. This, probably, is by way of diversion!

Dormice also make beds, although they are not so particular as the prairie-dogs about a change of blankets. When wild, they often fit a roof to an old

bird's-nest, fill the inside of the nest with moss and wool, and there curl up and sleep the winter through. But when kept in a warm house, only the beds need to be provided.



Prairie-Dogs at the Zoo

The badger, another of those animals which hibernate, or pass the winter in sleep, lays in a quantity of grass to make its winter bed, and removes this when it begins to move about more freely in the spring. But the oddest thing about the badger in

bed is that it actually sleeps on its head! This is true, certainly, of one of the Zoo badgers. Twice, when the straw in which he buries himself had been moved, he has been seen—not curled up on his side, as ordinarily—but with the top of his flat head on the ground, and the rest of his body arched over it, as if he had fallen asleep in the middle of turning head over heels.

No one can have failed to notice how particular little children are about their beds; how much they object to have them altered; how they insist on their being "made" in their own way; and how they carry their most valued possessions to bed with them, and poke them away under the blankets and pillows.

Animals do exactly the same; and a pet dog, which is on the friendliest terms with master and servants, often makes the most ridiculous fuss if anyone touches the box or basket in which it sleeps. A little dachshund has been known which would not go to her basket until the blanket had been held to the hall-stove; and this she required to be done in summer as well as winter. A spaniel, kept in a stable, used always to leave its kennel in cold weather, to sleep with the horse; but, as a rule, it is only petted domestic animals that are so fussy about their beds.

Like children, or the old women who hide their sovereigns and bank-notes in the mattresses, dogs have nearly always a small hoard of very old, dry bones hidden away in their bed, in the straw, or under a rug, as the case may be; and they think it necessary to make a show of the fiercest displeasure if anyone comes near who might carry their savings away.

Foxes are very careful to find a comfortable bed by

day. Their round "forms" in the long grass are made in a spot well sheltered from the wind,—often in the bottom of a pit or hollow. They are unlike those of the hares, which are oval, and made on a hillside; or, better still, on the crown of a pollard-tree.

The Beds and Sleep of Animals—Part II

Of all domestic animals, cats are the most fanciful about their beds. If a particular rug or shawl be removed they will follow it from room to room in order to sleep on it; or they will insist on the use of one chair until they get their way, and then for some reason take a fancy to another. They are the cleanliest of all animals, so anything newly washed or very fresh and bright strikes them as being just the thing for a bed, while a nicely aired newspaper lying on the floor or in a chair is almost irresistible.

A very odd taste in beds was displayed by a very highly-bred gray Angora cat, which was justly petted and admired by the family in which it lived. For some months it would only sleep in or upon a hat, if one could be found, a lady's hat being preferred. If it could discover one with the inside uppermost it would lie inside it. If not, such was its love for this form of couch, it would curl itself round the brim. With its long furry tail and pliant body it made a fine winter trimming to a summer hat; but gentlemen who found it cuddled round their tall hats regarded its taste with little admiration.

Even the animals of the farm have certain preferences in their sleeping arrangements. Cattle and sheep, when left to lie outside, always sleep under trees to avoid the dew; and sheep, if there is no such cover available, lie on the highest, and consequently the driest ground. Strange to say, horses seem less particular about their sleeping-places than less intelligent animals, although they have curious fancies as to their bed-litter in stables.

Though many animals look on sleep as a luxury, and take so much trouble to make comfortable beds for its enjoyment, others sleep but little; and their slumbers are so light that they seem to have the power of becoming instantly awake, however soundly they may appear to have been sleeping. It is commonly said of some creatures that they sleep with one eye open. A sleeping fox will rise, gallop off, and dodge the hounds with as much coolness and knowledge of the ground as if it had been surprised on the prowl, with all its wits wide awake. It may have allowed the pack to approach fatally near, but when once roused it is wholly awake—not drowsy, bewildered, or confused.

Hares seem never to sleep; however closely they may lie in their forms, the eye is alert and vigilant. Stags sleep soundly when watched by their hinds; but a solitary stag sleeping on a hillside retains the two senses of hearing and scent in full vigour.

Between the drowsy sleep of animals that roam about all night, and the light watchful sleep of those that pass their lives in constant fear of their enemies, there is the restful slumber of the large flesh-eaters, and of domestic animals. The former have no enemies

to fear except man; and the latter, protected by man, enjoy to the full the blessing of natural rest.

The tiger is frequently found fast asleep in the day-time. When taking its mid-day repose in districts



A Sleeping Tiger

where it is little disturbed, this animal does not always retire to a place of security, like the bear, or even the leopard, which usually sleeps on the branch of a tree. It just lies down in some convenient spot, either shady or warm, according to the weather, and there sleeps, almost regardless of danger.

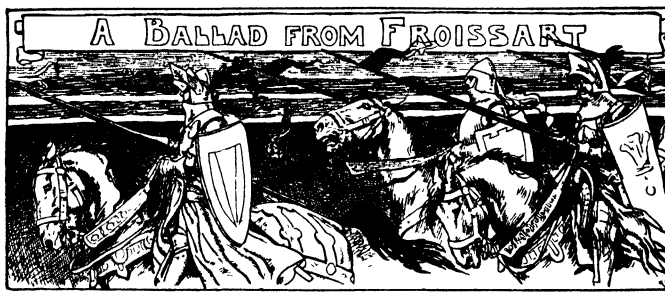
Tigers kept in captivity awake gradually, stretch-

ing and yawning like a dog. Yet, like the dog, they possess the power of vigilance in sleep, which they can use if required. Those at the Zoo will spring to their feet in a second out of their sleep, if they hear the keepers moving at the back of the cages near their stores of food; and in parts of India where they are much disturbed by hunters, tigers sleep as lightly as deer.

Dogs, which are at once the drowsiest and most watchful of domestic animals, seem to sleep lightly or heavily at will. Nothing can be more slow, reluctant, and leisurely than the enforced wakefulness of a petted house-dog when it does not wish to be disturbed. It will remain deaf to a call, twitch its feet if tickled, but not unclose its eyes, and finally stretch and yawn like a sleepy child. But mention something interesting to the same dog when sleeping, such as the word "walk", or click the lock of a gun, and it is on its feet in an instant and ready for action.

Animals, then, seem capable of three forms of sleep—one, the deep stupor of the creatures of the night; a second, the half-human slumber of flesh-eating and domesticated animals which have the power of sleeping or watching at will; and lastly, the vigilant sleep of the persecuted ruminant and rodent tribes which are being constantly hunted for profit or for sport. Such uneasy sleep can hardly be restful; and it is not improbable that this want of complete and secure repose accounts for the shortness of the lives of many animals, in spite of the healthy influence of their free and open-air existence.

—C. J. CORNISH. *By permission.*



[On one occasion, during the wars of the Black Prince, Sir John Chandos separated himself from the young Earl of Pembroke, who, in a moment of pride, had refused to accompany him in a foray into Anjou. The earl soon after, while halting at Charente, was surprised by a band of Frenchmen, who broke into the town, crying: "Our Lady of Sancerre for the Marshal of France!" and blockaded him in a preceptory of the Templars. The conclusion of the story, and the rescue of the earl, is given in the following ballad.]

The nights are cold at Candlemas, and the snow is on the roof;
It lies on the broad roads three foot deep, and muffles every hoof;
The spider's glued unto his web, the bird to roosting bough;
The shepherd, frozen by the fold, prays for the morning now;

The cressets on the whitened road cast shadows black and strange,
Wavering o'er buried hedge and fence, past cabin and past grange;
'T is Pembroke and stout Chandos, with twice three hundred lances,
And the red light that before them goes upon their spear-heads dances.

Before those knights so amorous, so brave, and debonair,
The archers marched, their carol rings clear through the thin frozen air;
But the earl rides silent and alone, wrathful and discontent;
More like their prisoner than their chief, to Puirenon he went.

Leap'd up the beacons as they came, from roof and turret tall,
And woke the burghers, as the light shone ruddy in the hall;
The torches flashed down winding streets, and lit the market-place,
And there was joy in every eye, and welcome on each face.

The Knights of Brabant and Navarre, and they of Portingale,
Put down the cup unemptied, and ceased the half-told tale;
For, when the horns were three times wound, the drawbridge rattled down,
And all the mailëd horsemen rode trampling through the town.

The sleeping city starts to life at that deep hollow sound,
Like will-o'-the-wisps the clustering lights ran gathering around;
And every voice united then in the universal glee,
"All hail to Chandos and the flower of England's chivalry!"

Stern Pembroke, frowning in the van, brook'd ill that cordial shout;
He bit his lip in anger hot at Chandos and the rout;
By all the saints of France he vow'd he 'd not disgrace his peers,
But, with his sixty lancers, would gallop to Poitiers.

"Give place, ye rabble, mean and base!" and, without bow or sign,
He turn'd again his charger's head—"Now follow, men of mine!"
And the fire-sparks from their clattering heels lit all the path they went,
As they spurr'd down the rocky path that leadeth to Charente.

"Now foul befall the black earl's pride," quoth Chandos, with a smile;
"There 'll come a day he 'll need our help; let 's rest us now the while.
And I vow, by our lady of Sancerre, he shall bend twice his knee,
Ere I put a lance in rest for him, whate'er his jeopardy."

'T is merry in the castle hall, where noble Chandos stands,
And holds a cup of Cyprus wine in his uplifted hands;
"God save ye, gallant gentlemen, ye noble hearts and true,
I pray you drink to every dame that dwells in fair Anjou."

The feast went on, the lights grew pale, 't was very near the morn,
But still the harp was vibrating, and still rang loud the horn;
The very warder at the gate was merry as his lord,—
When there broke in a weary squire, holding a broken sword.

"Fair sir," he says, with feeble voice, "I 've gallop'd from Charente,
My blood bestrews the rocky path—I 'm worn and travel-spent.
The earl hath need of instant help, for he is sore bested:"
He spoke, and at the dais reeled—they raised him—he was dead!

But Chandos gazed upon the ground, and then looked slowly up,
Struck the oak board till the sparkling wine leap'd from the golden cup,
Then bit his lips till the blood sprang out, and cried, with a look of pain,
"The fool that sows the whirlwind must reap the hurricane."

He startled as the door flew wide, and a second page rush'd in.
"What news, boy, from the earl—speak—speak! Do they the castle win?
Art dumb—be quick—dost bear to us a letter or a sign?"
The fainting valet could not speak, but beckoned for the wine.

He knelt, and, from his doublet torn, drew out a golden ring:
"This, this, with danger and with toil, from the brave earl I bring.
In Mary's name, brave gentlemen, as you do hope for grace,
As you do hope to look upon—once more, your lady's face."

But Chandos turnëd him away, and leant upon his hand,
He mutter'd low unto himself, and stirr'd the smouldering brand,
Then struck the log that flash'd up sparks with his war-axe a blow,
And crush'd it with his mailëd heel, as one would do a foe.

Quoth he: "If all Touraine is out, 'twere but in vain to ride;
And if he *were* struck down and ta'en, it would but cool his pride."
But gloom broke sudden from his brow: all knew the chief's intent,
As he rose up, and shouted out, "*We'll gallop to Charente!*"

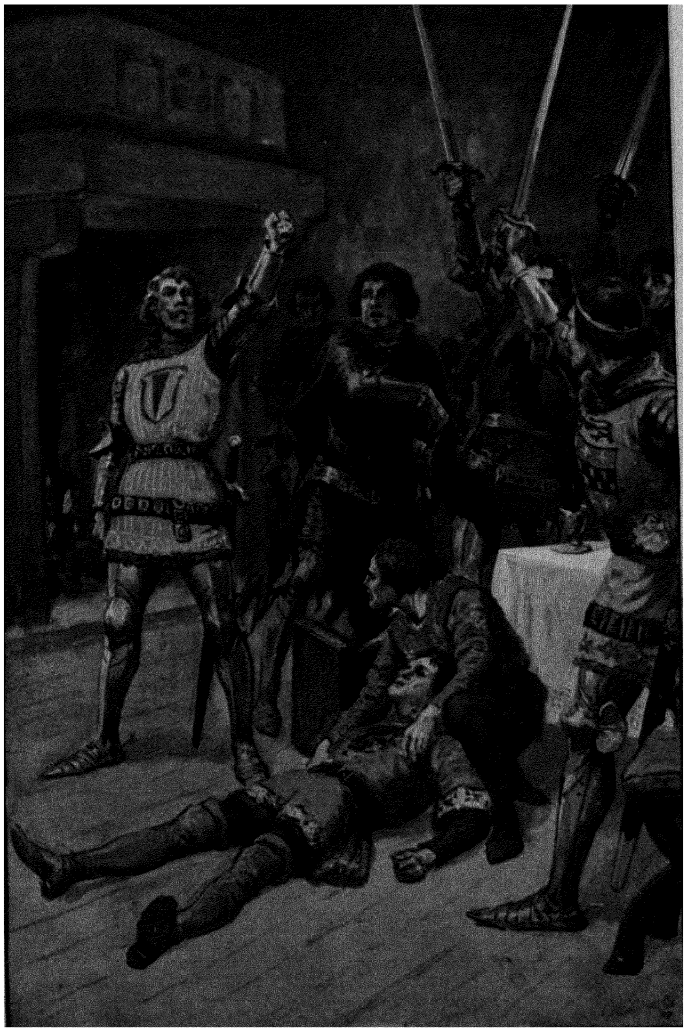
He thrust the table from its place, and callëd for his steed.
"We must not leave this gallant soul to perish in his need."
He drew his visor slowly close, as they rose up to cheer,
And knelt him down to breathe a prayer—some say to hide a tear.

Then rang the hall with shout and cry, and every eye
grew bright,
The helms were laced, the spurs put on, and saddle-
girths pulled tight;
The seats were left in fiery haste, and sword-belts
girded fast,
The maces tied to saddle-bows, and cups to pages
cast.

Some caps and mantles cast aside, some pennons do
unfurl,
Then shields braced on, and tighten'd bands, to hurry
to the earl.
"Advance the banners, in God's name!" the standard-
bearer cries.
"Set on," shouts Chandos, spurring fast, "lest the
stout Pembroke dies!"

'T was brave to see the banners wave the glittering
spears among;
'T was brave to see the streamers all, bright glistening
'gainst the sun;
But braver far it was to see stout Chandos, and his
spears,
Break through the ford by Auberoche with cries and
lusty cheers.

The archers all together shot, the lances were in rest,
Plumed heads were to the saddle bent, stout shields
before each breast;
With the sound of drum and bugle horn, with shout
and battle din,
They swept into the leaguer'd town, and through the
press broke in. —WALTER THORNBURY.



"WE'LL GALLOP TO CHARENTE!" (page 119)



Market Scene, Tetuan, Morocco (from a photograph)

Scenes in Foreign Lands

3. A Bazaar in Morocco



OW it swarms with people—this bazaar! Little avenues covered with wooden roofing, or with a trellis-work of reeds to which creeping vines cling, cross each other like the paths of a maze. Down its whole length, shops are found in openings like niches in a wall; and the turbaned sellers sit cross-legged, silent and solemn among their wares.

There is a street of clothes-dealers, where the stalls glitter with silks, pink, blue, or orange, and silver and gold embroidery, and where veiled ladies in white raiment flit to and fro like ghosts.

There is a street of leather-merchants, where many-coloured harness for horses, asses, or mules is suspended from the shop-fronts, with all sorts of things for hunting or war, antique and odd in shape—powder-horns spangled with silver or copper, embroidered straps for rifles or swords, travelling bags for caravans, and charms to ensure safe journeys across the desert.

Then comes the street of copper-merchants, where from morning to evening you hear men hammering out designs on trays or vases. Then the street of slipper-makers, where every corner is full of velvet, pearls, and gold. Then the street of cabinet-makers; of blacksmiths, swarthy and half-naked; of dyers, their arms stained with indigo or purple. Then the street of gun-makers, where you see long flint-

lock muskets, slender as rushes, their butts inlaid with silver.

A strange hum and rustle rises from the crowd. Clad in grey woollen garments, the people have flocked from long distances to buy or sell all kinds of little things. Sorcerers chant their spells; armed bands go by, dancing a war-dance, and firing their muskets to the doleful sound of pipes and tambourines. Beggars display their sores, negro slaves stagger under their heavy loads, donkeys roll in the dust. The ground, of the same grey tint as the crowd, is covered with filth, feathers, dead mice; and the throng in their wide flopping slippers tread in it all.

"Balook! Balook!" is the eternal cry of Arab crowds, a word meaning "Take care!" or "Get out of the way!" It is more easily said than done, when you meet long lines of little donkeys loaded with wide packages which bump against you and almost upset you. "Balook!"—for here come some camels with slow heavy tread, rocking from side to side as their bells tinkle. "Balook!"—for here are the splendid horses of Arab chiefs, in harness of wonderful colours, galloping, curvetting, prancing. You never return from the bazaar without having been jostled by something or somebody, run down by a horse, or made dirty by a dusty ass.

People of every race are mingled there: negroes from the Soudan, and fair-skinned Arabs; Berbers whose women veil only the mouth, and Derkouas with green turbans, who turn the head and spit at the sight of a Christian.

Every day you meet a "holy woman" preaching at

some cross-road, her eyes wild, her cheeks painted with vermilion. The "holy man", too, walks up and down unceasingly like the wandering Jew—up and down quickly through the crowd, always in a hurry, always mumbling his prayers.

Here and there, you come upon a little spot open to the sky, where grows a green mulberry-tree, or perhaps the monster stem of a vine hundreds of years old, its branches springing out like a bundle of serpents. Then you pass before the *fondaks*, a sort of caravansary for foreign merchants—large courtyards surrounded by colonnades and galleries of cedar-wood, each set apart for a particular kind of merchandise. There is one for Indian tea-merchants; another for carpet-sellers from the Western provinces; one for spices, another for silks; one for slaves and another for salt.

All this part of the bazaar is not very safe for Europeans. It is considered sacred, because of the mosques within its borders. The streets are barred waist-high with large balks of wood like those used for penning cattle. We have to be careful not to cross them, or we should risk our lives. The approaches of these mosques are holy, and must never be sullied by the foot of a Nazarene or a Jew.

—PIERRE LOTI.



Crossing the Welsh Mountains in Winter—Part I

A True Story



HAT possessed two young fellows to choose for New Year's Day an expedition so toilsome, so mad, so dangerous even, as the event proved, it is beyond mortal skill to guess. My brother and I had determined to spend the first day of the year in ascending the mountains, and then, walking across the long, wild moorland slope, to drop down at length to a village in the next county.

"Quite impracticable," everybody had said; "three thousand feet to climb, ten miles of an almost impassable tract of elevated and storm-swept wilderness, with an hour's good walk after that—full seventeen miles of walking in all—and this on a freezing, sleety day in mid-winter, with a howling wind about your ears such as will search your very marrow in less than a minute when once you are up aloft. It is sheer insanity to think of it!"

Laughing merrily, and nothing deterred by all these forebodings, we were by ten o'clock swinging lustily over the four miles of gentle incline that separated our starting-place from the actual foot of the mountains. What cared we for the weather, or for the difficulties before us? As for the dangers, we never once gave them a thought. We had on our greatcoats, and were well muffled up about the neck

and chest; and in our pockets we each carried a goodly parcel of sandwiches.

It was a toilsome pull up the long and steep mountain slopes, and we were fain to stop at each ridge gained to recover breath, and to give our trembling legs an opportunity of reassuming their firmness and steadiness. The ascent was not lessened in difficulty by the thin covering of half-frozen sleet on which we walked.

At last! Panting we reached the very summit of the mountain, and stood on the top of the cairn which crowned it. Three thousand feet above sea-level, and on New Year's Day! There was exhilaration in the very thought of it. And what a marvellous prospect was that spread out before us! Hill beyond hill, with intervening valleys dimly shown, and at length, far, far away, the sea, a corner of the great Atlantic itself, showing as a gray, or rather a leaden-hued mist. Stay, was it really the sea at all we saw, or was it visible only in our imagination? We could not tell, but we knew well where the distant waters should be visible. Behind us lay the pretty little town we had left; before us the village we were making for, its whereabouts plain enough by the smoke pall that could be descried hanging over the valley more than a dozen miles away. Half a score of counties to be seen from this spot on a clear day!

But ugh! What a wind! While we had been making the ascent we had felt but little of its bluster, but the moment our heads had risen above the topmost crest of the mountain the change was startling indeed—overpowering, in truth. With terrific

force the blast caught us, and had we not involuntarily seized each other by the arm, we should have been swept off our feet, and possibly down the steep precipice which on one side dropped almost sheer away from the summit, and down, down into a side-valley a thousand feet below. There was no standing against such a hurricane, and it was only with great difficulty we kept our feet on the cairn, for the ten seconds or so we occupied in our hasty glance around.

As if actuated by the same thought, with one bound we sprang down and made for a little shallow pit hard by, where we cowered low to shelter ourselves, however indifferently, from the wind, the piercing cold of which seemed to freeze our very bones within us in an instant.

We looked at each other. "Shall we turn back?" I asked.

"It certainly is a maddish expedition," my brother replied; "but we won't cry beaten yet. Let us eat a sandwich and then see."

We were hungry enough after our four miles' walk and the toilsome ascent, and the advice seemed opportune. I drew my paper of eatables from my pocket. Phew! With one shrieking blast the wind tore away the paper from the contents in an instant, and swept the fragments over the crest. Luckily I had a firm grip of the sandwiches themselves, or they would assuredly have followed the wrapper. Crouching low in the pit—it was not more than thirty inches deep—in order to obtain as much protection as possible, we hurriedly disposed of our sandwiches.



Crossing the Welsh Mountains in Winter—Part II

The back-breaking position was not one to be endured for long. The cold besides was too intense to admit of our staying there any length of time, and our feet were fixed in soft mud which was just beginning to freeze.

"We'll drop down to the plateau there at full speed," I suggested, indicating the flatter ground

far below; "it may be warmer there, and at any rate the exercise will restore the circulation for us."

Straightening our aching spines gladly, we rushed pell-mell down the steep, rough slope, at the risk of stumbling, and possibly breaking a limb. However, we landed safely on the lower ground we had named the plateau, warm, after the ten minutes of somewhat violent exercise. What a welcome change! Above, up on yonder towering crest, the wind had been simply unendurable; down here it was just the ordinary blustering breeze of a March day, uncomfortable and chilly, but bearable.

Rejoicing, we set our faces in the direction of the distant and faintly distinguishable chimneys of the village, and trudged over the broken ground at a good pace. We were surprised, however, to find how soft and muddy the soil was in most places. We had expected to find the earth as hard as adamant beneath our feet; but here we had great stretches of mud scarcely at all frozen, which clung to our boots in the most exasperating fashion. We learnt how little our mere physical sensations are sometimes to be trusted. The thermometer would have stood hardly as low as freezing-point, even up there on the summit; yet to us the cold had seemed more intense by far than any we had ever before endured.

Soon, indeed, we had reason to wish there had been a little more frost to harden the ground and make firmer going for us. In about ten minutes more we came to a breadth of standing water, a couple of inches deep.

"Here goes!" cried my brother, laughing, and he

began to spring from one to another of the tussocks that stood out here and there above the surface of the water, and we were soon across the fifty yards or so of the pool. Congratulating ourselves that we had escaped dry-shod, we trotted rapidly along, trusting there would be no more obstacles of that sort. Alas! in less than a furlong we encountered a second. Leaping as before, we reached the middle of the wide pool, when to our chagrin the tussocks ceased suddenly and entirely. We glanced up and down the stretch of water to see if it could be circumvented, but there was no visible end to it, either to the right hand or to the left. For some minutes we stood, dubious, discussing the situation. We were soon reminded that stoppages of this sort would not do; the cold began to make itself felt, and our teeth chattered violently.

"Come along," shouted my brother, always ready to get out of a difficulty by the shortest cut; "it is only an inch or two deep." And we splashed hurriedly along till, a couple of score yards or so passed, we gained the rough grass beyond. The depth of the water we found greater than it had been in the first pool, and our feet were thoroughly soaked, bringing not only discomfort to them, but the numbness caused by a leaden coldness.

Increasing our pace to a gallop, we sped over a good mile without meeting with more pools of any consequence, and we began to feel in better spirits. All at once our hopes received a most serious blow. We found ourselves standing on the margin of a great pond, which seemed to be by far the longest and broadest we had yet seen. What was worse,

the depth was evidently much greater. The stems of the coarse bents which grew here and there showed that we had at least half a yard of water to wade through.

"This finishes us altogether," I said; "we must return."

But a glance back at the great summit of the mountain towering up aloft, and far behind us, and then a wistful look forward in the direction of the village, the smoke of which now showed much nearer, caused us to hesitate. We were far nearer our goal than our starting-point. Then another consideration came to decide us, and at once: the short winter day was rapidly advancing to its close. To go back now, indeed, was impossible. Our only hope of safety lay in pursuing our onward course, and that speedily, and at whatever cost.

We regarded each other woefully for a moment, and then plunged in. Oo-o-h! the water was icy cold, and reached above our knees, deadening our legs at once. No matter; we must get on, or be lost on the mountains, and perish of cold.

Crossing the Welsh Mountains in Winter—Part III

For a full eighth of a mile did we wade through this wretched pool, at every step cracking the thin film of ice which was forming on the surface. Yes, now that night was coming on, it was beginning to freeze again in good earnest. Our condition was

deplorable. We set off at our utmost speed. In spite of the rapidity of our movements, or perhaps in consequence of it, our wet trousers were frozen stiff within ten minutes of the time we had emerged from that last pool. Nay, stopping for a moment, and kicking my right foot against the left leg of my trousers, I found I could detach thin flakes of ice from the cloth, and soon we had an icy enamel nearly all over our nether garments. As for our legs, we had by this time practically no feeling left in them.

Beginning now to realize the serious nature of our situation, we trotted on, but heavily, the darkness closing in around us. No respite! In the black obscurity we jogged wearily along, for miles and miles, as it seemed to us. Pool after pool was entered without the slightest hesitation; we cared not a whit now what might be the breadth or the depth of these swamps. We found it necessary to link our arms together to afford each other support, as we stumbled over the inequalities of the ground.

At last, exhausted, baffled by the darkness, despairing almost, we stood still. Ought we not by this time to have crossed the full extent of the moor, and be near civilization once more? Was it possible we were wandering in a circle? If so,——!

"I must sit down and rest a bit," my brother groaned. "I'm dead beat; I can't do another yard."

I pulled him along almost by main force for another quarter of a mile, well knowing that to give way to drowsiness then would never do. Suddenly he stopped once more and sat down on a boulder, refusing to go another step.

I glanced around, but aimlessly and helplessly, for

some sign of human habitation. How should there be any dwelling on that lonely mountain side? Still it was certain we must be nearing the end of this vast, howling wilderness. We could feel that the ground was dropping considerably. And that boulder, did it not mean that we were not far from the course of a stream? All at once my eyes detected a tiny twinkle, and quite near us, as it seemed. Faint though the glow was, it was certainly a light. My companion saw it too, and to my relief sprang up and ran towards it. To our infinite joy and thankfulness we found ourselves standing before a rude mountain cottage.

"Dim Sassonaeg (I don't speak English)," answered the withered old dame who opened the door at our summons.

No matter. "M——," said I, pointing with my hand in the direction I supposed the village to lie. The old woman gave an affirmative nod, and held up four of her fingers.

"It's only four miles!" we cried joyfully together. The dame made an effort to tell us that we were close to the high-road, though we did not gather her meaning till a few minutes later.

Stumbling down a rugged path in almost pitchy darkness, we presently ran full tilt into a gate. Over this we tumbled, and found ourselves, to our unbounded delight, on the firm highway. "Thank heaven!" we cried, "we have escaped from that awful mountain swamp!"

Then sticking our arms well to our sides we started off, and trotted the whole four miles of gentle slope that led to the village, never once slackening our pace.

Our trousers glistened in the glare of the gas-lamps as we entered the streets.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the kindly landlord of the Castle Inn, as he undid our soaked boots for us in front of a roaring fire, while we described our adventures on the mountains. "Gentlemen, you have had a wonderful escape!" The goodwife and the servant lass both acquiesced, murmuring again and again, "Yes, indeed now!"

Soon, our boots and stockings removed, we were turning ourselves in front of the fire like joints on a jack, volumes of steam almost hiding us from the rest of the company. A glass of hot milk did wonders for us; and, by the time the last train started back to the town whence we had come, we were dry, warm, jolly; and we arrived home none the worse, to the infinite relief of our friends, whose apprehensions for us had been serious indeed. That night began one of the keenest and most lasting frosts of the winter.

And what of the after-effects? Neither of us ever felt a pin the worse for our long and severe exposure to the rigours of the mountain.

But a report in the local papers a few days later made us thoughtful again. The very day after our own expedition, an unfortunate man, attempting to do only a portion of our task, lost his way, and succumbed to the cold. His frozen body was discovered by a party after two days of search.

It is years since all this happened, but my brother and I are not likely to forget our New Year's Day on the Welsh mountains.

—R. STEAD.

Sir Galahad

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end,
 To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
 A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns:

Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

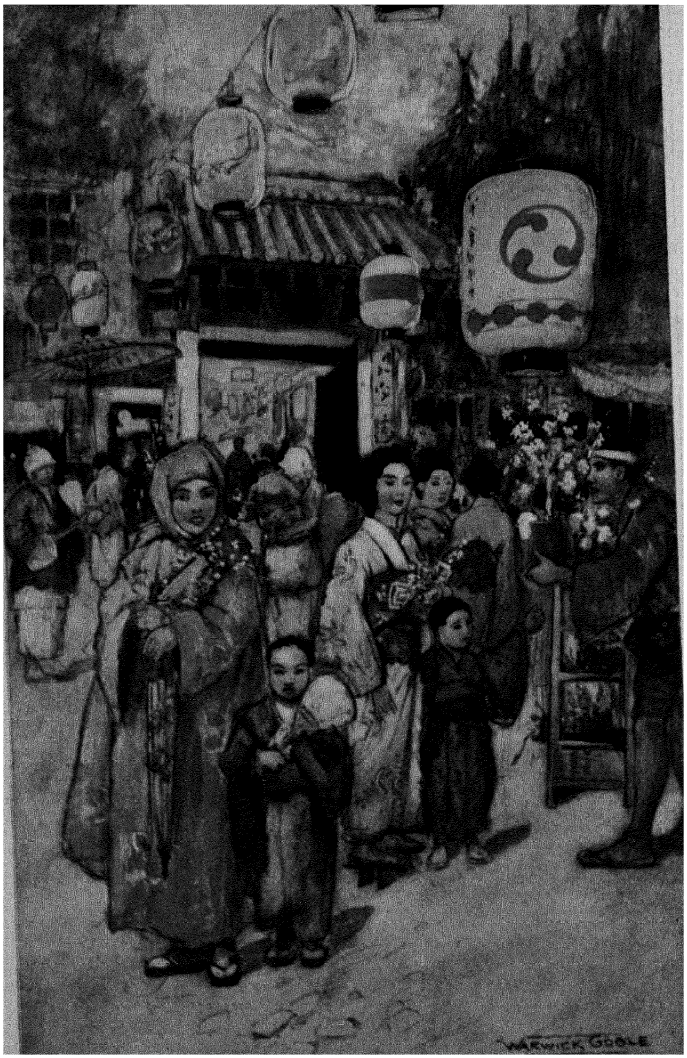
When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
 Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

—TENNYSON.


SIR GALAHAD



A JAPANESE HOLIDAY

Scenes in Japan

3. A General Holiday



EW YEAR is the time when all the people of Japan, from the highest to the humblest, make holiday. It is the most important of the many festivals observed during the year. For some days beforehand, preparations are on foot for keeping the feast with due pomp. New clothes are made in every family that can afford the expense—clothes as smart as the winter season and the people's purses will allow. All wages are paid on December 30th, instead of two days later, when they naturally fall due; and this is because all debts and bills must be settled before the new year dawns.

At this time every house is cleaned and put in repair: sweet-smelling new mats are laid down; the sliding screens which divide the rooms are covered with fresh paper; every doorway is decorated with garlands of pine and bamboo, gemmed with golden oranges which twist and swing in the sunshine; while among the shining leaves and tempting fruit splendid red lobsters brandish their formidable-looking claws. Like so many other things in Japan, the lobsters are symbolic. They represent great age, and the gift of one implies a kind wish that the recipient may live to a ripe old age.

All through the last night of the year the streets are crowded with people, and in spite of the sharp cold, buying and selling goes on everywhere in the

open air. It is only when the dawn has broken that the good folk go home to rest for an hour or two, before beginning their round of visits among relations and friends.

It is said that in very old times this was the only whole holiday taken by many working people from year's end to year's end. Be that as it may, they all enter into it with joyful eagerness now.

The shops send out ornamental carts piled high with what are called the first wares of the New Year. These are drawn through the streets by parties of shop-boys, who call attention to the many useful articles they have to sell. On the second of January, when the excitement of New Year's Day has subsided somewhat, the first customer in every shop receives a present; and business begins very early indeed, some buyers starting even at two o'clock in the morning to make sure of the gift.

Few of the people are so poor that they cannot spend a trifle on New Year's presents, and the booths show piles of things both cheap and pretty. Many of the stalls, in the streets and in the enclosed bazaars, are devoted to battledores of every variety. Probably many thousands are sold on the last night of the year; for on the first of January every girl, from the baby up to the bride, plays battledore and shuttle-cock throughout most of the daylight hours.

The battledore is a bat-shaped wooden instrument, merely gilded or painted on the front, but generally ornamented on the back. One battledore will bear a scene in history, the faces of the figures being painted, and their garments applied in moulded bits of crape and bright brocade. Another will show the

face of a well-known Japanese beauty smiling out of a window or from the brilliant heart of a curling peony blossom. Daintily-executed sketches of a snow landscape, the white rabbit and the monkey that are supposed to live in the moon, a fierce warrior, or a bunch of exquisite flowers, all jostle each other, and are solemnly contrasted and judged before the buyers decide which to take. A few pence is a good price to give for these perfect little fancies; but far more lovely than these manufactured toys are the real creations—the early flowers, plum-trees and dwarf pines in pots,—which the florists offer as the first-fruits of the year.

The shopping is over at last, and by and by, above the heads of the busy, light-hearted crowd, a great bell proclaims midnight and solemnly rings-in the New Year, the strokes rolling slowly from the deep bronze mouth to hang in long vibration on the air. But no one seems to take much notice of the signal, and many people stay out in the streets and restaurants until the dawn, when some of them seek the eastern heights to see the first sunrise of the year—an event which is supposed to bring good luck to the beholder. Then comes a pilgrimage called the "Happy-direction-going", for which a different temple is chosen every year; and after this begins the visiting and feasting which is the real business of the day.

—*From "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan", by* Mrs. Hugh Fraser. *By permission.*

A Ride in Turkey—Part I



DETERMINED to proceed at once to Constantinople. The quickest mode of doing so was by riding post. The Queen's Messengers, who in those days carried despatches between Downing Street and the Turkish capital, and the cabinet couriers of other powers, as well as the *tatars* employed by the Porte, performed their journeys in this fashion. Consequently there was then a good supply of post-horses on the road which formed the main line of communication through the European provinces of Turkey.

The Pasha of Belgrade offered to send a government rider with me as far as Nissa, and to give me a letter to the governor of that place, who would provide me with another rider to Constantinople. The Servian authorities were instructed to afford me any assistance of which I might be in need, and peremptory orders to all the post-masters on my route ensured me an immediate supply of horses at all the post-stations.

It was the middle of October, and the weather, especially at night, was already cold in the mountains and bleak plains of Servia and Bulgaria. I prepared myself for it by having my old cloak, which had served me through my wanderings in the East, lined with sheep-skins. I bought a pair of huge boots also lined with fur, a pair of ample, baggy *shalwars*, such as were worn by the tatars, and which for long rides I thought more comfortable than light European



A Ride in Turkey

trousers; and I wore an ample shawl wound in many folds round my waist. Thus, equipped with a tatar saddle and heavy shovel stirrups which served for spurs, I started from Belgrade on my journey to Constantinople.

The gates were being closed in consequence of the state of siege when I left the city at sunset. A *surejee*, leading a horse on which were placed my saddle-bags and those of the tatar, led the way. The tatar himself followed with his long whip, which he used incessantly to keep the animals in front of him at their full speed. I brought up the rear.

Notwithstanding the darkness of the night and the state of the tracks, which were deep in mud, and were frequently lost altogether, we galloped as fast as the horses could carry us over rocky hills and through dense forests. I was more than once nearly swept off my saddle by the overhanging boughs. Frequently my horse stumbled on the stony ground, and my neck was in imminent peril. But the horses were strong and active, and the post-stages short. We lost no time in changing our animals, and we neither stopped to eat nor sleep until we had crossed the Servian frontier.

I have still a very lively recollection of that ride through the forests of Servia in the night—one of the most breakneck and fatiguing enterprises in which I was ever engaged. In the afternoon of the following day we reached the considerable town of Nissa, passing, as we entered, a pyramid of human skulls, a trophy of a Turkish victory over the Servians, which was then still preserved. We rode through the narrow streets and bazaar still at a full gallop, scattering the thick black mud over the passengers

and the shopkeepers and their stalls, the surejee, as was the custom when preceding a tatar, warning the crowd of his approach by loud discordant cries and by cracking his whip.

My letters to the pasha secured me a welcome and, what I even more required, a dinner. He sent at once for a fresh rider to accompany me to Constantinople, and ordered horses to be prepared without delay to enable me to continue my journey. As an attempt had been made to construct a road from Nissa to Sophia, he offered me the use of his carriage for the first two or three stages. Thinking that I could thus obtain a few hours' sleep after my fatiguing journey through the night, I accepted his offer.

After a substantial meal, I took leave of the friendly pasha, and left Nissa in his carriage, followed by the tatar, the surejee leading a horse for me to mount if necessary. I soon found that this had been a wise precaution. The pasha's carriage was drawn by four small active horses, driven by a Bulgarian coachman, who urged them with his cries and his long whip to their full speed, utterly regardless of the state of the so-called road and the stones and the rocks which encumbered it. The carriage itself was a rickety, nondescript vehicle, with rude primitive springs, constructed in Hungary. To sleep was utterly impossible. I was soon so much shaken and jolted that I could bear my sufferings no longer. So, dismissing the coachman with a present and a complimentary message to his master, I mounted the spare horse which had fortunately been provided for me, and resumed my journey on my spacious and comfortable saddle.

A Ride in Turkey—Part II



REMEMBER little of my journey. The only incident that I recollect was that, when following the yelling surejee and tatar at full gallop through a narrow and crowded bazaar in one of the towns through which we passed, my horse stumbled on the slippery stone pavement, and I flew over his head and found myself in the midst of a circle of tailors, seated cross-legged at their work in an open shop. They were not a little alarmed at this sudden intrusion, and I was no less surprised at finding myself in such company—fortunately without hurt or injury.

We reached Adrianople in the morning, having galloped without stopping day or night, except to change horses at the post-stations, which were then about eighteen miles, or six Turkish hours, apart. My tatar, who had been accustomed to travel, as was the habit of his profession, at a jog-trot pace, exceedingly fatiguing to one not accustomed to it, declared that he could go no farther. He accordingly took me to the residence of the governor, to whom I had a letter.

Whilst a fresh tatar was being found and horses made ready, I adjourned to a neighbouring Turkish bath. After a short but sound sleep on the soft cushions and white linen of the outer hall, surrounded by couches on which the bathers repose after their ablutions, I felt thoroughly refreshed, and ready to continue my journey, and in a few minutes was in the saddle again.

The vast undulating plains of Rumelia, smooth as a race-course, were soon crossed. The balmy, bracing October air, with a cloudless sky overhead, and the rapid motion, produced an exhilarating effect which soon made me forget my fatigues and privations. In these long tatar journeys I usually found that I suffered most on the second night. The difficulty of keeping awake was intense, and the effort to do so most distressing and painful. It was impossible to sleep when going at a gallop. When the pace was slackened, as in descending a hill, I could doze; but I generally found it better to dismount, and to snatch a few minutes' slumber lying on the bare ground. After the second night, I generally suffered less from the effects of want of sleep. The excitement of passing through a new country, and the various incidents which occurred during the ride, and when changing horses at the stations, sufficed to occupy the attention almost without interruption.

I reached Constantinople before dawn on the sixth day after leaving Belgrade. I had performed this journey of some six hundred miles in less time by some hours than Colonel Townley, a queen's messenger, whose tatar ride over the same ground had been mentioned by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons as the fastest on record. I was consequently very proud of my feat. As some time had yet to elapse before the Adrianople Gate, at which I had arrived, would be opened—the gates of Stamboul were then closed until sunrise—I dismounted, and, lying on the ground, slept soundly until I could enter the city.

—*From* SIR HENRY LAYARD'S *Autobiography, by permission of Mr. John Murray.*

The Guides at Cabul, 1870

Sons of the Island Race, wherever ye dwell,
Who speak of your fathers' battles with lips that burn,
The deed of an alien legion hear me tell,
And think not shame from the hearts ye tamed to learn,
When succour shall fail and the tide for a season turn,
To fight with a joyful courage, a passionate pride,
To die at the last as the Guides at Cabul died.

For a handful of seventy men in a barrack of mud,
Foodless, waterless, dwindling one by one,
Answered a thousand yelling for English blood
With stormy volleys that swept them gunner from gun,
And charge on charge in the glare of the Afghan sun,
Till the walls were shattered wherein they crouched at bay,
And dead or dying half of the seventy lay.

Twice they had taken the cannon that wrecked their hold,
Twice toiled in vain to drag it back,
Thrice they toiled, and alone, wary and bold,
Whirling a hurricane sword to scatter the rack,
Hamilton, last of the English, covered their track.
"Never give in!" he cried, and he heard them shout,
And grappled with death as a man that knows not doubt.

And the Guides looked down from their smouldering
barrack again,
And behold, a banner of truce, and a voice that
spoke:
"Come, for we know that the English all are slain,
We keep no feud with men of a kindred folk;
Rejoice with us to be free of the conqueror's yoke."
Silence fell for a moment, then was heard
A sound of laughter and scorn, and an answering
word.

"Is it we or the lords we serve who have earned this
wrong,
That ye call us to flinch from the battle they bade
us fight?
We that live—do ye doubt that our hands are strong?
They that have fallen — ye know that their blood
was bright!
Think ye the Guides will barter for lust of the light
The pride of an ancient people in warfare bred,
Honour of comrades living, and faith to the dead?"

Then the joy that spurs the warrior's heart
To the last thundering gallop and sheer leap
Came on the men of the Guides: they flung apart
The doors not all their valour could longer keep;
They dressed their slender line; they breathed deep;
And, with never a foot lagging or head bent,
To the clash and clamour and dust of death they went.

—HENRY NEWBOLT. *By permission.*

How Levin Cut the Hay—Part I

[Konstantin Levin is a young Russian gentleman who has returned to his country home in a fit of dissatisfaction with life in St. Petersburg. The following extract shows one of the means whereby he recovered cheerfulness and contentment.]



THE year before, Levin had fallen into a passion with his overseer one day when they were mowing, and to calm himself he had taken the scythe from a *muzhik*, and begun to mow. He enjoyed the work so much, that he had tried it again and again. He mowed the lawn in front of his house, and promised himself that the next year he would follow the same plan, and spend whole days mowing with the muzhiks.

Since his brother's arrival he had asked himself the question, Should he mow, or not? He had scruples about leaving his brother alone for an entire day, and he was afraid of his pleasantries on the subject. But as he crossed the field, and saw the mowing already begun, he remembered his project.

"I must have some physical exercise, or my character will absolutely spoil," he thought, and made up his mind to mow, no matter what his brother or the servants should say.

That very evening Levin went to the office, gave some directions about the work to be done, and sent to the village to hire some mowers for the morrow, so as to attack his field at Kalinovo, which was the largest and best.

"Send my scythe over to Sef, and tell him to

put it in order; perhaps I will come and mow too," said he, trying to hide his confusion.

The overseer laughed, and said: "Very well, barin."

Later, at the tea-table, Levin said to his brother: "It seems like settled weather. To-morrow I am going to mow."

"I like to see this work," said Sergéi Ivanovitch.

"I like it extremely," said Levin. "Last year I myself mowed with the muzhiks, and to-morrow I am going to spend all day at it."

Sergéi Ivanovitch raised his head, and gazed with astonishment at his brother.

"What did you say? Like the muzhiks, all day long?"

"Certainly: it is very enjoyable."

"It is excellent as physical exercise, but can you stand such work?" asked Sergéi, without meaning to say anything ironical.

"I have tried it. At first it is hard work, but afterwards you get used to it. I think I shall be able to keep it up."

"But tell me, what do the muzhiks say about it? Naturally they make sport because the barin is queer, don't they?"

"No, I don't think so; the work is so pleasant and at the same time so hard, that they don't think about it."

"But what will you do about your dinner? They could hardly bring you there a bottle of wine and a roast Turkey."

"No: I shall come home while the workmen have their mid-day meal."

The next morning Konstantin Levin got up earlier than usual; but his duties about the house detained him, and when he came to the mowing-field he found the men already at work.



The field, still in the shade, extended to the foot of a high hill, and a part was already mowed; and Levin, as he drew near, could see the long wind-rows, and the little black heaps of *kaftans* thrown down by

the men when they went by the first time. He saw also the band of muzhiks, some in their kaftans, some in their shirt-sleeves, mowing in a long line, and swinging their scythes in unison. He counted forty-two men of them. They were advancing slowly over the uneven bottom-land of the field, where there was an old ditch. Many of them Levin knew. The old round-shouldered Yermil was there in a very clean white shirt, wielding the scythe; there was the young small Vaska, who used to be Levin's driver; there was Sef, a little thin old peasant, who had taught him how to mow. He was cutting a wide swath without stooping, and handling his scythe with ease.

Levin dismounted from his horse, tied her near the road, and went across to Sef, who immediately got a second scythe from a clump of bushes.

"All ready, barin; 'tis like a razor; cuts of itself," said Sef with a smile, taking off his *shapka*, and handing him the scythe.

Levin took it, and began to try it. The haymakers, having finished their line, were returning one after the other on their track, covered with sweat, but gay and lively. They all stopped, and saluted the barin. No one ventured to speak; but at last a wrinkled old man, without a beard, and dressed in a sheep-skin jacket, thus addressed him:

"Look here, barin, if you put your hand to the work, you must not quit it," said he; and Levin heard the sound of stifled laughter among the workmen.

"I will try not to be left behind," he said, as he took his place behind Sef, and waited for the signal to begin.

"Attention!" cried the leader.

Sef made the way, and Levin followed in his steps. The grass was short and tough; and Levin, who had not mowed for a long time, and felt constrained under the watchful eyes of the men, at first made very bad work of it, though he swung the scythe energetically. Voices were heard behind him:

"He does not hold his scythe right: the sned is too high. See how he stoops," said one.

"Bears his hand on too much," said another.

"It won't do at all: it's not right," said the leader. "Look, he goes like this; swings too wide. He'll get played out. The master is trying it for himself as hard as he can, but look at his row! For such work my brother once had a thrashing."

The grass became less tough; and Levin, listening to the remarks without replying, and doing his best to learn, followed in Sef's footsteps. Thus they went a hundred paces. Sef kept on without any intermission, and without showing the least fatigue; but Levin began to fear that he could not keep it up, he was so tired.

He was just thinking that he should have to ask Sef to rest, when the muzhik of his own accord halted, bent over, and, taking a handful of grass, began to wipe his scythe. Levin straightened himself, and with a sigh of relief looked about him. Just behind was a peasant, who was evidently tired, for he also had stopped. Sef whetted his own scythe and Levin's, and started again.

At the second attempt it was just the same. Sef advanced a step at every swing of the scythe. Levin followed him, striving not to fall behind; but each moment it became harder and harder. As before,

just as he believed himself at the end of his forces, Sef stopped and rested.

Thus they went over the first swath. And this long stretch was very hard for Levin; yet, when the work began again, Levin had no other thought, no other desire, than to reach the farther end as soon as the others. He heard nothing but the swish of the scythes behind him; saw nothing but Sef's straight back plodding on in front of him, and the semicircle described in the grass, which fell over slowly, carrying with it the delicate heads of flowers.

Suddenly he felt a pleasant sensation of coolness on his shoulders. He looked up at the sky while Sef was plying the whetstone, and saw a heavy black cloud. A shower had come, and a heavy rain was falling. Some of the muzhiks were putting on their kaftans: others, like Levin himself, were glad to feel the rain.

How Levin Cut the Hay—Part II

The work went on and on. Levin absolutely lost all idea of time, and did not know whether it was early or late. Though the sweat stood on his face, and dropped from his nose, and all his back was wet as though he had been plunged in water, still he felt very cheerful. His work now seemed to him full of pleasure. It was a state of unconsciousness: he did not know what he was doing, or how much he was doing, or how the hours and moments were flying, but only felt that at this time his work was good, and equal to that done by Sef.

After they had gone over the field once more he started to turn back again; but Sef halted, and, going to the leader, whispered something to him. Then the two studied the sun. "What are they talking about; and why don't they keep on?" thought Levin, without considering that the muzhiks had been mowing for more than four hours, and it was time for them to eat their lunch.

"Breakfast, barin," said the leader.

"So late already? Well! breakfast, then."

Levin gave his scythe to Sef, and in company with the muzhiks, who were going to their kaftans for their bread, he crossed the wide stretch of field, where the mown grass lay lightly moistened by the shower, and went to his horse. Then only he perceived that he had made a false prediction about the weather, and that the rain would wet his hay.

"The hay will be spoiled," he said.

"No harm done, barin: mow in the rain, rake in the sun," said the leader.

Levin unhitched his horse and went home to take coffee with his brother. Sergéi Ivanovitch had just got up; before he was dressed and down in the dining-room, Konstantin was back in the field again.

After breakfast, Levin, on returning to his work, took his place between the quizzical leader and a young muzhik, who had only lately been married, and was now mowing for the first time. The leader mowed straight on, with long, regular strides; and the swinging of the scythe seemed no more like labour than the swinging of arms when walking. His well-whetted scythe cut, as it were, of its own energy through the succulent grass.

Behind Levin came the young Mishka. His pleasant youthful face, under a wreath of green leaves which bound his curls, worked with the energy that employed the rest of his body. But when anyone looked at him, he would smile. He would rather die than confess that he found the work hard.

The labour seemed lighter to Levin during the heat of the day. The sweat in which he was bathed refreshed him; and the sun, burning his back, his head, and his arms bared to the elbow, gave him force and energy. The moments of oblivion, of unconsciousness of what he was doing, came back to him more and more frequently; the scythe seemed to move of itself. These were happy moments. Then, still more gladsome were the moments when, coming to the river-side, the leader wiped his scythe with the moist, thick grass, rinsed the steel in the river, then, dipping up a ladleful of the water, gave it to Levin.

"There; that's good!" he exclaimed, winking.

And, indeed, it seemed to Levin that he had never tasted any liquor more refreshing than this pure, lukewarm water, tasting of the rusty tin cup. Then came the glorious slow march back, when, with scythe on arm, there was time to wipe the heated brow, fill the lungs full, and glance round at the long line of haymakers, and the busy life in field and forest.

The longer Levin mowed, the more frequently he felt the moments of oblivion, when his hands did not wield the scythe, but the scythe seemed to have a self-conscious body, full of life, and carrying on, as it were by enchantment, a regular and systematic

work. These were indeed joyful moments. It was hard, only when he was obliged to interrupt this unconscious activity, to remove a clod or a clump of wild sorrel. The leader found it mere sport. When he came to a clod, he broke it up with repeated taps of his scythe, or with his hand tossed it out of the way. And while doing this he noticed everything and examined everything that was to be seen. Now he picked a strawberry, and ate it himself or gave it to Levin; now he discovered a nest of quail from which the cock was scurrying away; or he caught a snake on the end of his scythe, and, having shown it to Levin, flung it out of the way.

Levin did not realize how the time was flying. If he had been asked how long he had been mowing, he would have answered, "A quarter of an hour"; and yet it was almost dinner-time. The leader drew his attention to the girls and boys, who were coming from all sides through the tall grass, bringing to the haymakers their bread and jugs of whey, which seemed too heavy for their little arms.

"See! here come the midgets," said he, pointing to them; and, shading his eyes, he looked at the sun.

Twice more they went across the field, and then the leader stopped.

"Well, barin! dinner," said he in a decided tone.

Then the mowers, walking along the river-side, went back to their kaftans, where the children were waiting with the dinners. Some clustered around the carts, others sat in the shade of a laburnum, where the mown grass was heaped up.

Levin sat down near them; he had no wish to



The Dinner Hour

leave them. All constraint in the presence of the barin had disappeared. The muzhiks prepared to eat their dinner. They washed themselves, munched their bread, emptied their jugs of whey, and some found places where they could take a nap, while the children bathed in the river.

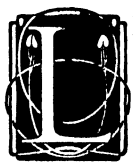
The leader crumbled his bread into his porringer, mashed it with his spoon, poured water on it from his tin basin, and, cutting off still more bread, salted the whole plentifully; and, turning to the east, he said his prayer. Then he invited Levin:—

"There, barin, try my mixture!" said he, kneeling down before his porringer.

Levin found the mixture so palatable that he decided not to go home to dinner. He dined with the leader, and their conversation turned on his domestic affairs, in which the barin took a lively interest. In his turn he told the old man about such of his plans and projects as would interest him. He felt as though the leader were more nearly related to him than his brother, and he could not help smiling at the feeling of sympathy which this simple-hearted man inspired.

When dinner was over, the leader offered another prayer, arranged a pillow of fresh-mown grass, and composed himself for a nap. Levin did the same; and, in spite of the flies and insects tickling his heated face, he immediately went off to sleep, and did not wake until the sun came out on the other side of the laburnum bush, and shone brightly above his head. The leader was awake, but was sitting down cutting the children's hair.

How Levin Cut the Hay—Part III



EVIN looked around him, and did not know where he was. Everything seemed changed. The mown field stretched away into immensity with its wind-rows of sweet-smelling hay, lighted and glorified in a new fashion by the slant rays of the sun. The bushes by the river had been cut down; and the river itself, before invisible, but now shining like silver with its windings; the busy peasantry; the high wall of grass, where the field was not yet mowed; the young vultures flying high above the field,—all this was absolutely new to him.

Levin calculated what his workmen had done, and what still remained to do. The work accomplished by the forty-two men was considerable. The whole field, which in the time of serfdom used to take thirty-two men two days, was now almost mowed; only a few corners with short rows were left. But he wanted to do still more; to him it seemed that the sun was sinking too early. He felt no fatigue; he only wanted to do more rapid, and if possible better work.

"Do you think we shall get Mashkin Hill mowed to-day?" he demanded of the leader.

"If God allows; the sun is still high."

At supper-time, when the men rested again, and some of them were lighting their pipes, the leader announced to the boys, "Mow Mashkin Hill."

"Come on, Sef. Let's tackle it quickly. We'll eat after dark. Come on!" cried several voices; and, even while still munching their bread, they got to work again.

"Oh, keep up good hearts, boys!" said Sef, setting off almost at a run.

"Come, come!" cried the leader, hastening after them. "I am first. Look out!"

Old and young wielded their scythes in rivalry; and yet with all their haste they did not spoil their work, but the wind-rows lay in neat and regular lines.

The triangle was finished in five minutes. The last mowers had just finished their line when the first, throwing their kaftans over their shoulders, started down the road to the hill.

The sun was just going behind the forest when, with rattling cans, they came to a little wooded ravine. The grass here was as high as a man's waist, tender, succulent, thick, and variegated with flowers.

After a short parley, to decide whether to take it across or lengthwise, an experienced mower, Prokhor Yermilin, a huge, black-bearded muzhik, went over it first. He took it lengthwise, and came back in his track; then all followed him, going along the hill above the hollow, and skirting the wood. The sun was setting. The dew was already falling. Only the mowers on the ridge could see the sun; but down in the hollow, where the mist was beginning to rise, and behind the slope, they moved in fresh, dewy shade. The work went on. The grass fell in high heaps; the mowers came close together as the rows converged, rattling their drinking-cups, sometimes hitting their scythes together, working with joyful shouts, rallying each other.

Levin still kept his place between his two companions. The leader, with his sheep-skin vest

loosened, was gay, jocose, free in his movements. In the woods, mushrooms were found lurking under the leaves. Instead of cutting them off with his scythe, as the others did, he bent down whenever he saw one, and picking it, put it in his breast-pocket. "Another little present for my old woman."

The tender and soft grass was easy to mow, but it was hard to climb and descend the steep sides of the ravine. But the leader did not let this appear. Always lightly swinging his scythe, he climbed with short, firm steps, though he trembled all over with the exercise. He let nothing escape him, not a herb or a mushroom; and he never ceased to joke with Levin and the muzhiks. Levin behind him felt at every instant that he would drop, and told himself that he should never climb, scythe in hand, this steep hillside, where even unencumbered it would be hard to go. But he persevered and succeeded. He felt as though some inner force sustained him.

They had finished mowing the ravine; the last rows were done, and the men had taken their kaftans and were gaily going home. Levin mounted his horse, and regretfully took leave of his companions. On the hilltop he turned round to take a last look; the evening's mist, rising from the bottoms, hid them from sight; but he could hear their hearty, happy voices as they laughed and talked, and the sound of their clinking scythes.

Sergéi Ivanovitch had long finished his dinner, and, sitting in his room, was drinking iced lemonade, and reading the papers and reviews which had just come from the post, when Levin, with matted and disordered hair, joined him.

"Well, we mowed the whole field! How good, how delightful! And how has the day passed with you?" he asked.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Sergéi Ivanovitch, looking at first not over-pleasantly at his brother. "How dirty you look! Shut the door, shut the door!" he cried. "You've let in more than a dozen!"

Sergéi Ivanovitch could not endure flies; he never opened his bedroom windows before evening, and made it a point to keep his doors always shut.

"Indeed, not one! If you knew what a day I've had! And how has it gone with you?"

"First rate. But you don't mean to say that you have been mowing all day? You must be as hungry as a wolf. Kuzma has your dinner all ready for you."

"No, I am not hungry. I ate yonder. But I'm going to have a bath."

"Well, go ahead, and I'll join you shortly," said Sergéi Ivanovitch, lifting his head and gazing at his brother. "Hurry up," he said, arranging his papers and getting ready to follow; he also felt enlivened, and unwilling to be away from his brother. "But where were you during the shower?"

"What shower? Only a drop or two fell. I'll soon be back. And did the day go pleasantly with you? That's capital!" And Levin went to dress.

About five minutes afterwards the brothers met in the dining-room. Levin imagined that he was not hungry, and he sat down only so as not to hurt Kuzma's feelings; but when he once began to eat he found his appetite. His brother looked at him with a smile.

—TOLSTOI.

Gifford's Grave

A Story of Sir George Napier

Many a hero, born and bred
By Irish waters, has worn the red,
Many a soldier wise and good;
But never was bred a nobler brood
Than grew in times of a troubled state
Amid the anguish of "Ninety-eight",
And wore the blazon Without a stain!—
The eagle-featured Napier strain.
Wide as the world they spread their praise,
Heroes three in heroic days;
Three names written in living gold;—
This is a deed of the second told.

To Torres Vedras in evil hour
Massena led Napoleon's power:
Baffled and beaten, back again
Turned the invading host to Spain,
And through the lands that their rapine wronged,
Fierce pursuers, the British thronged.
Fierce pursuers; yet on the trail
Of such a quarry might hunters quail;
The rearguard, veterans led by Ney,
At Cazal Nova were held to bay.

Napier had seen a brother borne
Back for dead from the field that morn,
Brother dearer than life or limb,
Not than the friend who fought by him;

For at his side was Gifford,—one
Brave as Napier, that had done
Things surpassing belief that day,
Leading his men in the bitter fray
Over hillock and wall and trench:
"Kill that officer!" cried the French.

The fight had joined with the rising sun;
By noon the powder was almost done.
Napier was bidding his men retire
To come again with a fiercer fire,
And called to Gifford, who, farther still,
Stood to the front on the vine-clad hill.
Gifford turned; and from ambush close
Unseen behind him Frenchmen rose.
Help there was none; a crash, a flare,
A cry; and Gifford was lying there.
And out of the bushes, where they crept
Hidden, four of the enemy leapt,
Leapt, and swift on the spoil they ran,
Bending to strip the fallen man.

Napier looked; they were four to one,
His friend lay dead, and the harm was done;
But while his body held living breath
That friend should suffer no shame in death.
He asked no aid, and he spoke no word,
But charged the foe with his single sword;
He scared the vultures, and steel met steel,
And, one to many, he made them reel.
Two of his men had seen, and back
Followed swift on their captain's track.
Vengeance was done; they raised their dead,
Tenderly raised the shattered head.

Napier could hear the bullets fly,
But he lifted the body fair and high,
And bore the dead, death screaming round,
To where his company held their ground.

Rough they were from the battle-time,
Their mouths were black with the cartridge-grime,
Bloody and black their hands; each eye
Lit with the light that sees men die;
Rough-looked, rough-worded; and yet they knew
To give to a hero's heart its due.
For they gathered and swore no kite should tear
The man they honoured, but even there
He should have burial fit and fair.

For him they did what of him alone
In history's golden page is shown.
There they paused, with the storm of war
Raging about them near and far;
There, in the front where he fought so well,
There they buried him where he fell.
Hard was the sod; red bayonet blades
Were fitted ill for the work of spades;
Shallow the trench was dug; but deep,
Deep in their hearts his name they keep.

No prayer was said, and no bell rang,
And nothing there but the bullets sang;
But as they levelled the latest sod
Three cheers commended his soul to God.
Silently then they formed, nor stirred
Till they fired a volley at Napier's word;
A man would have thought they were on parade
Who saw not the gaps their volley made.

The brave to the brave had done their rite,
And Napier led them again to the fight;
The bayonets, droughty with soil and dust,
Drank deep and deeper at every thrust.
Forward they surged; they fought to kill,
Cleared the copses and swept the hill;
Dearly by nightfall their debt was paid,
When far in the front their camp was made;
And in the wake of that fiery wave
Lone in its glory lay Gifford's Grave.

—*From "The Queen's Chronicler", by* STEPHEN GWYNN (*published by Mr. John Lane*).

Scenes in Foreign Lands

4. A Reception in Constantinople



HERE is a reception at the house of Izeddin Ali Effendi. The visitors arrive in the evening, and do not leave until daylight is breaking. It is difficult to move about Constantinople on a snowy night, and Izeddin dispenses hospitality very liberally.

His house, old and decayed-looking outside, has within its black walls the mysterious splendours of Eastern luxury. You knock at the heavy, iron-barred door; two little Circassian slave girls come silently and open it.

You put out your lantern and take off your shoes, details you must never forget in Turkey. The mud

from outside is never seen indoors in the East; you leave it at the door; and the costly carpets which have been handed down from father to son are trodden only by slippers and bare feet.

The two slaves are eight years old; they are for sale, and they know it. They have charming, open faces; flowers are stuck in their hair, which is piled very high on top of their heads. They respectfully take your hand, and touch their foreheads gently with it.

You go up dark old staircases, covered with rich Persian carpets; and the eyes of women peep at you through a half-open door encrusted with pearl. In a large room where the carpet is so thick that you might fancy yourself walking on a sheep's back, five or six young men are seated, their legs crossed, in attitudes of careless happiness and quiet meditation. A large vessel of chased copper, filled with charcoal, gives the room a warmth and heaviness which makes you sleepy.

From a ceiling of carved oak hang groups of candles, enclosed in opal tulips which allow only a soft rosy light to come through. Chairs are unknown at these receptions. There are very low divans, covered with rich silk-brocaded cushions; silver trays on which long chibouks of jasmine are laid—little eight-sided stands holding tobacco-pipes with big bowls of amber inlaid with gold.

It is not everyone who is admitted to Izeddin's house, and the party is very select. The men who, during the day, go about in European dress, put on in the evening, in their own homes, the silk shirt and the long cashmere kaftan lined with fur. The

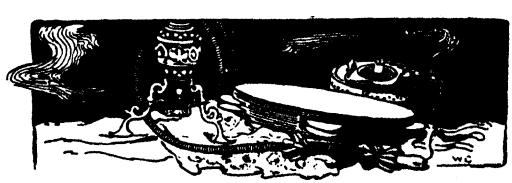
grey frock-coat was only a disguise, which did not suit their Asiatic nature.

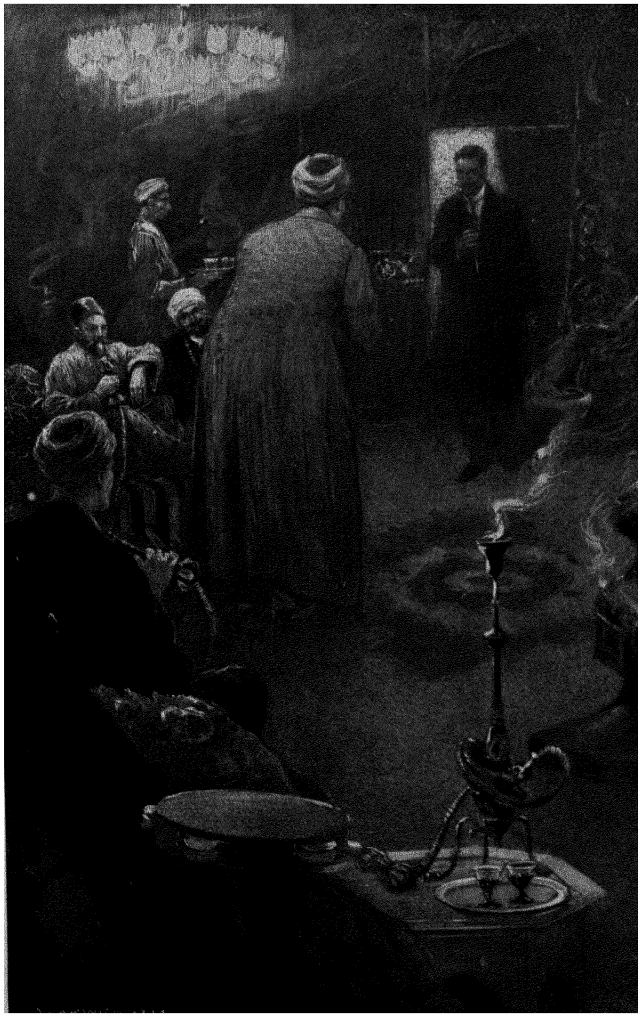
Wreaths of scented smoke from the chibouks curl and break in the warm heavy air. The men talk in low tones, and the tiny cups of Arabian coffee are often emptied and refilled. A certain white wine, which is not forbidden by the Koran, is served in one glass, from which it is the custom for everyone to drink in turn, and only a sip or two.

Izeddin and Suleiman then each take a tambourine, and sing old tunes in a dreamy voice. You feel sleepy, and see as in a mist the curls of smoke rising, the pearly ornaments glistening, all the rich decoration of the room. And then the servants bring sofas, on which everyone reclines and sleeps.

Morning returns; the daylight creeps in through lattices of ash, painted blinds, and silken curtains. Izeddin's guests go off to make their toilet, each in a little room of white marble, with towels so richly embroidered with gold that in England you would hardly dare use them. Then they gather in the hall again and bid one another farewell.

The waking is not pleasant. You imagine you have been visited by some dream out of the *Arabian Nights*, when you find yourself in the morning splashing in the mud of Constantinople, amid the bustle of the streets and bazaars. —PIERRE LOTI.





A Reception in Constantinople (page 171)



THE HERON (page 177)

The Borders of the Pond—Part I



If you are fond of walking in the country, when you hear in the distance the croaking chorus of frogs, go in that direction. Guided by the sound, which is like the sound of a glass being rinsed, you will soon come to some pond sleeping beneath a row of osiers. There the frogs have made their abode.

Look at them there, at the edge of the pond, ready to take a header at the slightest noise. The frog seems intended by nature to give swimming-lessons to man, whose structure is somewhat like its own. The fore-legs are folded under the breast, the hind-legs drawn up to its body.

Its eyes, with the golden lids, stick out of its head like precious stones. Its back shades from a greenish-bronze to a silvery whiteness at the belly. Its slender toes, connected by thin membranes, seem to form little hands at the end of its limbs, and make it an active animal.

How they seem to enjoy life at the brink of the pond, edged with forget-me-nots, crowded with reeds and loosestrife and water-lilies, upon whose broad leaves the frogs are supported as on rafts. The males, swelling their neck-pouches, keep up a lively croak, as though the sound of their own voices excited them. The females chime in with a feeble murmur of approval, for they have no voice.

They snap up the flies and gnats that flit dizzily this way and that. They swallow such little animals

as swim their way; and, hopping on a dead branch that has fallen across the pond, they do not reproach Jupiter, like the frogs in the fable, with having given them a log for a king. Not one of them is silly enough to ask instead for the heron which would gobble them up.

Though it is of a most peaceful disposition, the frog has its enemies. The long-legged water-fowl peck at it with their long beaks, when fishes are not to be had; snakes attack it, and, distending their jaws, gulp it down. In France, men fish for frogs, and fry their limbs, or make them into a soup which is much like chicken-broth.

Sometimes a brighter lot, though still a sad one, awaits the captive frog. Placed in a glass bowl full of water, and provided with a little ladder of straw or sticks, it is transformed into a living barometer, foretelling rain or fine weather by ascending or descending the ladder.

Then perhaps a day comes when a doctor takes it out, and stretches its leg on the object-glass of a microscope, to show, through the transparent skin, the circulation of its blood.

If the croak of frogs has brought you to the pond, you will not be disappointed. The water bathes the feet of trees whose roots plunge deep into the mud. There you find ancient oaks, extending their arms on each side as though in the act of blessing; slender restless birches, with white and sea-green foliage, their satiny bark scratched and peeling off. There are ash and beech, and indeed a whole tangle of leafy trees, forming a dark cavern of verdure into which the light cannot penetrate.

In front, where the thinning trees allow the water to reflect more freely, the sun strikes with his slanting rays upon confused masses of reeds, rushes, gladioli, and all kinds of grasses. Hair-weeds and water-lilies spread themselves on stagnant places, amid tufts of water plants whose light plumes are stirred by the breeze. Among this thick forest of plants circulates a whole world of insects—water-spiders, newts, and salamanders: these last much happier at the bottom of the pond than in the midst of flames, where people used to believe they could live.

The Borders of the Pond—Part II

From the leafy arcade flies a large bird. It is a heron, come to find in this marshy solitude a safe and peaceful retreat. The heron seems to be sad by nature; it loves wild lonely spots, difficult of access, where men but rarely come. There it remains, at the water's brink, balancing itself all day long on one of its long legs, its beak resting on its crop, so still that it might almost be taken for a stuffed bird. But dreamy as it appears to be, it is watching through half-closed eyes, with the patience of an angler, for some fish to pass.

Its dress is sober: a gray-black coat with long skirts, a little white on its breast, like a linen shirt, and behind its head a delicate tuft of feathers.

At one time the heron was one of the most highly valued birds of its class. It was a bird of strong wing, reserved under the severest penalties for the

sport of princes and lords. In those days, at the edge of immense forests swarming with game, extended vast swamps—poisonous marshes bordered with reeds—which no one thought of draining to make the country healthy and to bring the land under cultivation. Morning mists rose from the stagnant lead-coloured water, and in the distance, as through a silvery gauze, the solitary bird might be seen, like a ball of wool on a knitting-needle, meditating by the edge of the pond.

See, the drawbridge of the baron's castle, flanked with ramparts and turrets, is lowered, and from the gate emerges a brilliant cavalcade. The lord in his surcoat, and the lady in embroidered skirts spread out over her palfrey, ride along, bearing their hooded falcons on their wrists, and followed by their pages, squires, and grooms.

Arriving in the plain, the cavalcade sweeps round the pond, or follows the causeway built to hold in the water. At this unusual noise, disturbing the silence and solitude of its retreat, the anxious heron rears its long neck to see what is happening; snaps with its beak, drops to the ground the leg it held folded under its breast, and beats the air with its wings, as in preparation for flight.

The hunters are making for it; it understands and takes flight, for it cannot risk a fight. It flies slowly at first. The heron is not swift, but has wonderful strength. Little by little it rises, and reaches at length a great height. Its form has already diminished to a black blot on the gray horizon: its legs stretched out behind and its long pointed beak are no longer visible.



A Hawking Party

The hoods are removed from the falcons' heads. Dazzled for a moment in the bright sunlight, the birds throw a keen glance around as though to make sure of their whereabouts. Then, bunching their feathers, and fluttering their wings, they spring suddenly forward as they are flung into the air, and dart in pursuit of their prey.

They rise and rise till they soar above the heron; they swoop down; but the bird has perceived their intention. It steadies itself, bends back its neck, and presents its beak, sharp as a rapier, to meet the headlong descent of the first falcon, which sometimes impales itself, like a too eager swordsman. But a second falcon is close at hand, and the victim is doomed.

This was at least a noble death, with some chance of escape. Now that falconry has disappeared except among some Algerian tribes, things are not done with so much ceremony. The heron, like the duck, is now shot with the rifle, or caught in snares. The marshes are drained, the solitudes are becoming peopled, the animals are retiring before mankind, and soon the heron will have disappeared like the bustard and the beaver.



The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play up, play up, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play up 'The Brides of Enderby'!"

Men say it was a stolen tide—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in mine ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the door,
My thread brake off, I raised mine eyes!
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death,
She moved where Lindis wandereth,—
My son's fair wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Far away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,

Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking-song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come up, Whitefoot; come up, Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come up, Whitefoot; come up, Lightfoot;
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

All fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadow mote be seen,
Save where full five good miles away
The steeple towered from out the green;
And lo! the great bell far and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds, where their sedges are,
Moved on in sunset's golden breath;
The shepherd lads I heard afar,
And my son's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kindly message free,
"The Brides of Mavis Enderby".

Then some looked up into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows,
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They said, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pirate galleys warping down;
For ships ashore beyond the Scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the town;
But while the west is red to see,
And storms be none, and pirates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my son
Came riding down with might and main.
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife Elizabeth.)

"The old sea-wall" (he cried) "is down,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder town
Go sailing up the market-place."
He shook as one that looks in death:
"God save you, Mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife Elizabeth?"

"Good son, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long:
And ere yon bells began to play,
Afar I heard her milking-song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And up the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud,
Shaped like a curling, snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling banks amain;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung up her weltering walls again.
Then banks came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So far, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow, seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sat that night;
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church-tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to me,
That in the dark rang "Enderby".

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roof to roof who fearless rowed;
And I—my son was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
And yet he moaned beneath his breath;
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter dear!
The waters laid thee at his door
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
The pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Down drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass;
That ebb swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebb and flow, alas!
To many more than mine and me:
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing in its falling,
To the sandy, lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come up, Whitefoot; come up, Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come up, Lightfoot, rise and follow:
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come up, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

—JEAN INGELOW.

By the Yalu River—Part I

[Bob Fawcett, engaged in service with the Japanese fleet, was captured by the Russians during an expedition on shore in Korea. He refused to give any information about his companions, and being condemned to be shot as a spy, he was confined in a tower overlooking the river Yalu.]



OB was so exhausted that he fell asleep at once, notwithstanding the gravity of his position. When he awoke some hours after daybreak, he found some black bread and a plate of preserved beef and a jug of vodka by his side.

"To keep up my courage," he said to himself. He was hungry, and the bread and meat soon disappeared; but he found vodka too fiery for his palate, and wondered if he would be allowed some water. He was to be shot, of course; when would that be? Shot! For the first time the reality of last night's scene forced itself on his mind. He had been so tired that the matter as it affected himself had not troubled him. But now—the thought of death struck him for the first time.

It was a strange idea. He was well and strong; rather stiff and cramped, indeed, but that could easily be cured. Yet in a short time he was to be dead! The oddness of it struck him most of all. It seemed absurd that he should die. And for what reason? His explanations had been too simple to be believed! He thought over the past days: there was nothing in his actions he could have altered, even if he had known that death was to come so soon.

"Well, it can't be helped," he concluded. "I only hope I sha'n't funk it at the end."

Life was so vigorous in him at present that he looked round his narrow room for some means of escape. It was about twelve feet square. The outer wall was of stone some eighteen inches thick, pierced by a single unglazed splay window, narrowing from twenty inches broad on the inside to seven on the outside. The bottom of the window was about three feet above the floor, and it extended upwards for about an equal distance. Below it, embedded in the wall, projected a narrow platform about a foot high, which, Bob guessed, was intended to accommodate a watchman or possibly a marksman, for the tower had evidently been built as a watch-tower. Clambering up into the window-recess, Bob looked through the open slit, and saw that it commanded a view across the river, which flowed past some eighty feet below. The water-course was obstructed by ice; to plunge into it was impossible.

Returning to the floor, Bob noticed that the inner walls were of brick, comparatively new in contrast with the mouldering stone-work of the outer wall. He concluded that at one time the whole story had formed a single chamber, and that it had been partitioned off recently, though in all probability before the advent of the Russians. The door was of massive make, and hung on ponderous iron clamps; it opened inwards, and there was no keyhole on the inner side.

"Things look black," thought Bob, as he convinced himself that there was no means of escaping from his dungeon. He tramped up and down with

bent head, speculating on the scenes the old tower must have witnessed.

Looking again through the narrow opening, he saw in the distance a troop of Cossacks picking their way across the hills. He watched them with idle interest as they gained the summit and disappeared at a trot over the crest. He followed them in fancy; they were soldiers going perhaps to their death; and he wished that he too might meet with death in some active, heroic way, instead of tamely as the target of a firing-party.

By turns pacing the room, sitting on the platform, and listlessly looking out upon the river, Bob passed the rest of the day. He saw no ray of hope. The room was bare; it contained nothing but his rug; everything had been taken from him; he had not even a penknife with which to while away the hours, as many a prisoner had done before him, in scratching initials or diagrams upon the walls.

"I wish they'd hurry up," he said to himself restlessly.

But the long day passed, and he was not summoned to his doom. At night he was given another meal. He was standing when it was brought him, and he moved towards the open door, without any hope of escaping. Outside, by the dim light of the lamp carried by the man within, he saw another soldier armed with a rifle. The way was effectually guarded. He spoke to the man, asking when his execution was to take place. The man shook his head, evidently understanding not a word. The door was shut, bolted, and padlocked, and he was again left alone with his thoughts.

Next morning the soldier who brought him his food was accompanied by the officer who had acted as interpreter at his summary trial two nights before.

"Is my time up?" asked Bob almost eagerly.

"Not yet. The general will allow you another chance. Tell me what you know of the Japanese spies in Yongampo and of the Japanese with whom you landed, and the general will spare your life and keep you as a prisoner of war until peace is signed in Tokio."

Bob looked at the officer in silence.

"Come, why be obstinate? It isn't much to ask of you, and if you're an Englishman and a non-combatant the Japanese are nothing to you."

"You think I'll adopt that plea?" said Bob, with a touch of scorn. "No, thank you. You've treated me as a combatant; very well, I've told you all I mean to tell you."

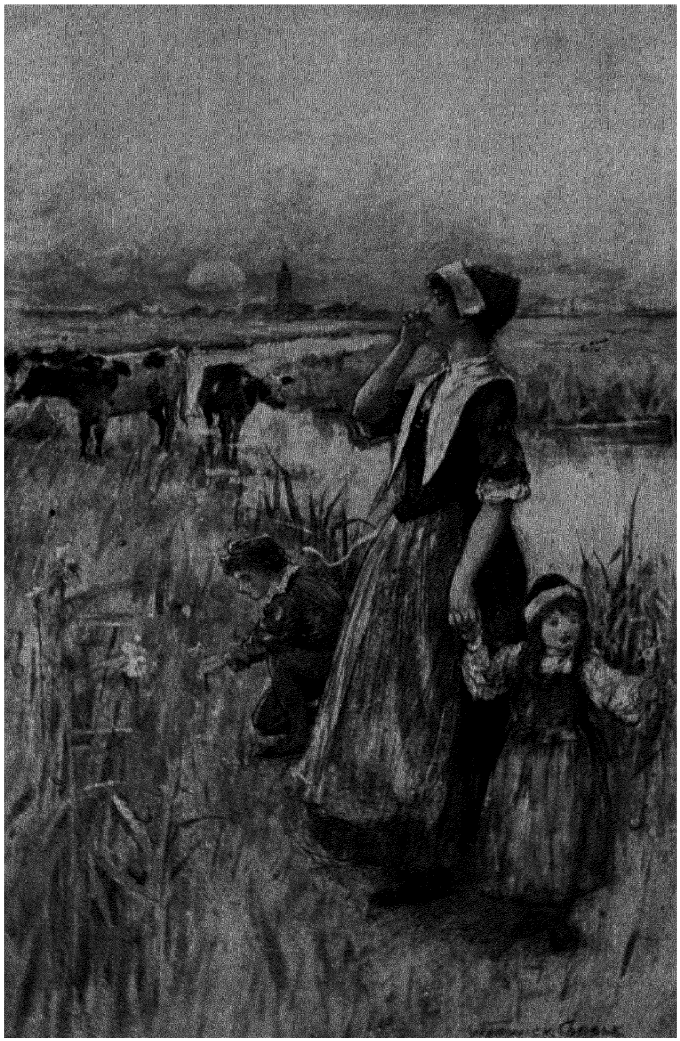
"You'll think better of it by and by. You've a day to think it over."

"I've thought it over."

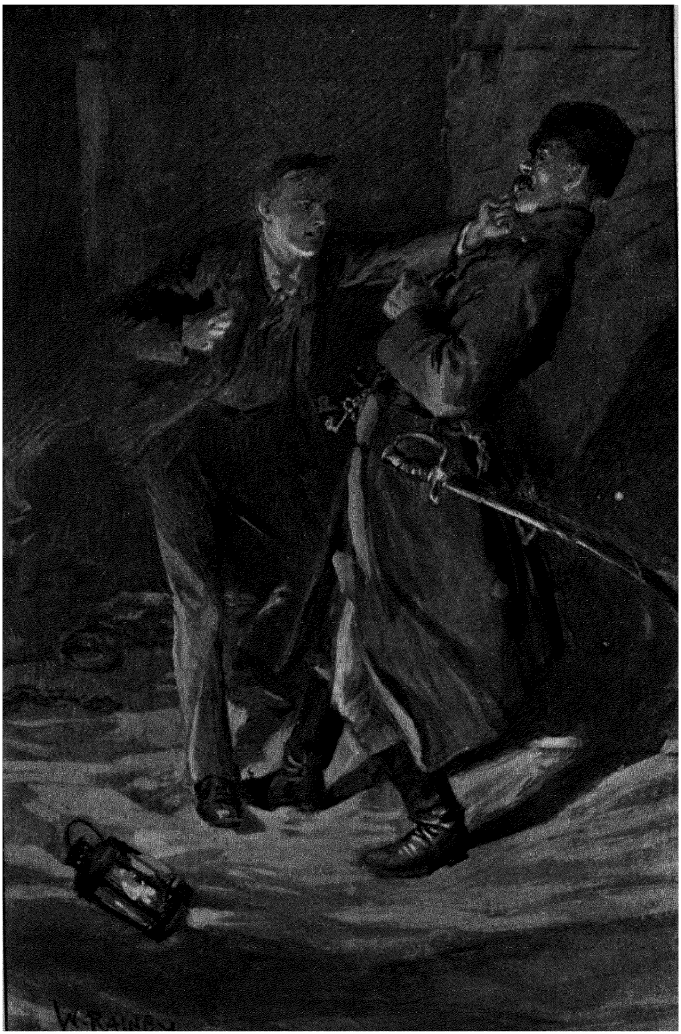
"Well, think it over again. You'll come round, never fear."

By the Yalu River—Part II

The officer smiled as he went out. Bob spent the rest of the day in tramping his cell, which was very cold, looking out of the window, and wishing that they would not prolong his suspense. He expected to receive another visit from the officer before night, but saw no more of him until breakfast-time next morning.



"WHERE THE REEDY LINDIS FLOWETH" (page 182)



Bob surprises his Jailer (page 204)

"Well," said the Russian as he entered, "have you taken my advice?"

"No."

"Still obstinate! Your execution is fixed for to-morrow morning—the general gives you a long rope first, you see."

"That's a pleasant jest."

"Well, it's a pity for a young fellow like you to be so absurdly obstinate. You've only to mention a couple of names and give us a few particulars about men who can't possibly be of any interest to you, and——"

"Excuse me; I am in the Japanese service."

"Nonsense, you're an Englishman. What have you in common with the race of venomous conceited dwarfs who have dared to measure themselves against the might of an empire like ours?"

Bob stood with his hands in his pockets looking at his tempter.

"They may be all that you say, though, as far as the war has gone, it scarcely becomes a Russian to say it; but you, sir, ought to know perfectly well that, whatever they may be, it is impossible for me to betray them. I can't say any more; and I'd really be obliged to you if you'd drop the subject. Your general has decided that I'm a spy. I'm not a spy, but I can say nothing more to convince him. He has made up his mind, and so have I. You said to-morrow morning?"

The officer looked at Bob with mingled annoyance and admiration.

"What folly!" he exclaimed. "I can't but admire your constancy, but I'm sorry for you. Yes, to-

morrow morning, at dawn. You needn't imagine you'll be let off, the general is determined."

"Very well."

"You can tell the man who brings you food if you change your mind."

"I will—if I do!"

The officer turned away. As he was going out at the door, Bob took a step forward, and spoke with a little hesitation, and in a different tone.

"One moment. Could you do me a favour?"

"What is that?" asked the Russian quickly.

"Send me pencil and paper and an envelope. I have some friends at home—my father and mother—I should like——"

"I understand. You shall have the writing materials."

"And you will see that the letter is sent off?"

"Yes, yes; but it will not be necessary. Think over it." And he hurried away.

It was some time before Bob touched the food that had been brought to him. He was tired of waiting for the end. He longed for life; yet if he was to die, he wished it over and done with; the attempt to overcome his determination, the appeal to his self-interest against his honour, wearied and troubled him. For a time he tramped restlessly up and down, thinking gravely; then, catching sight of the food on the stone slab, he reflected that he could meet his fate better fed than fasting, and he set to with a will upon the ample supply of beef and black bread and tea, which he had asked for instead of vodka.

After a while, however, he again fell into a fit of abstraction; he ate mechanically, musing on many

things. Breaking one of the hard-crusted loaves, he saw a glitter like that of a golden coin buried in the bread. For a moment his curiosity overcame the gloom into which his long pondering had thrown him. He picked the bread away from the strange intruder, and discovered that what he had taken for a coin was the end of an empty cartridge-case.

"How did it get there?" he wondered, holding the case before him. He remembered how puzzled King George had been to account for the presence of the apple in the dumpling, and laughed aloud.

"No doubt about the bakery this bread came from," he thought. "Well, better a cartridge-case than a beetle."

He was seated on his rug by the wall opposite the window, where he was farthest away from the cutting wind that had been blowing in all the morning. Raising his arm, he shied the cartridge-case at the narrow opening; it struck the wall at the side of the recess, fell on the sill, and rolled down the slight inward slope on to the floor.

"Wretched bad shot!" remarked Bob to himself and the four walls. Then with a sudden start he remembered what was to happen on the morrow. He shuddered involuntarily, and dreaded the possibility of flinching when he stood actually face to face with death. Yet why should he flinch? He remembered the fearless manner with which the Japanese went open-eyed into mortal peril. Was it for him, an Englishman and a Christian, to show any more fear? The question answered itself, and he fell into a quiet reverie.

By the Yalu River—Part III



THUS passed some hours: how many he could not tell, for his watch had been removed. He was roused by the entrance of a man with writing materials. Receiving them silently, he sat and pondered. What could he say to the old folks at home? He wrote a full account of all that had happened since his last letter, then tore it up. His letter might be opened by the Russians; he must not give them any information. At last, with a full heart, he penned a few words intended for his parents' eyes alone. Then he sealed the letter, and placed it in his pocket to give to the officer at the last moment.

He felt now cramped and chilled, and, rising, began to pace the floor, walking from door to window and back from window to door. As he did so, his eye lighted on the cartridge-case. At first he merely glanced at it and passed on; then, spying it again, he looked a little longer; the third time he began to feel some curiosity and interest; the fourth time he stooped and picked it up, wondering again what strange chance had brought it into so unlikely a resting-place. To whom had it belonged? Whose rifle had fired it? How had it come into the bakery? What careless fingers had worked it into the dough?

"A bad match!" he thought. "Out with you!"

He felt for his penknife to scrape out the bread from the case, then remembered that his jailer had removed it. What was he to do? Feeling by force of habit in his waistcoat pocket, he came upon a little

hole in the lining, and pushing his finger through, he touched a single lucifer match that had found its way down. He enlarged the hole, took out the match, and began to prise the caked flour bit by bit from the cartridge-case. He was glad of any activity that would enable him to kill time. Soon a little heap of crumbs lay on the sill of the window-recess. Then, drawing the match once more from the case, he saw that this time it had impaled, not a crumb, but a piece of some white fluffy substance.

"What is this?" he thought, and with growing curiosity inserted the match again. More fluff came out; it appeared to be cotton wool.

"Very odd!" he mused. He wetted the end of the match and inserted it again. A little more of the wool adhered, but the next time the match came out bare. He pushed it in again; but though he held it with the extreme tips of his fingers, it touched nothing.

"Empty at last, I suppose. Yet it didn't touch the bottom of the case. I wonder if it is empty."

He turned his back on the window and held the case up so that the light fell into it. But it was too narrow for him to see anything, supposing anything were there. He held it vertically, and shook it. Something fell from it, and rolled across the floor of the room. It was like a pea. Bob stooped and picked it up. It was a pea—no, it was a small pellet of paper!

Quick as thought Bob slipped it into his pocket, glancing instinctively towards the door and then to the opening in the wall. There was no one to see him. He smiled and took the pellet from his pocket.

Unrolling it with infinite care, he found that it was a slip of very thin rice-paper, and on it—yes, in small letters, faintly traced in Indian ink, he saw the words:

"*Be at window above river at dusk to-night.*"

That was all; there was no address, no signature. Yet, looking again at the writing, Bob felt that he had seen it somewhere before. Where? He could not remember, and as he stood trying to recall, he heard the heavy tread of his jailer in the passage outside. Instantly he slipped the paper into his pocket, flung the cartridge-case far out into the river, and was walking up and down when the soldier threw open the door and entered with his second meal.

The afternoon seemed to Bob interminable. He paced up and down like a caged lion, waiting for the dark. He wondered who the writer of the message was, what it implied, what possible plan of deliverance was in contemplation—for surely it must mean that someone was planning on his behalf. Many times he gazed out of the window, searching the whole vista from the horizon to the river below, knowing all the time that during the daylight nothing would be done, yet looking and looking again.

The hours passed slowly, lingeringly. As night began to shadow the hills, he ceased his restless walk and remained fixed at the recess in the wall. The sky darkened, his outlook shortened; he lost sight of the hills; at length he could not see the opposite bank. He leant forward in the recess, till his head touched the sides of the outer opening. The wind was fresh and cold, but he heeded nothing. His eyes tried to penetrate the dark until he felt that they were

almost starting from his head. Thus he waited, and shivered, looking, listening, seeing nothing, hearing only the slow gurgle of the river as it rolled down between its frozen borders, and the creaking and grinding of the ice as the floating masses met, and parted, and met again.

So the hours passed, and Bob began to lose heart. Was the message a Russian trap? Yet what could it gain? Was it genuine, but his unknown correspondent had been prevented in some way from keeping the implied appointment? A bugle-call struck his ear; and when its echoes had died away the world relapsed into the same silence, save for the occasional bark of a dog, the dull noises of the ice-laden stream, and, the sighing of the wind over the snowy wastes beyond. It became colder; the wind blew more and more keen; and at length, his limbs cramped, his fingers numbed, Bob had perforce to move, and lift his rug from the floor and wrap it round him.

What was that? His hearing was now so acute that he fancied he could have heard the world roll round. What was it? A rustle in the dark; a faint rustle outside the window, like the scraping of a bird's wing against the wall. He strained his eyes; stars were glimmering cold and clear, but there was no moon, and he saw nothing. Again, the same rustle. He tried to grope near enough to the opening to thrust forth his head, and his shoulders stuck; it was impossible, unless — yes, by turning on his side he could wriggle himself to the slit, and he put his head out sideways.

Something touched his face, with the cold, filmy touch of a spider's web. He put out his hand; it was

gone. Would it return? He waited. Again the same insubstantial contact; and now he seemed to see, against the starlit sky, a gossamer thread. He clutched at it, but it eluded his fingers and disappeared. He waited again, how long he knew not, but it seemed an hour; then the thin line scraped along the outside of the wall until it reached him. He grasped at it, almost fearing to touch it lest it should break and float away. He held it, and drew it towards him. It was a thin silken cord.

He wriggled back slowly through the recess into the room, holding the cord with gentle firmness. As he pulled it, he felt that only the upper part yielded; the lower part was fixed or held below. He drew the upper string towards him, feeling as if he were playing a fish. For a few moments it came unresisting, then there was a sharp tug, as though the captured object, whatever it was, was making an effort to escape.

Suddenly the resistance ceased; even in the darkness the opening in the wall was darkened, and with a scrape against the wall Bob hauled in a large triangle of paper stretched on a light bamboo frame. It stuck in the opening. He had once more to crawl into the recess, and with some difficulty he coaxed the pliant framework through the narrow aperture. It was done. The bent rods sprang back to their former shape, and Bob at last understood what had been puzzling him. It was a kite!

By the Yalu River—Part IV

ALL was now plain: the rustle, the elusive string, the reluctant captive. He remembered how interested he had been at Tokio, in watching the dexterous kite-flying of boys and men; in Japan, as in China, it is more than a pastime; it is an art. The string was attached to a kite, and the person flying it was below. He tugged gently at the cord as a signal that the kite had reached him, and instantly he felt that the line was loose. His pulse beat high. Cautiously he hauled in the slack; foot after foot it came through his hands; would the end of it never come? Yes, here it was; the silken cord was tied to a stretch of twine, and this—how long it was!—to a thicker rope.

With eager care Bob drew this last up hand over hand; it was knotted at intervals, and as he pulled he felt the weight increase. At length it resisted his pull, yet gave slightly when he pulled again. Crawling again to the aperture, never letting go his hold, he found that the entrance was barred by a bundle, apparently of cotton waste. By turning this longways he found he could draw it through. No precaution, he perceived, had been neglected; the soft wrapping had deadened any sound.

Hastily untying the bundle, he found by the touch, for it was too dark to see, a chisel, a crowbar, and a hammer faced with flannel. He needed no prompting. It was impossible to loosen the stones in the time he

had at his disposal. He knew not, indeed, what the time was; but it must be late, and if he did not escape before daybreak his doom was sealed. The stones of the wall were large blocks firmly cemented, and though the cement at its surface showed signs of crumbling, it was no doubt strong inside. All that he could do was to chip away a few inches on each side of the window, so as to enlarge the space sufficiently to admit of the passage of his shoulders. At the edges the stone was greatly weathered; at the farther end of the recess it was already peeling off. If he could widen the opening by some five inches, he thought it would be possible for him to squeeze through.

This had flashed through his mind in a moment. He started work instantly. Beginning at the outer right edge of the aperture, he applied the chisel to the stone-work, and was delighted to find that by the mere pressure of his arm it came away in flakes, which fell to the ground eighty feet below. Working quickly, he had soon scratched away an inch of rotted stone for a distance of two feet along each edge of the opening.

But, as he went on, he found that the stone was becoming harder; it was necessary to exert more force. It would take long to chip the stone away as he had seen masons do. How could he shorten the labour? Cautiously working with the chisel, he slowly bored a hole two inches deep in the wall, at about the same distance from the outer edge. Then inserting the crowbar, he pressed upon it in an outward direction with all the strength he could exert in his cramped position.

To his joy the stone-work gave way, and pieces fell with a sharp clatter upon the ground. He waited anxiously, wondering whether any of his guards could have heard the sound. All was silent. Feeling with his hand, he found that the stone had broken irregularly, leaving a jagged surface, and this he proceeded to trim with the chisel. He went through the same double process on each side of the opening.

At last, after hours of work, when muscles of hand and arm ached unendurably, and his whole body felt bruised from lying so long on the hard stone, he thought that the opening must be large enough. Tying one end of the rope to the crowbar, he paid the other out. A slight tug below told him that it had been received: his unknown helper was still in waiting. Then he tied his rug to the twine, and let it gently down. This, too, being caught, he placed the crowbar horizontally across the window on the inner wall, turned on his side, and began to wriggle out of the opening feet foremost, always holding firmly to the rope.

Had his work been successful? The question forced itself upon him as he moved painfully towards the outer air. Alas! half-way through he stuck; his jacket and vest were riding up into a ridge; it would increase the more he struggled; he must return to the room.

It was more difficult to get back than it had been to wriggle out. With a great effort he worked his way along the recess, and had just reached the floor of the room when his foot kicked the chisel, and it sped with a clatter across the floor. Immediately afterwards there was a step in the passage. His

jailer must have heard the noise, and would certainly come to discover its cause. It would be impossible to strip off jacket and waistcoat and wriggle out before the man entered, discovered his flight, and gave the alarm, or perhaps cut the rope. With a sinking of the heart Bob listened. Was he to fail at the last moment? Perhaps the man would not come in after all. But no; the steps halt at the door; there is a light in the crack below. Bob hears the man fumbling for his keys; a key is inserted in the padlock; the bolt is drawn.

By this time Bob is behind the door. It opens heavily on its rusty hinges, and half the room is lit up by the dim lantern carried by a Siberian infantryman, who peers into the room, and, seeing nothing to his left, advances a few paces to light up the other half. At this moment Bob springs at him like a tiger. One crashing blow beneath the jaw, and the Russian falls backward like a log, his lantern clattering to the floor and being instantly extinguished.

Two seconds passed, seconds crowded with the most rapid thinking hard-pressed prisoner ever accomplished. The noise would draw the man's comrades from below. They must be kept out at all costs. But even if they were excluded, the soldier might be only stunned, or perhaps dazed, and would recover in time to cut the rope. There was nothing at hand with which to tie him up, no time to cut a piece off the rope and retie it to the crowbar. He might kill the man, but the thought was banished the same instant that it occurred to him. Two seconds; then, even as he heard the shouts of men and the trampling of heavy footsteps far below, Bob stooped, lifted the

ponderous figure, and, with a strength of which he would not have believed himself capable, hurled him out into the corridor across the head of the staircase.

Then back into the room. He slams the door, picks up the chisel, and drives it with the hammer between the heavy oak and the floor. Off with his jacket, off with his vest; he rolls them up and forces them through the window. Everything must be dared now! Then feet foremost into the window-recess; out, out, grasping the rope; his legs are through, his body follows. Is the gap wide enough? He jerks himself on; it is a tight fit; his shoulders are through; he is dangling in the air, his arms almost forced from their sockets.

Down he goes, hand over hand; his feet find the rope; he hears the clamour of blows on the door above. Down, down, faster and faster, the strain upon his muscles increasing with every foot of distance; down into what seems an immeasurable gulf. His feet touch the projecting sill of a window; he finds a momentary relief; then down again into space; there can be no delay, even for a moment. At last, panting for breath, his hands sore and bleeding, Bob feels a pair of arms supporting him; he loosens his grip of the rope, and falls half-insensible to the ground.

But only for an instant. He sees as in a mist the outlines of two men, who drag him to his feet. The next moment, as though impelled by some higher will, he is racing down the frozen bank between the two shorter figures, over the creaking ice, towards the middle of the stream. Shouts pursue him; reflections

of lights dance before his dazzled eyes; a shot is fired; there is a babel along the walls.

Hauled up on the ice lies a small sampan. One of his supporters half pushes, half hurls Bob into it; then both urge it over the sagging ice into the stream. The edge gives way; the sampan slides with a glug into deep water; the two men leap on board with the agility of panthers; and the light craft bounds forward on its way to the sea.

[The plan of escape had been arranged by Kobo, an officer in the Japanese service, and a friend of Bob's.]

—*From "Kobo", a story of the Russo-Japanese War, by* HERBERT STRANG.





The Deer and the Prophet

A huntsman, enemy of those
Who praise the prophet Mahomet,
Far in the forest laid his net,
And laid it deep in tangled brier-rose
And tufts of daffodil and thyme and violet.

One early morning, pink and gray
As early mornings are in May,
A fallow deer went forth to take the air;
And, wandering down the forest glades that way,
She fell into the snare.

Alas, poor soul! 't was all in vain
She sought to venture back again,
Or bounded forth with hurrying feet,
Or plucked with horn and hoof the net;
Too well the mazy toils were set
Around her russet ankles neat.

All hope being gone, she bowed her innocent head
And wept. "O Heaven, that is most just," she said.
"In thy mysterious ends I acquiesce;
Yet of thy mercy deign to bless
The little ones I left at home:
Twin fawns, still dreaming on their bracken-bed
When I went forth to roam,
And wandered careless where the net was spread.

"And yet, O Heaven, how shall they live,
Poor yeanlings, if their mother die?
Their only nourishment am I;
They have no other food beside the milk I give,
And, save my breast, no warmth at night,
While still the frost lies crisp and white,
As lie it will until the roses blow."
And here she fetched so deep a sigh
That her petition could no further go.

Now as she hushed, the huntsman strode in sight,
Who every morning went that way
To see if Heaven had led the hoped-for prey
Into his nets by night.
And when he saw the fallow deer,
He stood and laughed aloud and clear,
And laid his hand upon her neck
Of russet with a snowy fleck,
And forth his hunting-knife he drew:
"Aha!" he cried, "my pretty dame,
Into my nets full easily you came;
But forth again, my maiden, spring not you!"
And as he laughed, he would have slit
The throat that saw no help for it.



"Some-one . . . stayed his hand"

But lo! a trembling took the air,
A rustling of the leaves about the snare;
And Some-one, dusk and slim,
There, sudden, stayed his hand and smiled at him.

Now, never was there huntsman yet
Who, when the tangled snare was set,
And in the snare the comely game,
Endured the loosening of the net.

Our huntsman turned an angry face aflame,
And in his heart was fiercely wroth
To see none other, by my troth,
Than Mahomet himself, the immortal Mahomet,
Who stood beside the net.

"Ha, old Impostor!" he began—
But "Peace!" the prophet said, "my man;
For while we argue, you and I,
The hungry fawns are like to die.
Nay, let the mother go. Within an hour, I say,
She shall return for thee to spare or slay;
Or, if she be not here,
Then I will stand your slave in surety for the dee
The huntsman turned and stared a while.
"For sure, the fool is void of guile!
Well, he shall be my slave i' sooth,
And work as in his idle youth
He never worked, the rogue!" Our huntsman laughed for glee,
And bent and loosed the tangles joyfully:
And forth the creature bounded, wild and free.
But when she reached the bracken-bed,
Where still the young ones lay abed

Below the hawthorn branches thick—
"Awake," she cried, "my fawns, and milk me quick;
For I have left within the net
The very prophet Mahomet!"

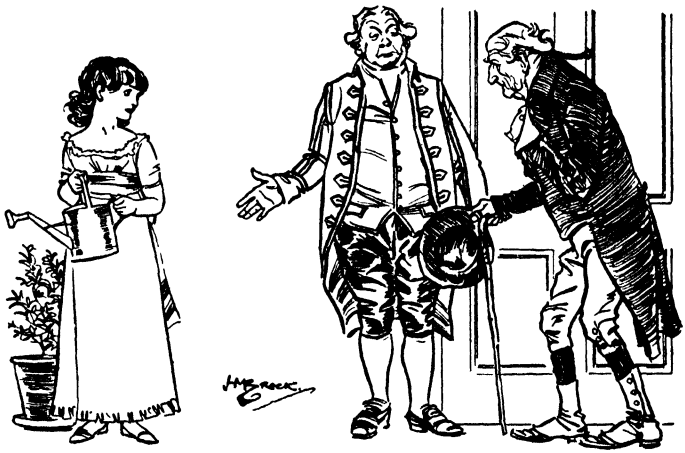
"Ah!" cried the little fawns, and heard
(But understood not half a word).
"Quick, quick, our little mother, quick away,
And come back all the quicklier!" cried the fawns,
And called a last good-bye;
And sat a little sad, they knew not why,
And watched their mother bounding, white and gray,
Dim in the distance, o'er the dewy lawns
And wide, unfriendly forests all in flower;
And so the deer returned within an hour.

"Now," said the prophet, smiling, "kill
Or take the ransom, as you will."

But on his knees the huntsman fell
And cried aloud: "A miracle!
Nay, by my nets and hunting-knife,
I will not take the creature's life;
And, for a slave, until I die,
Thou hast no trustier slave than I!"

No creature is so hard beset,
But lo! the undreamed-of Angel yet
May interpose his power, and change the end
And no one is so poor a friend,
Or so diminished to the dust,
But may be worthy of a heavenly trust.

—A. MARY F. ROBINSON (Madame Duclaux). *By permission.*



Old Poz

LUCY, daughter to the Justice.
Mrs. BUSTLE, landlady of the "Saracen's Head".
JUSTICE HEADSTRONG.
OLD MAN.
WILLIAM, a Servant.

Scene I

The house of Justice Headstrong—A hall—Lucy watering some myrtles—A servant behind the scenes is heard to say:

I tell you my master is not up. You can't see him, so go about your business, I say.

Lucy. To whom are you speaking, William? Who's that?

William. Only an old man, miss, with a complaint for my master.

Lucy. Oh, then, don't send him away—don't send him away.

William. But master has not had his chocolate, ma'am. He won't ever see anybody before he drinks his chocolate, you know, ma'am.

Lucy. But let the old man, then, come in here. Perhaps he can wait a little while. Call him.

[*Exit servant.*

[*Lucy sings, and goes on watering her myrtles; the servant shows in the Old Man.*

William. You can't see my master this hour; but miss will let you stay here.

Lucy (*aside*). Poor old man! how he trembles as he walks. (*Aloud.*) Sit down, sit down. My father will see you soon; pray, sit down.

[*He hesitates; she pushes a chair towards him.*

Lucy. Pray, sit down. [*He sits down.*

Old Man. You are very good, miss; very good.

[*Lucy goes to her myrtles again.*

Lucy. Ah! I'm afraid this poor myrtle is quite dead —quite dead.

[*The Old Man sighs, and she turns round.*

Lucy (*aside*). I wonder what can make him sigh so. (*Aloud.*) My father won't keep you waiting long.

Old Man. Oh, ma'am, as long as he pleases. I'm in no haste. It's only a small matter.

Lucy. But does a small matter make you sigh so?

Old Man. Ah, miss; because, though it is a small matter in itself, it is not a small matter to me (*sighing again*); it was my all, and I've lost it.

Lucy. What do you mean? What have you lost?

Old Man. Why, miss—but I won't trouble you about it.

Lucy. But it won't trouble me at all—I mean, I wish to hear it; so tell it me.

Old Man. Why, miss, I slept last night at the inn here, in town—the "Saracen's Head".

Lucy (*interrupts him*). Hark! there is my father coming downstairs; follow me. You may tell me your story as we go along.

Old Man. I slept at the "Saracen's Head", miss, and—— [*Exit talking.*

Scene II

Justice Headstrong's Study

(*He appears in his dressing-gown and cap, with his gouty foot upon a stool—a table and chocolate beside him—Lucy is leaning on the arm of his chair.*)

Justice. Well, well, my darling, presently; I'll see him presently.

Lucy. Whilst you are drinking your chocolate, papa?

Justice. No, no, no—I never see anybody till I have done my chocolate, darling. (*He tastes his chocolate.*) There's no sugar in this, child.

Lucy. Yes indeed, papa.

Justice. No, child—there's *no* sugar, I tell you; that's poz!

Lucy. Oh, but, papa, I assure you I put in two lumps myself.

Justice. There's *no* sugar, I say; why will you contradict me, child, for ever? There's no sugar, I say. [*Lucy leans over him playfully, and with his tea-spoon pulls out two lumps of sugar.*

Lucy. What's this, papa?

Justice. Pshaw! pshaw! pshaw!—it is not melted, child—it is the same as no sugar. Oh, my foot, girl, my foot!—you kill me. Go, go, I'm busy. I've business to do. Go and send William to me; do you hear, love?

Lucy. And the old man, papa?

Justice. What old man? I tell you what; I've been plagued ever since I was awake, and before I was awake, about that old man. If he can't wait, let him go about his business. Don't you know, child, I never see anybody till I've drunk my chocolate; and I never will, if it were a duke—that's poz! Why, it has but just struck twelve; if he can't wait, he can go about his business, can't he?

Lucy. Oh, sir, he *can* wait. It was not he who was impatient. (*She comes back playfully.*) It was only I, papa; don't be angry.

Justice. Well, well, well (*finishing his cup of chocolate, and pushing his dish away*); and at any rate there was not sugar enough. Send William, child; and I'll finish my own business, and then——

[*Exit Lucy, dancing, "And then!—and then!"*

Enter WILLIAM

Justice. William—oh! ay! hey! what answer, pray, did you bring from the "Saracen's Head"? Did you see Mrs. Bustle herself, as I bid you?

William. Yes, sir, I saw the landlady herself; she said she would come up immediately, sir.

Justice. Ah, that's well—immediately.

William. Yes, sir, and I hear her voice below now.

Justice. Oh, show her up; show Mrs. Bustle in.

Enter Mrs. BUSTLE, *the landlady of the "Saracen's Head"*

Landlady. Good-morrow to your worship. I'm glad to see your worship look so well. I came up with all speed (*taking breath*). Our pie is in the oven; that was what you sent for me about, I take it.

Justice. True, true; sit down, good Mrs. Bustle, pray.

Landlady. Oh, your worship 's always very good (*settling her apron*). I came up just as I was—only threw my shawl over me. I thought your worship would excuse—I'm quite, as it were, rejoiced to see your worship look so well, and to find you up so hearty——

Justice. Oh, I'm very hearty (*coughing*), always hearty, and thankful for it. I hope to see many Christmas doings yet, Mrs. Bustle. And so your pie is in the oven, I think you say?

Landlady. In the oven it is. I put it in with my own hands; and, if we have but good luck in the baking, it will be as pretty a goose-pie—though I say it that should not say it—as pretty a goose-pie as ever your worship set your eyes upon.

Justice. Pray, is it luncheon time? (*pulls out his watch*). Why, it's past one, I declare; and I thought I was up in remarkably good time, too.

Landlady. Well, and to be sure so it was, remarkably good time for *your worship*; but folks in our way must be up betimes, you know. I've been up and about these seven hours.

Justice (*stretching*). Seven hours!

Landlady. Ay, indeed—eight, I might say, for I

am an early little body; though I say it that should not say it—I *am* an early little body.

Justice. An early little body, as you say, Mrs. Bustle—so I shall have my goose-pie for dinner, hey?

Landlady. For dinner, as sure as the clock strikes four—but I mustn't stay prating, for it may be spoiling if I'm away. So I must wish your worship a good morning. [*She curtsies.*

Justice. No ceremony—no ceremony; good Mrs. Bustle, your servant.

Enter WILLIAM, *to take away the chocolate. The Landlady is putting on her shawl.*

Justice. You may let that man know, William, that I have despatched my own business, and am at leisure for his now (*taking a pinch of snuff*). Hum! pray, William (*Justice leans back gravely*), what sort of a looking fellow is he, pray?

William. Most like a sort of travelling man, in my opinion, sir—or something that way, I take it.

[*At these words the Landlady turns round inquisitively, and delays, that she may listen, while she is putting on and pinning her shawl.*

Justice. Hum! a sort of travelling man. Hum! lay my books out open at the title Vagrant; and, William, tell the cook that Mrs. Bustle promises me the goose-pie for dinner. Four o'clock, do you hear? And show the old man in now.

[*The Landlady looks eagerly towards the door as it opens, and exclaims:*

Landlady. My old gentleman, as I hope to breathe!

Enter the OLD MAN

(*Lucy follows the Old Man on tiptoe—The Justice leans back and looks consequential—The Landlady sets her arms akimbo—The Old Man starts as he sees her.*)

Justice. What stops you, friend? Come forward, if you please.

Landlady (*advancing*). So, sir, is it you, sir? Ay, you little thought, I warrant ye, to meet me here with his worship; but there you reckoned without your host—Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Justice. What is all this? What is this?

Landlady (*running on*). None of your flummery stuff will go down with his worship no more than with me, I give you warning; so you may go further and fare worse, and spare your breath to cool your porridge.

Justice (*waves his hand with dignity*). Mrs. Bustle, good Mrs. Bustle, remember where you are. Silence! silence! Come forward, sir, and let me hear what you have to say. [*The Old Man comes forward.*

Justice. Who and what may you be, friend, and what is your business with me?

Landlady. Sir, if your worship will give me leave—— [*Justice makes a sign to her to be silent.*

Old Man. Please your worship, I am an old soldier.

Landlady (*interrupting*). An old hypocrite, say.

Justice. Mrs. Bustle, pray, I desire, let the man speak.

Old Man. For these two years past—ever since, please your worship, I wasn't able to work any

longer; for in my youth I did work as well as the best of them——

Landlady (*eager to interrupt*). You work—you——

Justice. Let him finish his story, I say.

Lucy. Ay, do, do, papa, speak for him. Pray, Mrs. Bustle——

Landlady (*turning suddenly round to Lucy*). Miss, a good morrow to you, ma'am. I humbly beg your apologies for not seeing you sooner, Miss Lucy.

[*Justice nods to the Old Man, who goes on.*

Old Man. But, please your worship, it pleased God to take away the use of my left arm; and since that I have never been able to work.

Landlady. Flummery! flummery!

Justice (*angrily*). Mrs. Bustle, I have desired silence, and I will have it, that's poz! You shall have your turn presently.

Old Man. For these two years past (for why should I be ashamed to tell the truth?) I have lived upon charity, and I scraped together a guinea and a half and upwards, and I was travelling with it to my grandson in the north, with him to end my days—but (*sighing*)——

Justice. But what? Proceed, pray, to the point.

Old Man. But last night I slept here in town, please your worship, at the "Saracen's Head".

Landlady (*in a rage*). At the "Saracen's Head"! Yes, forsooth! none such ever slept at the "Saracen's Head" afore, or ever shall afterwards, as long as my name's Bustle and the "Saracen's Head" is the "Saracen's Head".

Justice. Again! again! Mrs. Landlady, this is downright—I have said you should speak presently.

He *shall* speak first, since I've said it—that's poz! Speak on, friend. You slept last night at the "Saracen's Head".

Old Man. Yes, please your worship, and I accuse nobody; but at night I had my little money safe, and in the morning it was gone.

Landlady. Gone!—gone, indeed, in my house! and this is the way I'm to be treated! Is it so? I couldn't but speak, your worship, to such an inhuman-like, out-o'-the-way, scandalous charge, if King George and all the Royal Family were sitting in your worship's chair, beside you, to silence me. (*Turning to the Old Man.*) And this is your gratitude, forsooth! Didn't you tell me that any hole in my house was good enough for you? And the thanks I receive is to call me and mine a pack of thieves.

Old Man. Oh, no, no, no! a pack of thieves, by no means.

Landlady. Ay, I thought when I came to speak we should——

Justice (*imperiously*). Silence! Five times have I commanded silence, and five times in vain; and I won't command anything five times in vain—*that's poz*!

Landlady (*in a pet, aside*). Old Poz! (*Aloud.*) Then, your worship, I don't see any business I have to be waiting here; the folks want me at home (*returning and whispering*). Shall I send the goose-pie up, your worship, if it's ready?

Justice (*with magnanimity*). I care not for the goose-pie, Mrs. Bustle. Do not talk to me of goose-pies; this is no place to talk of pies.

Landlady. Oh, for that matter, your worship knows best, to be sure. [*Exit Landlady, angry.*

Scene III

JUSTICE HEADSTRONG, OLD MAN, *and* LUCY

Lucy. Ah, now I'm glad he can speak. Now tell papa; and you need not be afraid to speak to him, for he is very good-natured. Don't contradict him, though, because he told *me* not.

Justice. Oh, darling, *you* shall contradict me as often as you please—only not before I've drunk my chocolate, child—hey? Go on, my good friend; you see what it is to live in Old England, where, thank Heaven! the poorest of his Majesty's subjects may have justice, and speak his mind before the first in the land. Now, speak on: and you hear she tells you that you need not be afraid of me. Speak on.

Old Man. I thank your worship, I'm sure.

Justice. Thank me! for what, sir? I won't be thanked for doing justice, sir; so—but explain this matter. You lost your money, hey, at the "Saracen's Head"? You had it safe last night, hey?—and you missed it this morning? Are you sure you had it safe at night?

Old Man. Oh, please your worship, quite sure; for I took it out and looked at it just before I said my prayers.

Justice. You did—did ye so?—hum! Pray, my good friend, where might you put your money when you went to bed?

Old Man. Please your worship, where I always put it—always—in my tobacco-box.

Justice. Your tobacco-box! I never heard of such a thing—to make a strong-box of a tobacco-box.

Ha! ha! ha! hum!—and you say the box and all were gone in the morning?

Old Man. No, please your worship, no; not the box—the box was never stirred from the place where I put it. They left me the box.

Justice. Tut, tut, tut, man!—took the money and left the box? I'll never believe *that*! I'll never believe that any one could be such a fool. Tut, tut! the thing's impossible! It's well you are not upon oath.

Old Man. If I were, please your worship, I should say the same; for it is the truth.

Justice. Don't tell me, don't tell me; I say the thing is impossible.

Old Man. Please your worship, here's the box.

Justice (*goes on without looking at it*). Nonsense! nonsense! it's no such thing; it's no such thing, I say—no man would take the money and leave the tobacco-box. I won't believe it. Nothing shall make me believe it ever—that's poz.

Lucy (*takes the box and holds it up before her father's eyes*). You did not see the box, did you, papa?

Justice. Yes, yes, yes, child — nonsense! it's all nonsense from beginning to end. A man who tells one lie will tell a hundred.

Old Man. If your worship would give me leave——

Justice. Sir, it does not signify — it does not signify! I've said it, and that's enough to convince me, and I'll tell you more; if my Lord Chief Justice of England told it to me, I would not believe it —that's poz!

Lucy (*still playing with the box*). But how comes the box here, I wonder?



Justice Headstrong, Old Man, and Lucy

Justice. Pshaw! darling. Go to your dolls, darling, and don't be positive—go to your dolls, and don't talk of what you don't understand. What can you understand, I want to know, of the law?

Lucy. No, papa, I didn't mean about the law, but about the box; because if the man had taken it, how could it be here, you know, papa?

Justice. Hey, hey, what? Why, what I say is this, that I don't dispute that that box that you hold in your hand is a box; nay, for aught I know, it may be a tobacco-box—but it's clear to me that if they left the box they did not take the money; and how do you dare, sir, to come before Justice Headstrong with a lie in your mouth? Recollect yourself, I'll give you time to recollect yourself. [*A pause.*

Justice. Well, sir, and what do you say now about the box?

Old Man. Please your worship, with submission, I can say nothing but what I said before.

Justice. What, contradict me again after I gave you time to recollect yourself! I've done with you. Contradict me as often as you please, but you cannot impose upon me; I defy you to impose upon me!

Old Man. Impose!

Justice. I know the law! and I'll make you know it too. One hour I'll give you to recollect yourself, and if you don't give up this idle story, I'll—I'll commit you as a vagrant—that's poz! Go, go, for the present. William, take him into the servants' hall, do you hear? What, take the money and leave the box? I'll never do it—that's poz!

[*Lucy speaks to the Old Man as he is going off.*

Lucy. Don't be frightened! I mean, if you tell the truth, never be frightened.

Old Man. If I tell the truth—— (*turning up his eyes*). [*Old Man is still held back by the young lady.*

Lucy. One moment—answer me one question—because of something that just came into my head. Was the box shut fast when you left it?

Old Man. No, miss, no!—open—it was open; for I could not find the lid in the dark—my candle went out. *If* I tell the truth—oh! [*Exit.*

Scene IV

Justice's Study—the Justice is writing.

Old Man. Well!—I shall have but a few days' more misery in this world!

Justice (*looks up*). Why will you be so positive to persist in a lie? Take the money and leave the box! Obstinate fellow! Here, William (*showing the committal*), take this old gentleman to Holdfast, the constable, and give him this warrant.

Enter LUCY, *running, out of breath*

Lucy. I've found it! I've found it! Here, old man; here's your money—here it is all—a guinea and a half, and a shilling and a sixpence, just as he said, papa.

Enter LANDLADY

Landlady. Oh, la! your worship, did you ever hear the like?

Justice. I've heard nothing yet that I can understand. First, have you secured the thief, I say?

Lucy (*makes signs to the Landlady to be silent*). Yes, yes, yes! we have him safe — we have him prisoner. Shall he come in, papa?

Justice. Yes, child, by all means; and now I shall hear what possessed him to leave the box. I don't understand — there's something deep in all this; I don't understand it. Now I do desire, Mrs. Landlady, nobody may speak a single word whilst I am cross-examining the thief.

[*Landlady puts her finger upon her lips. Everybody looks eagerly towards the door.*

Re-enter LUCY, *with a huge wicker cage in her hand, containing a magpie. The Justice drops the committal out of his hand.*

Justice. Hey! — what, Mrs. Landlady — the old magpie? hey?

Landlady. Ay, your worship, my old magpie. Who'd have thought it? Miss was very clever—it was she caught the thief.

Old Man. Very good! very good!

Justice. Ay, darling, her father's own child! How was it, child? Caught the thief, hey? Tell us all; I will hear all—that's poz.

Lucy. Oh! then first I must tell you how I came to suspect Mr. Magpie. Do you remember, papa, that day last summer when I went with you to the bowling-green at the "Saracen's Head"?

Landlady. Oh, of all days in the year!—but I ask pardon, miss.

Lucy. Well, that day I heard my uncle and another gentleman telling stories of magpies hiding money; and they laid a wager about this old magpie, and

they tried him—they put a shilling upon the table, and he ran away with it and hid it; so I thought that he might do so again, you know, this time.

Justice. Right. It's a pity, child, you are not upon the bench—ha! ha! ha!

Lucy. And when I went to his old hiding-place, there it was; but you see, papa, he did not take the box.

Justice. No, no, no! because the thief was a magpie. No *man* would have taken the money and left the box. You see I was right; no *man* would have left the box, hey?

Lucy. Certainly not, I suppose; but I'm so very glad, old man, that you have obtained your money.

Justice. Well, then, child, here—take my purse, and add that to it. We were a little too hasty with the committal—hey?

Landlady. Ay, and I fear I was, too; but when one is touched about the credit of one's house, one's apt to speak warmly.

Old Man. Oh, I'm the happiest old man alive! You are all convinced that I told you no lies. I am the happiest man! Miss, you have made me the happiest man alive! Bless you for it!

Landlady. Well, now, I'll tell you what. I know what I think — you must keep that magpie, and make a show of him, and I warrant he'll bring you many an honest penny; for it's a true story, and folks would like to hear it, I hope——

Justice (*eagerly*). And, friend, do you hear? You'll dine here to-day. We have some excellent ale. I will have you drink my health — that's poz! hey? You'll drink my health, won't you—hey?

Old Man (*bows*). Oh! and the young lady's, if you please.

Justice. Ay, ay, drink her health—she deserves it.

Landlady. And please your worship, it's the right time, I believe, to speak of the goose-pie now; and a charming pie it is, and it's on the table.

William. And Mr. Smack, the curate, and Squire Solid, and the doctor, sir, are come, and dinner is upon the table.

Justice. Then let us say no more, but do justice immediately to the goose-pie; and, darling, put me in mind to tell this story after dinner.

[*After they go out the Justice stops.*

"Tell this story"—I don't know whether it tells well for me; but I'll never be positive any more—*that's poz*!

—MARIA EDGEWORTH.



The Minstrel Boy.

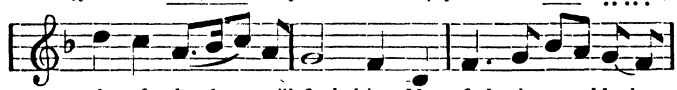
KEY F. THOMAS MOORE.

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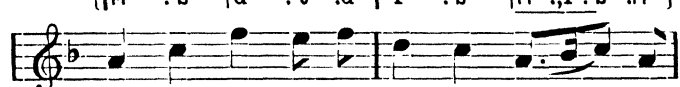
The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the
The min - strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not

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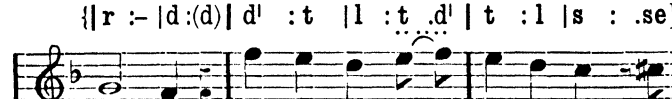
ranks of death you'll find him. His father's sword he has
bring that proud soul un - der; The harp he loved ne'er

{|m :s |d' :t .d' | l :s |m .,f :s .m }



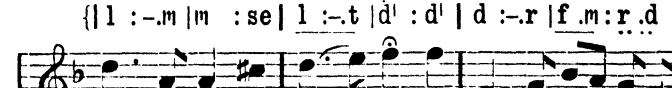
gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be -
spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords - a -

{| r :- |d :(d) | d' :t |l :t .d' | t :l |s : .se}



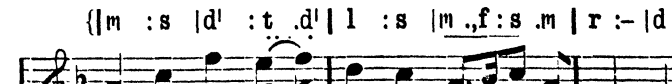
hind him. "Land of song!" said the war-rior bard, "Tho'
sund - er: And said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou

{| l :-.m |m :se | l :-.t |d' :d' | d :-.r |f .m :r .d }



all the world be - trays thee, One sword at least thy
soul of love and brave - ry; Thy songs were made for the

{|m :s |d' :t .d' | l :s |m .,f :s .m | r :- |d ‖

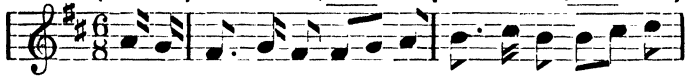


rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee."
pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slave - ry!'

The Island.

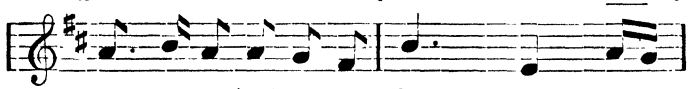
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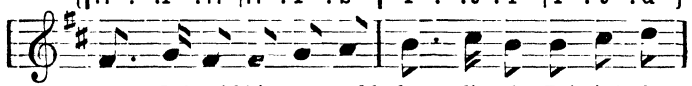
Dad-dy Neptune one day to Freedom did say, "If

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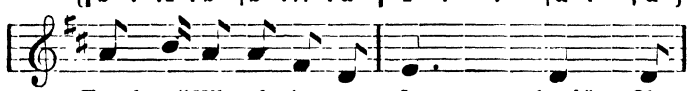
ev - er I lived up - on dry land, The

{|m :-.f :m |m :f :s | l :-.t :l |l :t :d' }



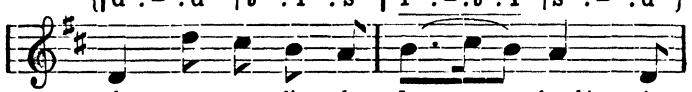
spot I should hit on would be lit - tle Britain". Says

{|s :-.l :s |s :m :d | r :- :- |d :- ;d }



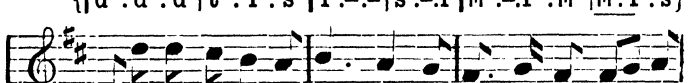
Freedom," Why, that's my own Is - land". Oh,

{|d :- :d' |t :l :s | l :-.t :l |s :- :d }



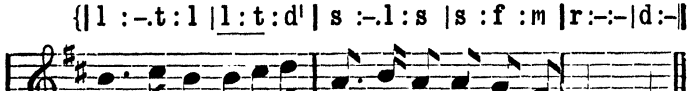
what a snug lit - tle Is - land! A

{|d :d' :d' |t :l :s |l :-:- |s :-:f |m :-.f :m |m :f :s}



right little, tight lit-tle Is - land! Seek all the globe round, and

{|l :-.t :l |l :t :d' | s :-.l :s |s :f :m |r :-:-|d :-|



none can be found So hap - py as this lit - tle Is - land.

The Island—*Continued.*

Julius Cæsar the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water,—he couldn't come by land;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon their homes turned their backs on,
And all for the sake of our Island.
Oh, what a snug little Island!
They 'd all have a touch at the Island.
Some were shot dead, some of them fled,
And some stayed to live on the Island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried, "Hang it! I never liked my land;
'T would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful Island".
Says he, "'T is a snug little Island;
Sha'n't us go visit the Island?"
Hop, skip, and jump—there he was plump,
And he kicked up a dust in the Island.

Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade her,
Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing in the Island.
Oh, the poor Queen and the Island!
The drones came to plunder the Island;
But snug in her hive the Queen was alive,
And 'buzz' was the word in the Island.

I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch
Have often been tempted to try land;
And I wonder much less they have met no success,
For why should we give up our Island?
We 'd fight for our right to the Island;
We 'd give them enough of the Island.
Invaders should just bite at the dust,
But not a bit more of the Island.

Then long live the King! May his foes e'er be seen
To perish before they come nigh land!
And may Providence bless, and grant him success
In defending the rights of our Island!
Oh, 't is a free little Island!
A dear little spot is our Island!
And Britons all can and will die to a man
Ere they give up a grain of our Island.

The Bay of Biscay.

KEY B♭.

{.s, | s, .d :d .m |d :l, .t, ,d|r .,m:r ,d .t, ,l, }



Loud roared the dreadful thunder, The rain a del-uge

{| s, : .m, ,f, | s, .d :d .m | d :l, .t, ,d }



showers; The clouds were rent a - sun - der By

{|r .,m :r ,d .t, ,l, | s, : .d ,t, | l, .s, :f, .m, }



lightning's vi - vid powers. The night was drear and

{|r, : .l, | r .,m :f ,m .r ,d | d .t, :s, .l, ,t, }



dark, Our poor de - vo - ted bark, Till next

{|d :l, .t, ,d | r :d ,r .m ,f |s ,f .m ,f :m .r |d : .‖



day, there she lay, In the Bay of Bis-cay, O!

The Bay of Biscay—*Continued.*

Now dashed upon the billow,
 Her opening timbers creak.
Each fears a watery pillow;
 None stops the dreadful leak.
To cling to slippery shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till next day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wished-for morrow
 Broke through the hazy sky;
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
 Each heaved a bitter sigh.
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, all that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O

Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
 Its boundless mercy sent;
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers.
Now we sail with the gale
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Sir Eglamore.

KEY G.

{:d | d:-:d |l_1:t_1:d | r:-:t_1 |s_1:-: |m:-:-|f:-:-}



Sir Eg - la - more, that val - iant knight, (Fa, la,

{|s :-.s:m |d :d :d |d:-:d |l_1:t_1:d |r :-:t_1|s_1:-: }



lan - ky-down dil-ly,)He took his sword and went to fight,

{|m:-:-|f :-:- | s :-.s:m |d :d :d | m:-:f |s :-:m }



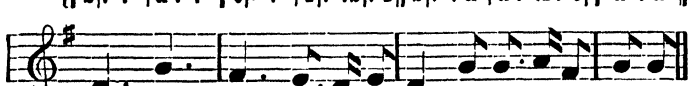
(Fa, la, lan - ky-down dilly,) And as he rode o'er

{|l :-:s |f :-:m | r :-:d |t_1 :-:l_1| r :-:d |t_1 :-:l_1}



hill and dale, All armoured with a coat of mail,

{|s_1:-:-|d :-:- |t_1:-:-|l_1:-.s_1:l_1|s_1:-:d |d :-.r:t_1| d :d ||



(Fa, la, la, fa. la, la, Fa, la, lanky-down dilly).

Sir Eglamore—*Continued.*

There came a dragon from his den,
(Fa, la, lanky-down dilly,)
Had slain who knows how many men,
(Fa, la, lanky-down dilly,)
And when he saw Sir Eglamore,
Oh, that you had but heard him roar,
(Fa, la, la, fa, la, la,
Fa, la, lanky-down dilly).

But as in choler he did burn,
(Fa, la, lanky-down dilly,)
He gave the dragon a great good turn,
(Fa, la, lanky-down dilly,)
For as a-yawning he did fall,
He thrust his sword up, hilt and all,
(Fa, la, la, fa, la, la,
Fa, la, lanky-down dilly).

Then, like a coward, he did fly,
(Fa, la, lanky-down dilly,)
Unto his den, which was hard by,
(Fa, la, lanky-down dilly,)
And there he lay all night and roared,
The knight was sorry for his sword,
(Fa, la, la, fa, la, la,
Fa, la, lanky-down dilly).

Articulation: Phonetics

NOTES.—(1) Exercises on the lines of those prescribed in the former Reader should be continued.

(2) When a reading lesson is used simply for testing articulation, the subject-matter should be quite new. Those who are listening should not have an open copy of the book before them, and they should not see the reader's lips.

The following Table sums up the simple classification of consonants:—

	Voiceless (Symbol: o subscript)	Voiced
Stops	Labial **P**	**B**
	Dental **T**	**D**
	Guttural **C** (hard)	**G**
Nasals (Stops made Continuants by escape of breath through nostrils)	—	Labial **M**
	—	Dental **N**
	—	Guttural **NG**
Liquids (Dental stops made Continuants by escape of breath at sides of the tongue or by trilling)	—	Divided **L**
	—	Trilled **R**
Spirants (Or Frictioned Consonants)	Teeth **S**	**Z** (sometimes **S**)
	Upper teeth—tongue-tip **Th**	**Th**
	Upper teeth—lower lip **F̊**	**V**
	Pouting lips **Wh**	**W**
	Teeth and pouting lips **Sh**	**ʒ***
	Breath **H**	**Y**

* Symbol for voiced *sh* like *s* in pleasure.

The Table gives the elementary consonantal sounds. The letters omitted are compounds or equivalents:—**k**, **ck** = **c** (hard); **x̊** = **kṡ** (as in *expect*); **x** = **gz** (as in *exact*); **q(u)** = **kw**; **ch** = **tsh**

generally, sometimes **sh** (in words from the French), and sometimes **k** (in words from the Greek); **c**, **g** may be softened by a following **i** or **e** (commonly *e* mute), and then **c** = **s** (as in *cistern, rice*, &c.), and **g** = **dʒ** (as in *gibe, gyves, range*, &c.); **j** also = **dʒ** (as in *jail*).

[When the consonant before an *e* mute has always the same sound, the altering effect is transferred to the vowel preceding, *e.g.* pin, pine. Observe (for the exercises) that the final sound is *n* in both words.]

EXERCISE I.—(*a*) Pronounce the following words. Pick out the consonants in any of them which are equivalents (simple or compound), and tell what they stand for:—*danger, quiet, has, exist, dish, tack, rime, character, jug, ginger, bake, exit, charade, prince, rich, cereal.*
(*b*) What is the final sound in each of the following words?—*glade, toffee, rode, hide, employee, mete.* If the last sound is a consonant, sound the word again dropping the *e* mute.

The isolation of consonants is one of the most important exercises in practical phonetics. The following exercise affords a general revision.

[Reminders: Produce the sounds; do not name the letters. Do not make a syllable of the isolated sound, especially the stops. Cease voicing before altering the position for any voiced consonant.]

EXERCISE II.—(*a*) Practise the four exercises, viz.: initial and final isolation, initial and final combination, with each consonant in the following words (e.g. *pat, at, t*; *pat, pa, p*; *t, at, pat*; *p, pa, pat*):—

[*Th, wh, sh, ng*, and *ck*, are to be taken as single sounds.]

live, thus, case, fig, thine, was, map, rob, thing, shin, wife, vat, pad, zone, nil, wish, back, youth, hinge, same, tar.
(*b*) Classify each of the above consonants according to the table.

Slips in pronunciation often prove to be the substitution of one sound for another *in the same class*, or the exchange of the voiced and unvoiced sounds of the same consonant. We must therefore practise determining the particular spirant, liquid, &c., and controlling the voicing and unvoicing. *Th* is frequently spoiled because of imperfect control of the lower lip, which comes into play and alters the sound to *v* (as in *muvver* for *mother*); or, again, the tongue-tip may trill, from imperfect control, and this produces *r* (as in *wirrer* for *wither*).

EXERCISE III.—(*a*) Practise in rapid succession, and in every order, the unvoiced stops; the unvoiced spirants; the voiced stops; the nasals (voiced); the liquids (voiced); and the voiced spirants.

[Make each class a separate exercise: repeat it several times. Exaggerate the attitude—of the lips especially.]

(*b*) From the Table of Consonants, practise each of the stops and spirants, alternately voicing and unvoicing: *e.g.*

f, v, f, v, f, v, . . ., t, d, t, d, t, d, . . .

[Slowly first, then gradually accelerate.]

Assimilation.—Spoken language requires that the sounds shall flow readily one into the other—that the ending of one syllable shall leave the organs of speech in a convenient attitude for the beginning of the next. The vowels are the best means of gliding from the position of one consonant to that of another without break or inconvenience. Languages differ in the tendency to make this gliding easy. If you look at Japanese names you will see that the words are made up largely of consonants and vowels time about. Such words should be easy to articulate. In any particular language, the glide varies in difficulty in different words. *A—m*, for example, is easy, because the *a* can be continued while the lips are moving together for the *m*; but *c—t* in *exact* is difficult, for we cannot begin the *t* till we have finished the *c*. Speech protests against awkward combinations such as the latter, and in some measure succeeds in having the spelling changed for its convenience, "*ad*similate" becoming "*as*similate", "*in*perfect" becoming "*im*perfect", &c. But when the spelling of badly assimilated words has become established, we have to face the difficulty of pronouncing them as they are, and this causes a deal of mispronunciation, especially amongst the young and those who have not much to do with books. (These slips again give rise to some mis-spelling.) The difficulty is sometimes shirked, and the pronunciation consequently spoiled in one or other of three ways:—one of the sounds may be changed for a more easily assimilated one; one may be dropped; or, again, an extra sound may be put between the two awkward ones to bridge them over. These devices are called assimilation by *modification*, by *omission*, and by *intrusion*. Common examples are—*chimley* (also *chimbley* and *chiminey*), for *chimney*; *emty* (also *empy*), for *empty*; and *Giberaltar* for *Gibraltar*.

EXERCISE IV.—(*a*) Examine the following cases of mispronunciation and classify them as assimilations by omission, by intrusion, or by modification:—*assed* (*asked*), *libury* (*library*), *arum** (*arm*), *recodnize* (*recognize*), *gyminastics* (*gymnastics*), *Birningham* (*Birmingham*), *neuteral** (*neutral*), *lenth* (*length*), *attacted* (*attacked*), *eletric* (*electric*), *helum** (*helm*).

* The intruded vowel is very indefinite, being probably most akin to *u* in *but* in most cases. We use different letters in different cases to represent it.

(*b*) Pronounce the above words with the smallest possible break at the awkward combinations of consonants. (The break is ultimately a matter of degree: a small division remains even in the best articulation.)

(*c*) Note carefully the classification of the letters between which these faults occur (e.g. *carash—c*, *r*, unvoiced guttural stop and trilled liquid).

We have been noticing assimilations which are not allowed, but there is always some degree of modification of sounds under the influence of the sounds next to them. A complete demonstration of this would occupy much time: *r* is perhaps the best single example. Blending of sounds consists, we have seen, in the preparatory moving of the organs for the next sound, during the production of the present one. To do this with *r*, it is generally necessary to draw the tongue a little back and to make the "burr" much less violent. Then such words as *farm* can be produced as a single syllable. Do we not see the need of this modification in singing, where faults of articulation are more noticeable than in speaking? Is not *part* sometimes sung a little like *parrat*?

EXERCISE V.—(*a*) Pronounce the following words with full trilled *r*:—*car, tar, mar, far, bar, par.*

(*b*) Pronounce in one syllable, modifying the *r*:—*harm, farm, hern, fern, hart, hard, swarm, curl**.

* The most difficult, *r*, *l*, belong to same class: the same organs are required.

Both types of exercise are given because the tendencies to the full trill, or to the modified *r*, differ locally—the Glasgow boy, say, to the former; the Dublin boy to the latter. The substitution of *w* for *r* (*w*eally for really) is inexcusable anywhere.

Intrusion may be regarded as imperfect isolation of the preceding consonant.

EXERCISE VI.—Pronounce the following words, blending the *r* with the preceding consonant so as to avoid intrusion:—*price, tribe, crash, brown, draw, grass, three, thrush, throat, shriek, shrill, shrub, *wring.*

* Perfectly assimilated: *w* said to be silent.

Similar exercises may be practised on the blending of *l*, though it does not offer the same difficulty—intrusion only occurring occasionally, when, for example, a guttural precedes or a labial follows.

EXERCISE VII.—Pronounce smoothly, avoiding an extra little short syllable (as in *cloud*, *help*) the following words:—(*a*) *place, blood, slack,*

flame, blaze, glass. (*b*) *help, felt, sulk, bulb, held, helm, walls, health, elf, pulse, solve.* (*c*) Miscellaneous:—*scowl, middling, Henry, church, prism, Lanark.*

The Vowels

These are relatively not so important in articulation as the consonants. Their proper production requires various posturings of the lips and tongue, and different degrees of parting of the teeth. The lip action is the most important, with young people at least, for it is a common fault of theirs to produce the sounds with scarcely any movement of the lips. Later on the vowels are produced quite well with very little distinctive action, but in the practice of articulation the positions should be well marked, and slightly exaggerated with respect to the shape and size of the opening, its width across, its height, and the degree of pouting or protrusion, tension or compression.

Ah (as in f*a*r) has the greatest vertical opening; *aw* (as in b*a*ll) reduces the aperture in all directions and protrudes the lips; *ae* (as in d*ay*) requires a tension at the corners, which stops the pouting, lengthens the slit crosswise, and brings the lips closer.

Long *e* (as in s*ee*n) brings the teeth closer together, thus further narrowing the slit; short *e* (as in m*e*t) relaxes the crosswise tension, parts the teeth a shade more, and gives the mouth the position of an easy natural opening. Short *i* (as in p*i*n) requires a slight compression of the middle of the lips, bringing them a little closer; long *i* (as in p*i*ne) allows the teeth to part a little more, relieving the tension on the middle of the lips. *O* (as in *no*) resumes the pouting, the lips being also contracted into a round opening, the extent of which may be measured by the insertion of the first joint of the little finger; and a protrusion still further forward, with a further contraction of the opening gives *oo* (as in s*oo*n).

U (as in b*u*t) is little more than the indefinite vowel which we are apt to attach to *b, g, d,* &c., in our first attempts to isolate these consonants.

EXERCISE VIII.—(*a*) Isolate the vowel sounds in *hard, law, name, meet, led, sit, slide, so, cool.* (e.g. *hard, har, ha, a*; or *hard, ard, ar, a.*)
(*b*) Produce these isolated sounds in a series slowly, noting carefully the altered positions of the lips and teeth, as described above:—

ah—aw—ae—ee—e—ɤ—ɪ—ō—o͝o.

Composition and Grammar

§1. If you read the first sentence in this book and ask yourself "Who were going to Hampstead Heath?", the answer you get is *Mark Higden, his wife, and three children. Mark Higden, his wife, and three children* is the **subject part** of the sentence. If you look at it more closely, you will see that this **subject part** cannot be further broken up. The statement in the sentence is made about Mark Higden, his wife, and three children, and is that they *were going to Hampstead Heath.* If you compare this sentence, say, with *Little Billy was very delicate*, on page 8, you will notice the difference. *Little Billy* in the latter sentence is the **subject part**; but, unlike the subject part above, it breaks readily into *Billy*, the **subject**, and *Little*, the **qualifying word**, or attribute to subject. It is quite good sense to say *Billy was delicate*, and, save for a somewhat clearer and fuller knowledge of Billy and of the degree of his delicacy, the shorter form tells us exactly what the longer does. There is no part of *Mark Higden, his wife, and three children* that we can separate from the rest, as we separated *little* in the above sentence, and yet leave the subject the same. We therefore call *Mark Higden, his wife, and three children* the **subject**; and since the subject has been formed by joining together several separate subjects, it is called in books on grammar a **Compound Subject.**

The sentence is really equivalent to the three sentences.

(1) Mark Higden was going to Hampstead Heath.

(2) Mark Higden's wife was going to Hampstead Heath.

(3) Mark Higden's three children were going to Hampstead Heath.

It says all that is said in these three sentences, and says it, of course, very much more shortly. But the combination does more. It adds what is really equal to a fourth sentence, "They were going together".

§ **2.** Look next at the sentence on page 8, "Lizzie was a premature, careworn, wizened little mother", and ask yourself what is said about Lizzie. It is clear that the statement about her is that she *was a premature, careworn, wizened little mother.* These words form the **predicate.** Like the subject in the first sentence examined, this cannot be broken up.

This sentence also is really equal to a number of sentences combined.

(1) Lizzie was a premature little mother.
(2) Lizzie was a careworn little mother.
(3) Lizzie was a wizened little mother.

These sentences are combined, as you will see, by writing the part that is common only once, and by combining with it the parts in each sentence that are different, namely, *premature, careworn, wizened.*

§ **3.** In speaking and in writing, the fewer words in which a thought is fully expressed, the better, as a rule, it is expressed.

§ **4.** A sentence begins with a capital and ends with a full stop.

Ex. 1. Turn the following into single sentences:—(1) His eyes were large. His eyes were dark. His eyes shone pathetically. His mouth was little. His mouth was red. His mouth shone pathetically. (2) Billy was got up in a pair of red-and-black stockings. The stockings were three sizes too large. Billy was got up in a comforter. The comforter was enormous. (3) Mrs. Mark had not spent a penny on her own garments. Mrs. Mark had clad her children in all the colours of the rainbow. (4) "In for a penny," said Mark recklessly. "In for a pound," said Mark recklessly. (5) Hampstead Heath has been so maligned that we have forgotten what a beautiful place it is. Hampstead Heath has been so vulgarized that we have forgotten what a beautiful place it is. (6) The high ground helps to make it a beautiful playground. The deep dells help to make it a beautiful playground. The peeps at distant hills and great trees help to make it a beautiful playground. The fine air and the space help to make it a beautiful playground.

Ex. 2. Answer in complete sentences:—What brought the crowd near where the Higdens were sitting? What was Mark watching? Why did Mark say "Hurrah!"? What did he find when the excitement was over? What did he say to his wife? What did she reply? Whom did both accuse? What did they do? Where did they leave Lizzie and the baby? What was the suggestion made to them? Where did they go? How had Billy got lost? What did he do when he found himself alone? Who came to his help? What did he ask Billy? What sort of a man was he? Where did he take Billy?

How did they treat him there? What did Billy's mother ask when she came to the place? Whose voice did Billy hear? What did he do? What did Lizzie ask him? What was Billy's answer? What did Billy do before leaving? What did X79 do? Where did the Higdens go? (pp. 10–13).

Ex. 3. Join your answers together so as to make them tell the story of "How Billy was lost on Hampstead Heath".

Ex. 4. Turn the following into single sentences, putting in commas where needed:—(1) The father and mother fell foul of little Lizzie. The father and mother declared they thought Billy had been with her. (2) At length the beetle spread its wings. At length the beetle flew into a thorn bush. The bush was out of reach of Billy's busy little fingers. (3) Billy slept in a crowd. Billy ate in a crowd. Billy played in a crowd. Billy dressed in a crowd. (4) Billy staggered on a few steps. Billy howled a great deal more. (5) Children have a curious instinct as to character. Dogs have a curious instinct as to character. (6) Then came a little wailing. Then came a little whimpering. Then came cries for mother.

Ex. 5. State about each of the sentences you have written in Exercise 4, whether it is the subject or the predicate that is compound.

Ex. 6. Answer in sentences:—Where does Robin sing? What does his song tell? What sign do the elm tops give of this? What sign of it does the larch give? What do the red fir and black fir do? What does Robin say he is doing? What has become of the bushes where he nested? What has become of the trees? What has happened to his mate? Why was Robin afraid to go there? What sort of song was his when he began? What does Robin compare himself to? What made the burden and end of Robin's song? What happened when he had finished his song? (p. 15).

Ex. 7. Rewrite your answers so as to give a "paraphrase" in prose of part ii. of the poem "Robins".

§ **5.** (*a*) **Commas** are used in cases where instead of a comma we might use **and**; as, *Europe, Asia, and Africa make up the Old World.* (*b*) They are used, too, to mark off any **phrase** or **clause** that is to be considered a **distinct part**, as, *Now, on those bright, clear, cool mornings, the men began to work as soon as the clock struck six.* (*c*) When two **sentences**, each **complete** in itself, are joined by a **conjunction**, a comma is placed between them when the connection is close; as, *Men clad as grooms use their brushes upon people's backs, and cabmen offer their services with their usual energy.* (*d*) A comma is put **before or after a phrase or quotation** used as the subject or the object of the sentence, and the **person spoken to** is separated by a comma from the rest of the sentence; as, "*He's bound to see it, Captain,*" *added the hunter.*

Just as you should always try to say what you have to say in the fewest and simplest words, so you should always try to use as few commas as you can. Only put a comma where, in reading, you are forced to pause to make the meaning clear.

§ **6.** (*a*) In writing the address at the top of a letter, there should be **no comma between the number and the street,** and the name of the street should be separated from the name of the town by a comma.

Thus: *254 Paradise Row, Stratton,* would be the proper beginning of a letter by one who was writing from the house No. 254, in the street called Paradise Row, in a town called Stratton.

(*b*) There should be **no comma between the month** and the **day of the month,** but a comma should come before the year, as, *September 7, 1906.* (*c*) Sir, or Dear Sir, or other form of opening address should be followed by a comma, and the different parts of the conclusion should be separated from each other by commas; as, *I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant.*

It is usual to write these last in successive lines. They are, of course, followed by the signature or name of the writer.

Ex. 8. Answer in complete sentences the following questions:— Where is the Roman Carnival held? From what does the Corso take its name? What sort of street is it? What kind of houses are there in it? What is done to the Corso before the revels begin? What tells the people that the festival has begun? What do the workers do? How is the street decorated? Who turn out into it? What does it become? Who takes control of the arrangements? Who are the maskers? What parts do they take? (pp. 16–21).

Ex. 9. Give an account in your own words of the Roman Carnival.

Ex. 10. Write in the form of a letter to a friend an account of a Roman Carnival which you are yourself supposed to have seen.

§ **7.** Look at the word *pavior* on page 16. Formerly this word was written sometimes *pavier.* It is often written *paviour,* and the Americans use the form *paver.* Notice that the forms *ior, ier, er,* and *iour* are all added to the same word *pav* or *pave,* and that the word they make means *one who paves.* In the same way *crier* means *one who cries*; speak*er, one who speaks*; begg*ar, one who begs.* We use assist*ant* for *one who assists*; serv*ant* for *one who serves*; stud*ent* for *one who studies*; shov*el,* a thing with which we *shove.*

These endings are added to verbs, and make name-words

or **nouns** out of them. In such cases the verb like *assist* is called the **stem**, and the ending *ant* is called the **suffix**.

§ **8.** Look at the word *emergency* on page 21. You know that to *emerge* is to come forth, as from a door behind which one had been previously out of sight. An *emergency* is an unexpected state of things which has arisen suddenly and demands action at once. Here the addition of the suffix *ency* to the verb *emerge* has made a noun indicating state of being. Similarly read*iness* (p. 22) means the state of being ready, and difficul*ty* the state of being hard to do.

§ **9.** A kitt*en* means *a little cat*; a satch*el*, *a little sack*; a lamb*kin*, *a little lamb*; a hill*ock*, *a little hill*; owl*et*, *a little owl*; and glob*ule*, *a little globe*. The syllables *en*, *el*, &c., added to the nouns make what are called diminutives.

Ex. 11. In "Capture of an Indian Chief", Part I, state the meaning of the suffixes of the nouns.

Ex. 12. Answer orally in complete sentences:—What appeared to the hunters low down on the horizon? What did Seguin call out? What did the men do? What did one of the men ask the captain if they should do? What did he answer? What reason did he give for their letting the Indian go? What did Garey point out was bound to happen? What did Seguin say must be done in that case? What orders did he give? How did the Navajo advance? Describe his horse. Describe the rider. How did he differ from the Apaches? How was he riding? How was he armed? What was he like? Who was he? What was the expression of Seguin's face when he saw who it was? What did he say? (pp. 21–24).

Ex. 13. Write out in the form of a narrative an account of:—(*a*) The appearance of the Navajo. (*b*) The precautions taken by hunters to avoid being discovered. (*c*) The approach of the Navajo. (*d*) What Seguin determined to do. (*e*) His instructions.

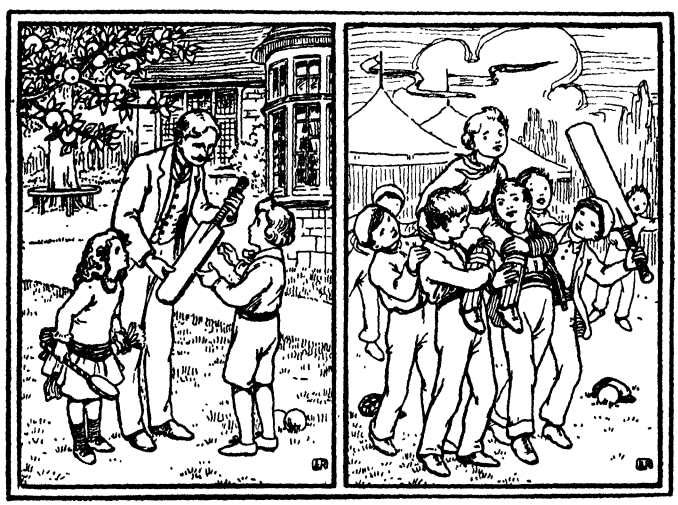
Ex. 14. Answer in sentences, first orally and then in writing, the following questions:—How did the Indian pick up his bow? What did the hunters say? What did the Indian do when he saw the body? What did he and his horse look like at the moment? How did the hunters feel? What did the Indian do? What did the hunters do? How far was the Indian in front when they reached the plain? In what state were the hunters' horses? What horse was swiftest? What was the rider's difficulty? What did the Indian do? What was the result of the charge? What did the Indian do? What happened when the hunter tried to discharge the pistol? What did he see when he had given up hope? Who had saved him? What did the captain cry when he came up, and why? (pp. 25–29).

Ex. 15. Tell the story of the capture of the Indian Chief.

Ex. 16. Pictures for Story.



Ex. 17. Pictures for Story.



§ **10.** Just as some **endings** or **suffixes** are used to make **nouns** from **verbs, adjectives**, and other **nouns**, other endings are used to make **adjectives** from **nouns, verbs**, and other **adjectives.** Thus, we speak of wind*y* days, harden*ed* criminals, tempest*uous* weather, a red-d-*ish* tinge.

§ **11.** The ending *el* was used, you remember, to make shov*el*, that is "what one shoves with", from the verb *shove*, but the same ending *el* is also used to make a verb shov*el*, meaning to repeat the action indicated in *shove* often. So verbs, like nouns and adjectives, can be made from other words by means of suffixes: *glimmer* is to *gleam often*, *talk* is often-repeated speech or *tale.*

§ **12.** By far the most common of these verbal endings are the endings in *en* and *fy*, meaning to cause or make, as, bright*en*, to make bright; light*en*, to make light; just*ify*, to make or prove just; fort*ify*, to make strong. Another common verbal ending is in *ish*, meaning to begin and to carry on the action indicated in the part of the word that goes before it.

§ **13.** One common English word-ending is *ly*, which, when it ends an adjective, means **like**; as, man*ly*.

It is also used to form adverbs from adjectives, and means **way** or **manner.** The endings *ling*, *long*, *ward*, *wise*, and *ways* have pretty nearly the same meaning.

Ex. 18. Make out a list of the adjectives and adverbs in "An Orphaned Blackbird", and where they end in a suffix give their meaning and the meaning of the ending.

Ex. 19. Answer orally the following:—What had brought the young blackbird to the garden plot? Where had he discovered that some morsels were to be found? How did he proceed? What did the teller of the story try to do? Why? What did the bird manage to do? How did he treat the scraps put out for him? What did the writer throw to him? What effect had this on the bird? How long did it take to tame him? How did he show that he knew the habits of the household? What did he do when he was hungry between meals? How did he act when he met them after they had been out for a long walk? What effect had his action on other birds? How many blackbirds were among these? What did the tame blackbird learn from these? How did he show he was doing well for himself? How did he show his confidence in his friends? (pp. 29–34).

Ex. 20. Name the verbs in the "Regiment's Return", and where they end in a verbal suffix give its meaning.

Ex. 21. Answer the following questions:—Why were the people

excited? How were they showing their excitement? Why was the excitement so great? How did the regiment march by? How did the people hail them? Why did some of the women weep? What did the people do when the regiment had passed? (pp. 34–36).

Ex. 22. Write a letter to a school-friend giving an account of "The Regiment's Return". Be careful as to form and punctuation.

§ **14.** A **clause** makes only a single part of a sentence, though it has a subject and verb of its own; as, (1) I wonder *what you find. What you find* is the object part of the sentence, that about which the capacity of wondering is exercised. It has a subject and verb of its own, so it is a clause. (2) *Before its echoes have died away* the blast is answered. *Before its echoes have died away* tells us "when the blast was answered". It has a subject, *echoes*, and a verb, *have died*, so it is a clause.

§ **15.** Though a clause has a subject and predicate of its own, it does not make sense by itself; it is not a sentence.

§ **16.** When a clause is the **subject** of a sentence, or when it is the **object** of a verb or preposition, or when it forms the completion of the predicate, it is called a **noun clause**; as, Give them a rattler to let them know *we are close handy*.

§ **17.** When a clause **qualifies a noun**, that is, does the work of an adjective, it is called an **adjective clause**; as, Many, drawn by that strange fascination *which fire seems to have for wild creatures*, dart right into it.

§ **18.** When a clause **modifies the verb**, or does the work of an adverb, it is called an **adverbial clause**; as, *If the fire breaks through*, there will be wild work to-night.

§ **19. Clauses**, like single words, should be **placed** as **close** as possible to the **words** with which they are joined.

Ex. 23. Put single words for the clauses in italics in the following sentences:—(1) Then the note of a horn *which is blown at a distance* comes through the forest. (2) The woodman takes from the wall a horn *which had once belonged to a cow*. (3) Here they come, lads, *that they may* help us. (4) The ponies rush past with a neigh *that sounds shrill*. (5) Three of them break through the cover *which is on fire*. (6) They bear the calf to a place *where it is safe*.

Ex. 24. Write a letter to a friend who has asked you to go for a walk, saying how sorry you are you can't, stating your reasons, and hoping that the walk may be very pleasant.

Ex. 25. Pictures for Story.



Ex. 26. Pictures for Story.



Ex. 27. Pick out the clauses in "A Forest Fire in Surrey"—Part I, and say whether they are noun, adjective, or adverb clauses.

Ex. 28. Answer, first orally and then in writing, the following questions:—Where was the cover of furze and blackthorn? What was between it and the fire? What did the woodman try to do about this? What was the result? What did half the woodmen do? What did the rest do? What was the result at the farm? What happened to the furze cover? Why were there few animals there? How did the birds escape? How did the beasts make off? Whither did the fire seem rushing? What stopped it? How did the men feel after their exertions? (pp. 43–45).

Ex. 29. Tell in your own words, first orally and then in writing, how the woodmen tried to confine the fire to the valley.

Ex. 30. Write out the meanings of the following words, and say what their ending means:—Conversa*tion*, encourage*ment*, free*ly*, intent*ness*, capt*ure*, unimport*ant*, consequ*ence*, caut*ious*, indic*ate*, breath*less*.

Ex. 31. Tell orally, and then in writing, the "Night Adventure", noting:—(*a*) the object of the young officers; (*b*) their preparations; (*c*) their mode of advance; (*d*) their thoughts and feelings; (*e*) the mode in which they withdrew; (*f*) the result of the adventure.

Ex. 32. Write a letter to a friend, giving an account of a walk you took lately, and what you saw.

Ex. 33. Give the meanings of the following words and of their endings: — Cur*ious*, beauti*ful*, petul*ant*, fin*ish*, hast*ily*, treas*ure*, emper*or*, hands*ome*, gigan*tic*, begg*ar*, unfortun*ate*.

Ex. 34. Shorten the following sentences by putting a word or a phrase for the clause in italics:—(1) The Cape ratel has a habit *that is amusing* of running round in circles. (2) The Cape ratel turns somersaults, *as a street arab does*, *while he runs alongside a coach*. (3) In North America the winter amusement *which otters like best* is tobogganing. (4) The games *that are most of all in use* are games calling forth their powers of speed. (5) *On winter afternoons when the weather is fine*, gulls may be seen engaged in a form of aërial play. (6) The gulls *when tired of the game* drift slowly away.

Ex. 35. Give the meaning of the endings of the following words in "Animals that Play Games", Part I:—Tourna*ments*, domes*tic*, aëri*al*, consider*able*, hereditary, extens*ive*, appropri*ately*, imagin*ative*, constant*ly*, simil*arity*, friend*ly*, part*ner*, frivol*ous*, gaie*ty*.

Ex. 36. Answer, first orally and then in writing, the following questions:—What month belongs to the girls in Japan? What festival is then held? When do preparations for the festival begin? What is done with the dolls in Japan? Where are the dolls and other Japanese valuables kept? How do Japanese children treat their toys? Who sets them the example to do so? How many dolls may be seen at one of these exhibitions? What sorts of dolls are there? What is the size of some of these dolls? How did the dolls' festival begin? What kind of creature is a Japanese girl? How are children treated in Japan? What are the lessons taught to Japanese girls? What are their effect? (pp. 62–66).

Ex. 37. Combine your answers, oral or written, so as to give a summary of the lesson "The Girls' Month".

Ex. 38. Make out a list of the clauses in "The Boys' Birthday", pp. 66 and 68, and state whether they are noun, adjective, or adverb clauses.

Ex. 39. Answer the following questions:—Who was Hideyoshi? For what was he distinguished among his companions? Whose service did he determine to enter? How did he go about it? Whom was he soon after called on to fight? What had every noted warrior at that time? How did Hideyoshi provide himself with one? What happened afterwards to Nobenga? What did Hideyoshi do? What did the Mikado make him? What did he give his country? What is his banner known as? (pp. 69–71).

Ex. 40. Write a letter to a friend telling the story you have read about Hideyoshi, the Japanese hero.

§ **20.** When we wish to know what a word is, we have first to find out what work it does in the sentence.

Words arranged according to the work they do, fall into **eight classes.**

These **eight classes** are usually spoken of as **parts of speech.**

§ **21.** One of these, the **interjection,** has no grammatical connection with the sentence. It is merely a sound expressive of feeling or emotion.

§ **22.** Of the eight parts of speech, one, the **pronoun,** is always used as a substitute for a noun, but it is also used to mark in addition a relation.

Adjectives are very often used, like pronouns, to take the place of nouns. When they indicate a relation like the words "this" and "that", and are so used, they are called *pronouns.*

§ **23.** Besides this use of pronouns and adjectives to replace nouns, two or more words taken together are often used to do the work of a single part of speech; as, *With straining arms, she turned him from the sun. With straining arms* tells how she turned him, does the work of an adverb; *from the sun* tells where she turned him, does also the work of an adverb.

§ **24.** If there is no stating word included among the words that do thus the work of a single part of speech, the words make what is called a **phrase;** as, She plans *how ever to get out* (object). *How ever to get out* is a **phrase.**

The phrase is said to be a **noun phrase,** an **adjective**

phrase, or an **adverb phrase**, according as it does the work of a noun, adjective, or adverb in the sentence.

§ **25.** Clauses are introduced by, or have for their first word, a **relative pronoun** or a **conjunction.**

§ **26.** Care must be exercised in the use of the relative pronouns *who* and *which*.

The possessive case of both these pronouns is "whose", and the objective "whom" or "which".

The objective case must be used if the clause has a transitive verb in it, or if it ends in a preposition.

§ **27.** The relative pronouns are **who, which, that,** and **as** after *such*, *same*, or *as*. **Who** or **which** is used when it means **and he**, or **and she**, or **and they**, or **and it**, that is, **when it introduces a co-ordinate sentence** and not a clause. As a rule, **that** is used to introduce **adjective clauses.**

§ **28.** **As** is used to introduce a clause where the principal clause has in it the correlative words *such*, *same*, or *as*; as, "Never shall we again hear *such* a speech *as* that was".

The **proper position** of a phrase or clause is immediately after the word it qualifies, or by which it is governed.

§ **29.** When a clause or phrase is explanatory—that is, when the sentence would remain grammatically complete if the clause in question were left out—it has a comma at the beginning and end of it; as, "There is, properly speaking, no misfortune in the world".

Ex. 41. Explain why the commas are used on pages 72, 73, and 74.

Ex. 42. Pick out the clauses on pp. 75 and 76, and say whether they are noun, adjective, or adverb clauses.

Ex. 43. Answer in sentences, orally and in writing, the following questions:—When did the child set out for her walk? What sort of day was it? How old was she? What was she carrying? What did baby wish for? Where were they growing? What happened when she tried to get them? In what state was she after her fall? What consoled her in such a plight? How did she pass the time? What did baby think about it? What else helped her to keep baby quiet? What did she cry out when she heard the man's steps? What would she not do when the man asked her? What did he do? What did the child say when she got home? To whom did she tell her story? What was she proud about? (pp. 72–76).

Ex. 44. Write a letter to a friend telling the story of the "Child Mother".

Ex. 45. Pick out the nouns, adjectives, and verbs on pages 77 and 78. Pick out those that have endings with meanings, and state what the endings mean.

Ex. 46. Answer in sentences:—What did the travellers ask to have for breakfast? Why? What did the landlady do? What did she tell the lad to do? How did he look? What did the traveller say? What was the landlady's reply? What did she tell the lad to take? What did he do? What did he ask the traveller? What did the traveller say? What did the lad mutter in reply? What did the landlady say? What happened to the traveller? What was he compelled to call out? What did he say when he got up to Maurice? What did the latter do? (pp. 77–85).

Ex. 47. Pick out the nouns, verbs, adjectives, and adverbs in "Trout-fishing Extraordinary", Part II. Where these have an ending with a meaning, write down the ending and give the meaning.

Ex. 48. Give in your own words, first orally and then in writing, an account of what happened after the lad and the traveller got to the stream, where the fish were to be caught.

§ **30.** In picking out **nouns**, **verbs**, and **adjectives** with endings that have a distinct meaning, you must have noticed that there are some that have, before the ending, words that you are constantly using, and others that have parts you have never seen or heard used.

Take, for example, such words as *beg* gar, *drunk* ard, *ring* let, *bond* age, *wed* lock, *laugh* ter, *bright* en, *tick* le, *wood* en, *gold* en, *clay* ey, *thirst* y, *man* ly, *head* long, *proud* ly, *length* wise, and compare them with *advers* ary, *recipi* ent, *mot* ive, *abund* ance, *abstin* ence, *impedi* ment, *forti* tude, *edi* fy, *pun* ish, *annu* al, *frag* ile, *equ* ine.

You see at once the difference between the two sets of words.

§ **31.** The first set are **English words**, the second form being a natural growth from the first, and the change in meaning caused by the ending easily understood.

The **second set** are words that have been borrowed mostly as they stand, directly or indirectly, from Latin. The first part, therefore, never was in use in English.

§ **32.** There are many exceptions to this rule. The little word *actor*, for example, is from Latin, though, following the rule, you would say it was English. The same may be said of *differ-ent* and many other words. You must note words of this kind, meantime, as exceptions.

§ **33.** Words are formed also from other words by putting a syllable or syllables before them; as, *after*noon, *over*flow, *up*heave.

The part put before the word or root to make the new word is called a **prefix.**

§ **34.** What has been said about English endings is true also with regard to English prefixes. When you take away the English prefix, the part that remains is usually a word in common use; as, *after* noon, *fore* see, *mis* take, *with* draw. *Noon*, *see*, *take*, and *draw* are English words.

Many of the English prefixes, too, are themselves little words in common use. With the exception of the words *in* and *extra* (used sometimes as a noun), this is not true of any of the Latin prefixes.

Ex. 49. What are the prefixes in the following words? ("A Passenger's Story"—Part I.):—Belonging, indeed, collision, exercise, considering, surface, apparently, advantages, display, accomplish, overhauled, astern, abreast, never, forecastle, resemble, exclaimed, proverbs, become, accompanied, precursor, effects, recently.

Ex. 50. Give the meanings of the words and the meanings of the prefixes. Say whether they are English or Latin.

Ex. 51. State why commas are used where they are on pages 85 and 86.

Ex. 52. Answer in complete sentences, first orally and then in writing, the following questions:—Why did the passenger go in a cargo boat? Why did his wife think a cargo boat safer? What was the boat's speed? How did the Cunarder pass them? What did the passenger think? What happened when they were five days out of Liverpool? How long did the storm last? What did the passenger see when the ship had been put on her westward course? What did the captain say it was? In what condition was she? What did the captain tell them they must do? What did one of the sailors do when the raft was lowered? How were the crew saved? What happened when they were taking the last of the men aboard? (pp. 85–95).

Ex. 53. Tell in your own words the story of the voyage across the Atlantic in a cargo steamer.

§ **35.** Notice that in "A Passenger's Story", when he speaks of the advice given to his wife, he quotes the very words used by the adviser. "Because," said she, "the risks are fewer in such vessels." And that the story is told in the first person.

This is one way of telling a story. This form of speech or narrative is called **direct.**

When the words of the speaker are used they must be placed between inverted commas (" "), called quotation marks.

§ **36.** It is more usual to give only the substance of what has been said, to tell the story indirectly; as, She said *that* the risks were fewer in such vessels.

§ **37.** Notice that in the **indirect**, or, as it is called, the **reported speech**, what was said is usually preceded by *that*; that no quotation marks are used; and that the tenses of the verbs and the persons of the pronouns are changed. Take the following, reported directly:

> "*He is coming round, though*," *said Caleb*, "*for he told me to keep on the near side of the road going home, and it was ten to one he would take me up.*" Reported indirectly this would be, *Caleb said that the gentleman was coming round, for he had told him to keep the near side of the road going home, and it was ten to one he would take him up.* Here, *is coming* is changed into *was coming*, *told* into *had told*, and *me* into *him*.

Ex. 54. Pick out the clauses in "The Last of the *Eurydicé*", and say about each whether it is a noun, adjective, or adverb clause.

Ex. 55. Answer in sentences the following questions:—Where had the *Eurydicé* been cruising? For how long? Where was she now sailing? When did the English cliffs appear? How did the men show their feelings? What did the captain say to them? What happened just then? What befell the ship and crew? (pp. 96–97).

Ex. 56. Tell in your own words, orally and then in writing, the story of the loss of the *Eurydicé*.

Ex. 57. Give the meanings of the following words; state about each word what is the prefix and what it means:—Unmolested, expedition, intersected, overhang, remember, arrested, intricate, overhead, infinite, incredible, confusion, immediately, surrounding, onslaught, forehead.

Ex. 58. Answer in sentences the following questions:—Where did Ohlsen find Captain Tavernay after the battle? For whom did the captain ask? What had happened to him? What had become of the second lieutenants? What did Tavernay say when he heard the report? What did Ohlsen do? What did Tavernay give him when he returned in the afternoon? What did he tell him to do with it? How far had the force to march? What did the Touaregs try to do? How long was Tavernay delirious? What did he ask Ohlsen? What did he tell him about the expedition? What happened to Tavernay? What did Ohlsen do when he got back? What did the commandant ask him? What did he tell Ohlsen to do? What name did Ohlsen write when he got his commission? (pp. 102–106).

Ex. 59. Combine the answers to the above questions into a narrative of what took place after the battle with the Touaregs.

Ex. 60. Turn the account of the last interview between Ohlsen and Captain Tavernay from the **direct** to the **indirect**, beginning at bottom of page 104:—"Captain Tavernay asked Ohlsen if he had the letter. The Sergeant replied that he had, &c."

Ex. 61. Begin at bottom of page 105, "Ohlsen went at once to the commandant", and urn the account of the interview with the commandant from the **direct** to the **indirect**.

Ex. 62. Select the adjective and adverb clauses on pages 107 and 108, and tell what word each qualifies.

Ex. 63. Give the meanings of the following words and the meanings of their terminations:—Hibernate, quantity, particular, possessions, blankets, exactly, ridiculous, fussy, careful, comfortable.

Ex. 64. Write a letter to a friend, accepting his invitation to pay a visit, stating when you will set out, and when you hope to arrive; asking no one to take the trouble to meet you at station; telling how you propose to get to your destination; conveying your thanks for invitation, and messages to people you are soon to see.

Ex. 65. Answer in sentences:—Which of the domestic animals are the most fanciful about their beds? How do they show this? How do they show their love of cleanliness? What peculiar taste in beds did an Angora cat show? How do farm animals show preferences in their sleeping arrangements? Which of the farm animals is least particular? How do we know that most animals sleep but lightly? What animals never seem to sleep? When do stags sleep soundly? How do the large flesh-eating animals sleep? How do domestic animals sleep? Where do tigers sleep? How do they sleep in captivity? How do dogs sleep? What are the forms of sleep animals seem capable of? (pp. 107–114).

Ex. 66. Say what the following words mean and what is the meaning of the endings:—Natur*al*, frequent*ly*, securi*ty*, usual*ly*, conveni*ent*, regard*less*, captivi*ty*, vigil*ance*, domes*tic*, light*ly*, reluct*ant*, slee*py*, rea*dy*, ac*tion*, vigi*lant*. Arrange the endings in three groups, noun-making endings, adjective-making endings, and adverb-making endings.

Ex. 67. Give the meanings of the prefixes of the following words, and say whether they are Latin or English, and how you know:—Except, protected, enjoy, asleep, repose, disturbed, retire, security, regardless.

Ex. 68. Give a summary of what you have been told of the "Bed and Sleep of Animals", noting—(*a*) How prairie-dogs and dormice make beds; (*b*) how the badger makes its bed and sleeps; (*c*) how dogs and other animals are like children with regard to their beds; (*d*) the kinds of beds foxes and hares make; (*e*) the peculiar care cats take about their beds; (*f*) how animals sleep; (*g*) why some animals sleep lightly and others soundly; (*h*) the three ways in which animals sleep.

Ex. 69. Give, using the first person and telling the story directly, an account of any excursion you have gone. In doing this, state—Who went with you; where you started from; where you were going;

when you started; what happened on the road; when you arrived; what you did after you arrived; when you set out on your return; what you did or saw on the way back; when you got back; how you all felt.

Ex. 70. Write an account of the same expedition, using instead of the direct the reported speech.

§ **38.** Sometimes **the parts** of which a sentence is made up are merely **joined** together by a **connecting word** or **conjunction**, so it is impossible to say that the one sentence forms a part of or qualifies the other.

The nights are cold at Candlemas, and the snow is on the roof;

It lies on the broad roads three foot deep, and muffles every hoof.

Here there are four sentences each with a subject and predicate of its own, and they are joined only by a conjunction. Between the first and second pair of sentences there is not even a conjunction.

The sentence from which these are taken consists of the first two verses. It is made up of a large number of sentences loosely joined by connecting words; but there is, after all, only one sentence—the expression of a single thought. The writer has expressed the thought by joining loosely a number of separate thoughts. Let us see how it would read in a single complex sentence.

"On a cold Candlemas night, when the roof is covered with snow, and the snow three foot deep in the broad roads deadens the sound of the horses' hoofs; when the spider is glued unto his web, and the bird is frozen to the bough on which he roosts; when by the fold the frozen shepherd prays for morning, and the strange black shadows cast by the cresset on the whitened road waver o'er buried hedge and fence, past cabin and past grange, the red light that goes before Pembroke and stout Chandos, with their twice three hundred lances, dances upon their spear-heads."

Such a sentence leaves us breathless. The thought is both more clearly and more simply expressed as it is in the verses than when combined into a single sentence.

§ **39. A number of sentences joined loosely by conjunctions makes what is called a compound sentence.**

All the above sentences together express but a single thought, and though grammatically they are quite independent of each other, in reality and in thought they are not so.

§ **40.** By employing the compound sentence we secure several advantages.

Ex. 71. Pictures for Story.



Ex. 72. Pictures for Story.



The use of the compound sentence makes for clearness.

In some cases the complex sentence made out of the whole is so involved that it is difficult to follow.

The use of the compound sentence avoids repetition.

It is not easy in dependent clauses to avoid the repetition of the same connecting word. This the employment of the compound sentence prevents.

§ **41.** A **semicolon** is used between the co-ordinate parts of the compound sentence whenever the connecting-word or conjunction is left out; as, The Earl rides silent and alone, wrathful and discontent; (*and* left out) More like their prisoner than their chief, to Puirenon he went.

A **semicolon** is put before a clause of reason however it is introduced: "Speak not you for him; he's a traitor".

A **semicolon** is used between the contrasted members of a compound sentence; as, God made the country; man made the town.

§ **42.** A **semicolon** is placed between the members of a compound sentence (*a*) when the **connective** is left out, or (*b*) when they are joined by *and*, *but*, or *nor*.

If the **co-ordinate sentences** are short, and are joined by *and*, only a comma is used.

Ex. 73. Answer in sentences:—To what place were Pembroke and Chandos riding? What time of the year was it? What sort of weather was there? How many knights rode with them? Who went before the knights? What did they do? How did the Earl ride? What told the people of their approach? How did they show they were pleased? What did the knights of Navarre, Brabant, and Portingale do? What was the people's salutation? Where was Pembroke riding? What did he say? How many knights went with him? Whither did he go? What did Chandos say? What did he vow? What was Chandos doing in the castle? What news did the squire bring him? What happened to the messenger? What did Chandos say? What request did the page make? What did Chandos think? What did he resolve? What order did he give his standard-bearer? What sort of sight did they present? What was the finest sight of all? (pp. 115–120).

Ex. 74. Write your answers in the form of a connected narrative, giving an account of the quarrel between Pembroke and Chandos, the vow of the latter, and his magnanimity in saving, at great risk to himself, the earl when in straits.

Ex. 75. Write a letter to a friend, giving an account of the quarrel between Chandos and Pembroke, and the rescue of the latter.

Ex. 76. Give the prefixes or affixes in the following. Say what

they mean and whether they are English or Latin, stating your reasons: — Waver, whiter, amorous, discontent, ruddy, unemptied, universal, cordial, disgrace.

Ex. 77. In the first four paragraphs of "A Bazaar in Morocco", state in each case why a comma or a semicolon is used.

Ex. 78. Pick out the words beginning with an English prefix in "A Bazaar in Morocco", and tell what the prefix means. Do the same with the words beginning with a Latin prefix.

Ex. 79. Describe in your own words "A Bazaar in Morocco" under the following heads:—The various streets that make it up—The people who frequent it—how they are clad—the various classes, their cries—various races—The holy woman and the holy man—The caravansary—The sanctity of the mosques.

Ex. 80. Give the meaning of the affixes of the following words, and say whether they are English or Latin, and how you know:—Expedition, dangerous, impracticable, wilderness, sleety, merrily, toilsome, opportunity, firmness, steadiness, lessen, actuate, maddish, pocket, fragment, wrapper.

Ex. 81. Give the prefixes of the following. State their meaning. Say whether you think they are English or Latin, and why:—Determine, ascend, forebodings, incline, separate, difficult, exhilaration, prospect, intervening, opportune, dispose.

Ex. 82. Write out what is left of the following words when the prefixes and affixes are taken away:—Position, indicate, exercise, straighten, unendurable, bluster, bearable, rejoice, muddy, expect, exasperate, congratulate, circumvent, consequence, evident.

§ **43.** Look at the word **position** in the last exercise. When you drop *tion*, which added to words makes nouns generally meaning the state of being, *post* is left.

Now *i* is often put between two parts of a word merely to join them, and has then no meaning. It is so here. What is left is *pos*. *Pos* is the stem, and will be found to enter into composition with prefixes and affixes to make up quite a large number of English words.

This stem **pos** means **setting**, or **placing**, or **putting**.

Let us look at it combined with prefixes only. *Com* pose will mean putting together; *de* pose, a putting down from; *dis* pose, a putting apart, arranging; *ex* pose, a putting out, or laying bare to the view; *im* pose, a putting upon or burdening; *inter* pose, a putting between; *juxta* pose, a putting alongside; *op* pose, a putting in the way of or against; *pro* pose, a putting out or forth, a stating of terms; *re* pose, a putting back, settling; *sup* pose, a placing under, a laying down; *super* pose, a placing over or upon; *trans* pose, a placing across.

These are only a few of the words that have this part *pos*, meaning a placing or putting, included in them.

§ **44.** Take the first word given, **com-pose.** Observe that by means of affixes we get such words as compos *ure*, the state of being composed, that is, holding one's self together, free from excitement; compos *ite*, that which is made (of parts) by putting together; compos *itor*, a man who puts type together; compos *er*, a man who puts notes and sounds together, so as to make a piece of music; compos *ed*, put together, free from disturbance, quiet; compos *edly*, in a put-together or quiet manner.

§ **45.** Each of the other words, **dis-pose**, &c., may be treated in a similar way.

§ **46. There are four ways in which the sentences making a compound sentence may be joined to each other.**

1. **Two** sentences may be joined so as to show that the **statement in the second** is to be taken along with or **added to the statement in the first**; as, *The cold began to make itself felt*, and our teeth chattered violently.

Here "*Our teeth chattered violently*" is added to the previous thought, "*The cold began to make itself felt*", as a continuation or addition.

You must notice that the two sentences given are grammatically independent, but you might easily turn them into a single complex sentence, as—*When* (or *because*) the cold began to make itself felt, our teeth chattered violently.

2. The statements may be put **as alternatives**, that is, in such a way as to show that **only one** of the statements made is to be looked on as **necessarily true**; as, We must get on, or be lost on the mountains.

Here the statement, "We shall be lost on the mountains", is regarded as true if the first statement, "We must get on", is not true. Such a combination of sentences may easily be turned into a single sentence by converting one of the sentences into a conditional clause: "If we (do not) get on, we (shall) be lost on the mountains".

3. The **statement in the second** of the two co-ordinate sentences may be represented **as opposed to** or **contrasted with** the **statement in the first**; as, *We glanced up and down the stretch of water, but there was no visible end to it.*

Here the second sentence, "*There was no visible end to the stretch of water*", is contrasted with the first statement, "We glanced up and down the stretch of water". Here, as in the case of the other co-ordinate sentences, you will see that they may be put as a single sentence by turning one of them into a clause: "Though we glanced up and down the stretch of water, there was no visible end to it".

4. The **second** of the two sentences may be represented **as the conclusion** or **effect** of which the first is the condition or cause; as, "*He is in haste; therefore, I pray you go*".

"*He is in haste*" and "*I pray you go*" are grammatically perfectly independent sentences. If we expressed the same meaning in the form, "*Because he is* in haste I bid you go", it is plain that the clause, "Because he is in haste", gives the reason for the bidding and is equal to an adverb, answering the question asked by Why?

§ **47.** What must be borne in mind in speaking and in writing is, **that two really independent sentences cannot be joined together to make a compound sentence.**

If the sentences are really independent they must each begin with a capital and end with a full stop.

Ex. 83. Answer in sentences, orally and then in writing:—What is the most important of the Japanese festivals? What preparations do the people make for celebrating it? How do they decorate their houses? What do lobsters symbolize in Japan? What do people do the last night of the year? What do they do on the New-Year morning? What do the shops send out? What do the girls play on the first of January? How are the battledores adorned? What do the florists offer for sale? How is the New Year brought in? What do some of the people do? What is the real business of the day? (pp. 141–143).

Ex. 84. Give in your own words an account of the Japanese New-Year's Festival.

Ex. 85. Look at the word *im port ant*. *Im* is a prefix meaning the same as *in*, and *ant* is a suffix meaning much the same as *ing* in words like *holding*. An *im-port* is something that is borne or carried in from a foreign country, and a thing is *important* when it has a bearing on the matter in hand that cannot be overlooked. A *porter* is one who carries burdens for hire. The meaning, then, of *port* is to carry. *Make out a list of words having this stem* port *in composition, with prefixes or affixes or both. Give in each case the meaning of the word.* For method, see treatment of stem *pos*.

Ex. 86. Write a letter to a friend describing how the people in your neighbourhood celebrate the New Year, and comparing it with the way the Japanese celebrate it.

Ex. 87. Pick out the compound sentences in "A Ride in Turkey", Part I, and turn them into complex sentences.

Ex. 88. Turn the following compound sentences into equivalent complex or simple sentences:—(*a*) The night was dark, and the tracks, deep in mud and frequently lost altogether, were in a bad state; but we galloped as fast as the horses could carry us, over rocky hills and through dense forests. (*b*) The boughs overhung the road, and I was more than once nearly swept off my saddle by them. (*c*) So I dismissed the coachman with a present and a complimentary message to his master, and mounted the spare horse, which had fortunately been provided for me.

Ex. 89. Look at the word "proceed" on page 144. It is made up of *pro*, which you have learned means *before*, and *ceed*. *Proceed* is to go forward; so *ceed* means to go. It very often takes the form *cede*. *Make out a list of words from this stem* (cede *or* ceed) *formed by prefixes and affixes, and state with regard to each its meaning.*

Ex. 90. Answer the following, first orally and then in writing:—What was the chief incident on the journey? When did they reach Adrianople? What were the only stoppages they had made? What did the tatar say and what did he do? Where did Layard go while a fresh guide was being sought? What did he do afterwards? What plains did they cross? What effect had the October air on them? When was he wont to feel the fatigue of these long journeys most? When did he reach Constantinople? How long had it taken him to ride the six hundred miles from Belgrade? As he had arrived at the gates of Constantinople before dawn what did he do? (pp. 148–149).

Ex. 91. Give in your own words a short account of Sir Henry Layard's ride from Belgrade to Constantinople.

Ex. 92. Answer, first orally and then in writing, the following questions:—How many of the Guides were there in the mud-barrack? In what state were they? How did they answer the yells of their besiegers? In what state were the defences? How often had they taken the cannon that was destroying the little fort? What was Hamilton the last Englishman's advice to them? What did the bearer of the flag of truce propose to them? What was the answer of the Guides? What did they do? (pp. 150–151).

Ex. 93. Write a letter to a friend telling how the Guides died at Cabul.

Ex. 94. Turn the following (simple or complex) sentences into compound:—(*a*) Thinking that if he did not have some physical exercise his character would absolutely spoil, he made up his mind to mow, no matter what his brother or the servants should say. (*b*) That very evening, having gone to the office to give some directions about the work to be done, Levin sent to the village to hire some mowers for the morrow, so as to attack his field at Kalinovo, which was the largest and best. (*c*) Sergei Ivanovitch, raising his head, gazed with astonishment at his brother. (*d*) Next morning, though he got up earlier than usual, his duties about the house having detained him, when he came to the mowing-fields Konstantin Levin found the men already at work.

Ex. 95. Look at the word *sens-ation*, on page 157. It is made up of *sens* and the suffix *-ation*, which is a noun termination. *Sensation* is

the feeling, or impression, made on the mind through the senses, of which we are conscious, and *sens* means feeling. There is another form of this stem, *sent*, also meaning to feel.

Make up a list of words having stem *sens* or *sent*, and tell in each case what they mean.

Ex. 96. Answer, orally and then in writing, the following questions: —Why did Konstantin Levin think he must have physical exercise? What did he do? What instructions did he give his overseer? What did he find next morning when he got to the mowing-field? What did Sef give him? What did the old peasant say to him? What was his answer? How did he get on? Why was a halt called? What did Levin do while the peasants were at breakfast? How did he get on when he came back after breakfast? With whom was he mowing? What led to the next stoppage of work? With whom did the leader share his mid-day meal? What did Levin do afterwards? What did Levin ask the leader when he awoke? What was his answer? How did the leader behave up to the end of the day? What did Levin do when the hill was finished? What did his brother say to him when he got back? When he sat down to dinner after having had a bath, what did Levin find? (pp. 152–166).

Ex. 97. Write a letter to a friend giving an account of how a Russian nobleman helped the peasants to mow.

§ **48. Changes** are made in the **forms of nouns** to mark changes in **number** and in **case**; and in the **forms of pronouns**, to mark changes in **number, person,** and **case.**

Verbs, also, are changed, and the changes serve to show changes in **voice, mood, tense, number,** and **person.**

§ **49. Voice** is the name given to the form of the verb that indicates the relation the subject bears to the action expressed by the verb.

Only **transitive verbs** have voice.

When the **subject** is represented as **doing an action** or **exercising a faculty**, the verb is in the **active voice**; as, We mowed the whole field. He saw the mushrooms.

When the **subject** is the person or thing **acted upon**, or in relation to which the faculty is exercised, the verb is in the **Passive Voice**; as, Mushrooms were found lurking under the leaves.

§ **50.** In English the **Passive Voice** is made by putting the verb **to be** before the form of the verb in **ed** or **en** (the *passive participle*); as, Never *was* bred a nobler brood.

Care must be taken to distinguish the verb to be followed by a participle used as an adjective from a real passive form; as, They *were gone* in a moment; He *was seated* on a hill.

Observe, also, that when the active voice takes two objects one of these is kept in the passive.

§ 51. **Mood** is the name given to the form of the verb which shows whether the statement is made as a fact or a supposition.

The *infinitive mood* and *participial mood* are really the verb used as a noun and the verb used as an adjective. The *imperative mood*, the form used in giving a command, is really a kind of interjection.

This leaves only two moods, the **indicative** and the **subjunctive.**

§ 52. The **Indicative Mood** states a thing as a **fact** or asks a **question** about something **regarded as a fact**; as, Massena led Napoleon's power.

§ 53. The **Subjunctive Mood** states a hypothesis, a purpose, or a wish; as, Would the night *were* come.

It is used in **dependent sentences**, and implies the unreality or uncertainty of the thing stated. It differs from the indicative in being without forms to indicate person or number.

§ 54. **Tense** is the name given to the form that marks the time of what is stated; as, Back again turn*ed* the invading host to Spain.

Turned is said to be past tense, because its form shows that what is stated took place in past time.

There are only two real tenses in English: the Present (-indefinite) and the Past (-indefinite).

Though this is the case, you must remember that, by the use of auxiliaries (helping verbs), *have*, *shall*, *be*, and *do*, combined with the present and passive participles and the infinitives of verbs, English makes for itself a great variety of tenses (forms and combinations marking time).

The past tense is formed from the present by a vowel change, or by the addition of a *d* or *t* sound; as, He writes, They wrote, I wished to see him.

Write is the present tense form, *wrote* and *wished* are past tense forms.

§ 55. **Person** is the form of the verb which shows whether the subject of the verb is the person speaking, the person spoken to, or the person or thing spoken of.

Only in the second and third person singular of the

present tense, and in the second person singular of the past tense, does the English verb vary its form for person.

The variation of the 2nd person is now very seldom used, practically only in poetry and in prayers, so that the *s* of the 3rd person singular of the present is the only mark of person and of number now used in English verbs.

The form also of the 3rd person singular of the present in *eth* or *th* is now seldom used.

§ **56.** When we speak of the **number** of a **verb** we merely mean in English to distinguish whether its subject is singular or plural.

§ **57.** The verbs that make their past tense by a vowel change are called strong verbs or irregular verbs; those that add a *d* or *t* sound to the present to make the past are called weak verbs or regular verbs.

Ex. 98. Pick out the verbs in the first two verses of "Gifford's Grave". State whether they are weak or strong, and give your reasons for saying so.

Ex. 99. Answer the following, first orally and then in writing:—How many of the Napiers were there? Where were they born? Of which of them is this deed of heroism told? Why was Massena leading back the French to Spain? Where did the rearguard of his army turn on the British? Who led the French? What had happened to one of Napier's brothers that morning? Who was fighting beside Napier? What had he done that day? What befell him? What did four of the enemy try to do? What did Napier do? What followed? What did they do with Gifford's body? What did his company do when the body was brought back? What did Napier and the soldiers do after the burial? (pp. 167–170).

Ex. 100. Tell in your own words the story of "Gifford's Grave".

Ex. 101. Write to a friend, in the form of a letter, an account of the death and burial of Gifford during the Peninsular war.

Ex. 102. Say with regard to each of the semicolons used in "A Reception in Constantinople" why it is used.

Ex. 103. Give in your own words an account of "A Reception in Constantinople".

Ex. 104. Look at the word *reception*. It is made up of *re* = meaning back, *cep* = taking, and *tion*, the noun ending. It has come, however, to mean, as here, the taking notice of on being introduced. *Cep* is only one of the forms of *cap*, to take. The same stem is found also in the forms *cip*, *cept*, and, if the words have been borrowed from French, in the forms *ceit* and *ceive*. Make out a list of English words made with these stems, and state in the case of each its meaning, showing that "to take" enters into it.

Ex. 105. Answer the following questions:—Where do frogs live? What sort of lessons do frogs seem intended to give? What are the

frog's eyes like? What is the colour of its back? With what are its toes connected? What frogs keep up the croaking? What share do the females take in it? What do the frogs snap up? Name some of the frog's enemies? What use is made of frogs in France? How is the frog made into a kind of barometer? What use is made of frogs to show the circulation of the blood? (pp. 175, 176).

Ex. 106. Give a brief account of frogs, telling where they live; how they live; what they are like; and what uses men make of them.

Ex. 107. Notice the word *object*, on page 176. An object-glass is the glass thrown towards or against an object, which has to be viewed through it. It is made up of *ob* = against, and *ject* = thrown, from *jac* = to throw.

Make out a list of words having *ject* for part of them and give their meaning.

Ex. 108. Write a letter to a friend giving an account of a visit to a lake or pond, stating when you went; what happened on the way; how the lake or pond appeared; what you did when you got to it; how you returned.

Ex. 109. Answer the following questions:—Where do herons retreat? What kind of places do they love? Where do they stand? How? What might you take them for? What are they doing? What sort of plumage has the heron? Why was it formerly highly valued?

Ex. 110. Give in your own words an account of the heron and its haunts.

§ **58.** In writing or speaking, the verb must agree in number with its subject; that is, if the subject is singular the verb must be singular in form.

> Note that two or more singular subjects connected by *and* make a plural subject and need a plural verb. Two or more singular subjects joined by *or* or *nor* are treated as making only a singular subject.

§ **59.** A pronoun is made to agree in form with the gender and number of its antecedent; that is, if the antecedent is plural, the plural form of the pronoun is used; if it is masculine, the masculine form.

§ **60.** The objective form of the pronoun (nouns have no objective form) must be used after transitive verbs and prepositions.

§ **61.** Remember that the form of tne pronoun after the verb *to be* must be the nominative form if the word before the verb with which the pronoun agrees is nominative. You should write, *It is we*, *It is I*, *It was they*.

AFFIXES AND PREFIXES

Making Nouns—(*a*) English: **ar, ard, art, er, or, ster, yer** = the one who: liar, sluggard, braggart, dealer, sailor, songster, lawyer. **age, dom, hood, ing, ledge, lock, ness, red, ry, ship, th** = state: bondage, kingdom, boyhood, clothing, knowledge, wedlock, weakness, hatred, bravery, friendship, warmth. **ric** = power: bishopric. **ing**, making abstract nouns and class names: as, learning, building. **el, en, et, ing, let, kin, ock** = little: satchel, chicken, floweret, farthing, hamlet, napkin, hillock. **el, le** = with which: saddle, bridle, sickle, runnel.

(*b*) Latin: **ant, ary, ent, ive, or** = the one who: inhabitant, statuary, agent, fugitive, conqueror. **ate, ite** = function, or person performing it: magistrate, advocate. **acy, ance, ancy, ence, ency, ion, ity, ment, mony, tude, ty, ure** = being or state: privacy, distance, prudence, deformity, establishment, testimony, multitude, variety, nature.

Making Adjectives—(*a*) English: **ed** = with, possessed of: gifted, skilled. **en** = made of: golden, wooden. **y** = of the nature of: fiery, plucky. **ern, ward** = direction: homeward, eastern. **some, ful** = full of: handsome, tearful. **ish** = rather: feverish. **ish** = belonging to a country: English, Irish. **less** = without: fearless. **like, ly** = in the manner of: bell-like, lordly.

(*b*) Latin: **able** = able to: capable. **al, an, ar, ary, ine, ory** = belonging to: original, European, regular, military. **id, ive** = having the quality of: fluid, delusive. **ful, ose, ous, some** = full of: pitiful, continuous.

Making Verbs—(*a*) English: **en, se** = to make: brighten, hasten, cleanse. **el** or **le, er, k** = again and again: rattle, falter, talk.

(*b*) Latin: **fy, ish, ate** = to make: magnify, astonish, celebrate.

Prefixes—(*a*) English: **a** = on: aside. **after** = behind, after: afternoon. **be, by** = by, near to, side, to make: behold. **fore** = thoroughly against; forsaken. **fore** = before: forehead. **gain** = against: gainsay. **in (en, em)** = in, to make: inlet, entangle, embitter. **mis** = wrong: misdeed. **n** = not: never. **of, off** = from: offal, offcast. **on** = against: onset, onrush. **out** = beyond: outline, outlaw. **over** = beyond, too much: oversight, overstock. **to** = the, this: to-day, to-morrow. **un** = the opposite of: unlike, unable, uncouth, untidy. **under** = beneath: underground, undertake. **up** = upward: uproar, upright, uphold. **with** = back, against: withdraw, withstand.

(*b*) Latin: **ab** = from, away: abrupt. **ad** = to: admit. **amb, am** = about: ambition. **ante, anti** = before: anticipate. **circum** = round about: circumvented.

NOTES

Only such matters are explained here as are not to be found in "Blackie's Shilling Dictionary"

Page

14. **Gay Robin.** In reading, the voice must dwell on the word *gay*; so with the word *Blithe* in the third stanza.

15. **donneth,** putteth on: don = do on, doff=do off.

16. **Carnival,** a festival held in Roman Catholic countries the week before Lent.

16. **Corso,** Italian word meaning race-course or carriage-drive.

22. **coyote,** the American jackal.

23. **Navajo,** an Indian tribe dwelling mainly in New Mexico and Arizona.

23. **mustang,** the wild horse of the prairies and pampas of America.

23. **Apache,** an Indian word meaning "enemy". The name given by their foes to a division of the Navajo tribe.

24. **Maricopa,** one of the Indian tribes of Arizona.

25. **caramba!** (Spanish), wonderful! strange!

28. **manège** (French: pronounce *manezh'*), horsemanship, the control a rider exercises.

33. **dunnocks,** hedge-sparrows.

39. **Seven Sleepers,** seven Christian youths of Ephesus, who, having taken shelter from persecution in a cavern, fell asleep, and slept for two or three hundred years, so that when they woke Christianity was become the religion of the country.

Page

39. **mortal,** very great, extreme. Cf. It's a mortal shame.

40. **rattler,** a loud signal.

43. **full bat,** as fast as they can fly, at great speed.

44. **misery makes man acquainted,** &c. In Shakespeare's play of *The Tempest*, Trinculo, a shipwrecked sailor who has found the monster Caliban on the island, takes refuge from a storm under Caliban's cloak, and says, "Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows".

46. **Redan,** the principal fort of Sebastopol, in the Crimea.

46. **abattis,** a defence of felled trees, laid with the cut end of their branches turned toward the enemy.

46. **parallel,** a trench cut before a fortress, parallel to its defences, to protect the besiegers from its guns.

52. **pigeon English,** same as *pidgin English*, meaning really "business English", a corrupt mixture of English and a

Page

foreign tongue, in which trade is carried on, especially in the Chinese seas.

53. **hubble-bubble**, a pipe used in the East, in which the smoke from the tobacco burning in the bowl is made to pass through water before it reaches the smoker.

54. **Riaz Pasha**, prime minister of Egypt in 1881.

54. **Lord Cromer**, the great Englishman (formerly Sir Evelyn Baring) who manages the finances of Egypt, and has done more than any other man to make that country peaceful and prosperous.

57. **glissade** (pronounce *glee-sad'*), a French mountaineering term used for slipping or sliding down a steep mountain slope, especially of ice or snow.

57. **chute**, an inclined plane down which the boat with its load slides into the open water at the bottom.

61. **to run the gauntlet**, a military (sometimes naval) form of punishment, in which the offender had to run or make his way between two rows of men who struck at him with sticks or knotted cords,—hence "to meet the danger".

66. **Mongolian invasion**, invasion from Mongolia, on the mainland opposite Japan, in the north of China.

68. **jinriksha**, a two-wheeled carriage used in Japan, drawn by one or more men: name coming into general use in East in form *rickshaw*.

70. **the Mikado**, the Emperor of Japan.

Page

72. **Received, but did not miss.** Impressions came to the child, though she did not feel the need for them or seek for them.

75. **Proserpine.** A pretty story tells how Proserpine, a maiden of Sicily, was gathering lilies in the fields, when she was carried off by Pluto, the god of the lower regions, to be his bride. In her terror she dropped the lilies, which were changed to daffodils.

75. **uncouth**, unknown (the old sense of the word).

77. **Bex**, a beautifully-situated village on the Avançon, to the south-east of the Lake of Geneva.

86. **Cunard liner**, an ocean-going steam-ship belonging to the Cunard Line, so called after Sir Samuel Cunard of Halifax, Nova Scotia, the founder of the line.

97. **Shanklin shore**, the south-eastern part of the shore of the Isle of Wight, between Ventnor and Sandown, off which the training-ship *Eurydicé* sank.

98. **Touareg**, belonging to the wandering race that occupies the western Sahara to the north of the Niger.

98. **combers**, long curling waves, breakers.

98. **Bir-el-Ghiramo**, pronounce *Beer-el-Gherah'mo*.

100. **knee-haltered**, having a cord fastened to the neck and to the knee so that the animal cannot move freely or run away.

101. **mêlée** (pronounce *mellay'*), a struggle in which the fighters are very much mixed up.

103. **Barbier**, pronounce *Barbiay'*.

Page

104. **halfa-grass**, a tough grass that grows in N. Africa, used in the manufacture of paper.

104. **church of the Madeleine**, a famous church begun under Louis XV and XVI, and not finished till 1842. (Pronounce *Madelain'*.)

107. **prairie-dog**, the name given to a kind of marmot, the prairie marmot, sometimes also called the barking squirrel, a rodent about 11 or 12 inches long, that makes its burrows on the prairies of Western America.

111. **Angora cat**, a cat originally from Angora in Asia Minor, distinguished by its long silky hair.

115. **Froissart**, a great French chronicler who lived 1337–1404. He was a great traveller, and his Chronicles give information specially of events that happened in France, England, and Scotland in his time.

115. **Chandos**, John of Chandos, governor of Poitou, was one of the most noted of the English heroes of the Hundred Years' war. He fell in a skirmish at Lussac towards the end of 1369.

115. **Pembroke**, John Hastings, second Earl of Pembroke; at this time about 21 years old.

115. **Our Lady of Sancerre**, the patron saint of Sancerre, a town near the left bank of the Loire. Look out on the map of France this and other places mentioned.

115. **preceptory**, a house of the Knights Templars, its head being called the knight preceptor.

116. **Puirenon** (pronounce *Pweerenoñ'*), where the French under

Page

their marshal, Louis de Sancerre, surprised Pembroke, and forced him to take shelter in an unembattled house belonging to the Knights Templars. There the English stoutly defended themselves till the news of the approach of Chandos caused the French to withdraw.

116. **Brabant**, a province of the Netherlands, or Low Countries. Edward III, during the wars with France, formed an alliance with the people of the Low Countries. Now name given to a province of Belgium, and also to a province (north) of Holland.

116. **Navarre**, an ancient kingdom lying on both sides of the Pyrenees to the south-west of France.

119. **Touraine**, an old French government. Chief town, Tours.

120. **Auberoche**, pronounce *Ôberosh'*.

120. **leaguered**, besieged.

137. **Grail**, according to legend the cup or chalice used by Christ at the Last Supper. It is supposed to have been of emerald, and Joseph of Arimathea is said to have caught in it the last drops of Christ's blood as he was taken from the cross. When approached by anyone not perfectly pure it disappeared. To find the Holy Grail was the quest of King Arthur and his knights, of whom Sir Galahad was one.

144. **tatar**, an official sent on before to make arrangements; a courier.

144. **Nissa**, the second largest town in Servia. It was the birthplace of Constantine the Great.

Page

144. **shalwar**, oriental drawers or trousers.

146. **surejee**, postillion.

149. **Lord Palmerston**, John Henry Temple, third Viscount Palmerston, a noted English statesman.

150. **Guides**, a noted regiment of native Indian soldiers.

150. **a hurricane sword**, &c. The idea is that, as a hurricane dispels the drifting clouds, Hamilton with his sword scattered the enemies and so guarded their rear from attack.

152. **muzhik**, a Russian peasant.

153. **Sergéi**, pronounce *Sairgay'ee*.

155. **shapka**, cap.

155. **barin**, nobleman, master.

167. **Torres Vedras**, in Portugal, where Wellington constructed the famous entrenchments known as the lines of *Torres Vedras*, through which the French tried in vain for six months to break.

167. **in evil hour**, *evil* for Napoleon and the enemies of Britain who wished Napoleon success, lucky for Britain and lovers of civilization and liberty.

167. **Massena** (pronounce *Massaina*), Duc de Rivoli, Prince d'Essling, one of Napoleon's marshals. He commanded in the Peninsula against Wellington, 1810–11.

167. **Ney** (pronounce *Nay*), a famous French marshal who served in Spain 1808–11. He was shot at Paris in December, 1815.

167. **Sir George Napier**, one of three famous brothers who did gallant service in the Peninsular war and after.

171. **chibouk**, long Turkish tobacco-pipe.

182. **melick**, a kind of grass of which cattle are very fond.

184. **eygre**, flood wave.

189. **Cossacks**, the people inhabiting the steppes to the south-east of Russia. They are good horsemen, and form the bulk of the irregular cavalry of the Russian army.

206. **sampan**, a kind of punt used in the Far East.